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The **MART SET**

*A Magazine of
Cleverness*



In this Number:

"THE ICICLE"—A Story of the Sexless Woman
and

LORD DUNSANY, ZOË AKINS and JAMES HUNEKER

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THE SMART SET

Edited by
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and
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*HALF A HUNDRED BURLESQUES, EPIGRAMS, POEMS,
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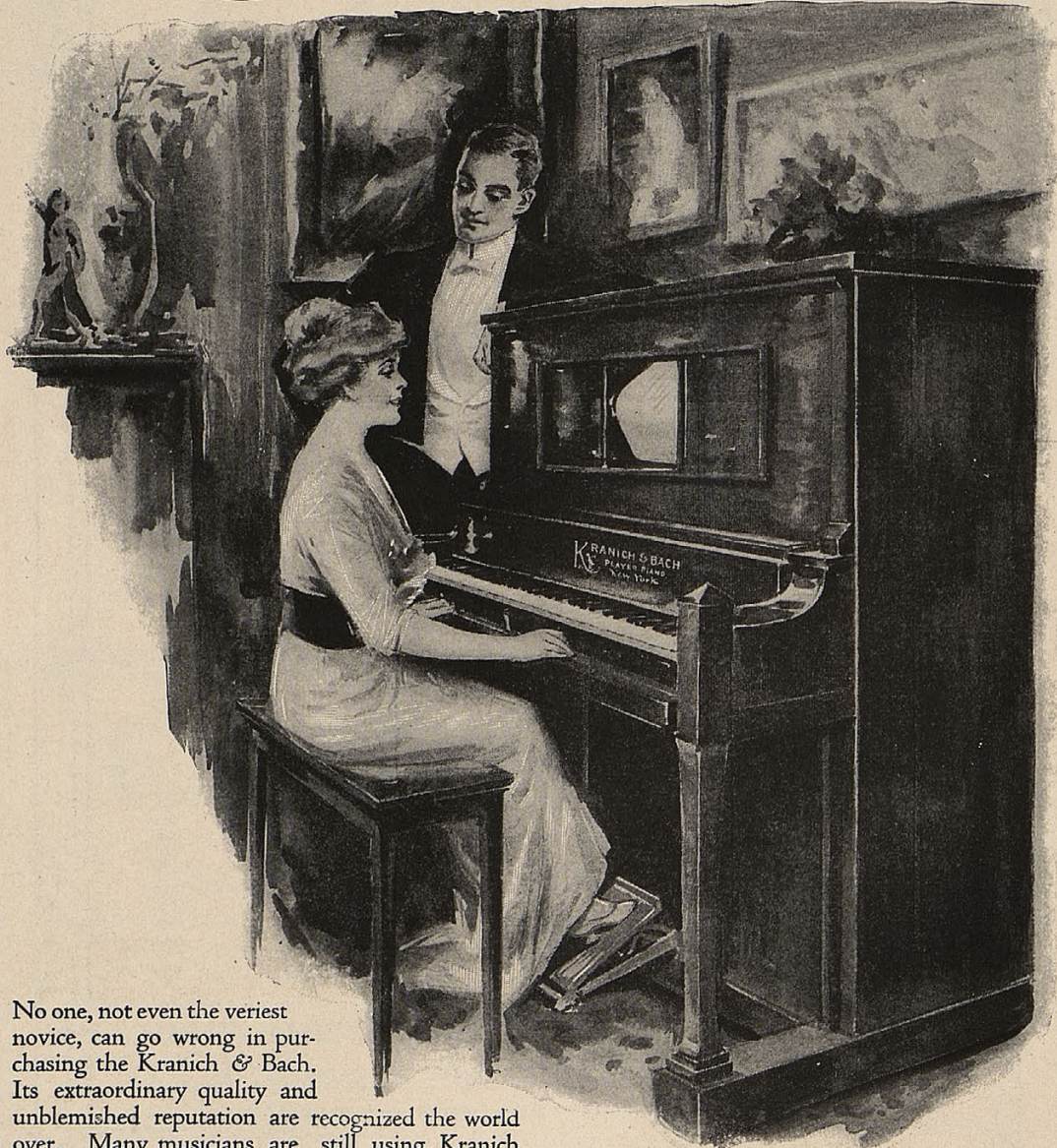
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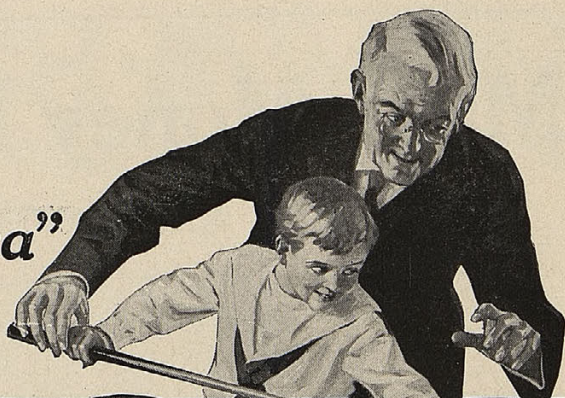
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THE SMART SET

A magazine of caviare for the general

THE ASSIGNATION

By Lord Dunsany

FAME singing in the highways and trifling as she sang, with sordid adventurers, passed the poet by.

And still the poet made for her little chaplets of song to deck her forehead in the courts of Time: and still she wore instead the worthless garlands, that boisterous citizens flung to her in the ways, made out of perishable things.

And after a while whenever these garlands died the poet came to her with his chaplets of song; and still she laughed at him and wore the worthless wreaths, though they always died at evening.

And one day in his bitterness the poet rebuked her, and said to her: "Lovely Fame, even in the highways and the byways you have not forborne to laugh and shout and jest with worthless men, and I have toiled for you and dreamed of you and you mock me and pass me by."

And Fame turned her back on him and walked away, but in departing she looked over her shoulder and smiled at him as she had not smiled before, and, almost speaking in a whisper, said:

"I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the Poorhouse in a hundred years."

I SING OF LOVE

By Folger McKinsey

I

When rosy morn breaks on the view
And hilltops kiss the skies,
O love, this life that leans to you
Looks downward to your eyes!
When Bob White calls the little troops
Of wood beasts from their lair,
Love is the golden light that loops
Auroral in your hair!

When rosy morn breaks on the view,
Ah, it is not the skies
Aurora's rays come trembling through,
But thy soft-lidden eyes!
That crimson round the rim of things
Is thy dear velvet cheek,
Pink with the perfect glow that brings
The perfect love men speak!

II

When we were young in Eden,
Remember how we'd stray
From out the April shadows
Into the sun of May?
Well, every year the Eden
That love knew comes again,
When May walks down the morning
To kiss the lips of men.

The argosies have vanished
That plowed the Aegean deep;
But still upon the Nilus
The oars of Cupid sweep
The barge of Cleopatra
Along its pristine way
Through dead Egyptian gardens
Unto the morn of May!

All things awake and tremble,
The lark on viewless wing
Takes up to God's blue heaven
The love that helps him sing;
And we are young in Eden
As we were yesterday,
When through the clouds of April
We found the road to May.

THE CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE

By Frank R. Adams

I
“**T**HINK what a state of affairs would ensue if any individual or group of individuals were to ignore the categorical imperative and act entirely on impulse! Suppose that individual inclination instead of community welfare governed us, what would happen? What chaos if just for one day you should do everything that came into your head as desirable and neglected to do everything that was simply a disagreeable duty!”

I was just getting warmed up to my subject when that girl in the aisle seat laughed. Often before, she had exasperated me by lack of attention during my lectures but today I had fancied that my explanation of Kant's “Categorical Imperative” was compelling her interest.

I stopped disconcerted. “Ethics” is a hard subject to teach to undergraduates, especially in a co-educational institution. Pure reason requires undivided attention in order to be understood and any interruption of a syllogism is fatal to its clear comprehension. Personally I cannot see why “Ethics” is a required course in the sophomore year and I told President Higgs so in faculty meeting, but as I am only an assistant in the Philosophy Department and a new one at that my recommendation failed to carry much weight.

So I had been assigned to the second division of Philosophy 2 B. All the football men, class presidents, pretty girls and poor students generally had hastened to enroll under my banner, while the earnest young fellows who had designs on Phi Beta Kappa had registered for the same course under

Professor Allen, who is head of the Department. I had no illusions as to why so many “popular” students were in my class. Only four years before I had been an undergraduate myself and I knew that the football squad by some uncanny instinct always picks the “cinch” instructors for their classroom work. The first day that I had faced my class and discerned in its midst the grinning features of “Spike” MacIlvaine, the All-American end, “Tubby” Farrell, center, and Esterdahl, the whirlwind quarterback, I knew that in the slang of the campus my course had been picked out as a “lunch.”

I had done the best I could against adverse conditions but many a day after class I had walked to my rooms at the Campus Club with a feeling of bitterness at my heart that sometimes had nearly blossomed into a revolt.

When that girl laughed it was the last straw. Out of a clear sky it rippled, a trill of sheer amusement. For a moment everyone looked at her in astonishment and then carried away by the infection they joined her without knowing why.

My own feelings were choking me. To be interrupted in the midst of a serious discussion was unheard of.

I stood still, trembling with indignation, turning back from my lips the angry words that kept rising to them and attempting to formulate some dignified reproof.

But what I was going to say neither my students nor I myself ever knew.

The class bell rang stridently in the corridor, and taking advantage of a traditional privilege of the University the

students gathered up their note books hastily and filed out to scatter on their noisy way to their next lecture or recitation.

All but the girl in the aisle seat. She remained.

After the lecture room was empty save for her and myself she came down the steps to my desk which faced the sloping bank of a hundred seats.

"I suppose I ought to apologize to you, Mr. Webster," she began, without, however, a shred of contrition in her voice.

I regarded her coldly. Her coloring was too vivid for a perfectly nice girl, I decided.

"Yes?" I replied pleasantly.

"I am sorry I laughed out loud," she went on, her eyes still twinkling with amusement. "I happened to think of something funny."

"Doubtless, Miss—" I turned to my class list and ran my eye over the names.

"My name is Grace Darling," she prompted.

"Oh, yes."

"That's the name you always stumble on when you're calling the roll. All the young professors do. That's because it sounds so intimate." Her explanation was made in a perfectly matter-of-fact voice, but I felt sure that she was laughing at me. "What struck me so funny was an idea I had about this categorical imperative business. To tell the truth I haven't been paying much attention to your lectures before today—"

"I had noticed that," I put in drily.

"But what you said about doing everything you wanted to for one day," she continued ignoring my interruption, "struck my fancy. I determined to try it."

"But I don't see why that should make you laugh."

"Not that alone exactly so much as an idea I had in connection with that one. It wouldn't really be much fun doing it alone so I decided to take you with me."

"What?" I ejaculated, hastily on the defensive.

"It would be in the line of laboratory work," she explained seriously, "and if I made the experiment it seems to me that the proper person to help me would be my instructor. The really great trouble with 'Ethics' as a study, according to my ideas, is that there is too much theory about it. A little practical illustration every day would put a lot more life into the course."

While she was talking I looked at her curiously. What use to scold a scatter-brained imp of her obviously low mental caliber? Her cheeks were slightly flushed with interest in her absurd proposition and her brown eyes were fixed on my face eagerly as if she were a dog pleading to go with its master.

"Just for today we'd do every last thing we wanted to and—" she paused for a moment, "we'd keep notes of course—and then tomorrow we could explain to the class just how terrible it was and warn them never to try it themselves."

This time I laughed. Good burlesque appeals to me as much as to anyone.

"I know you would like it as soon as you understood the plan," she exclaimed as a delighted echo of my laughter. "It's almost funny you didn't think of it yourself. I'm glad you didn't though because then I wouldn't have been in on it. You would probably have tried it out all by yourself."

"My dear Miss Darling," I said tolerantly. "The idea is absurd. Even if I agreed to do as you say, how could I? I have two more classes to meet this afternoon."

"That's where the scheme begins to work." She clapped her hands with enthusiasm. "Do you want to meet those classes or are you doing it because it is your duty?"

"Of course it's my duty—"

"Then you mustn't do it. If you do anything you have to do it spoils the plan and ruins the experiment. Your first sacrifice is to give up your two classes."

I arose from my desk smiling and picked up my papers. It was time for me to walk over to Hayden Hall where

I had a seminar in Egyptian philosophy.

"I've already decided not to attend my classes," she supplemented reading my unfavorable decision in my actions. "Surely you can do as much. I need my classes more than you do yours and I am ready to give them up for our experiment."

"Your experiment," I corrected.

"I don't believe it will be any fun without you," she doubted.

"Why not try it on 'Spike' MacIlvain?" I suggested pleasantly, starting to walk up the aisle.

"I thought of that," she replied seriously, falling into step at my side, "but he doesn't know anything about 'Ethics,'—at least I don't think he does."

"You are quite right, he doesn't," I corroborated with an acute recollection of his last written test paper.

"So you see I really had to ask you because I don't believe any of the other boys would understand the scientific nature of the experiment."

II

That "other boys" remark flattered me intensely. To be regarded as a boy by the members of the faculty annoyed me exceedingly but to have this good-looking young woman class me indiscriminately with the youngsters of her acquaintance made a warm thrill run through my system.

I had four years ago dedicated my life to bachelorhood. This was partly the result of an unfortunate experience with a lady who had chosen between me and a missionary to China. After that I had devoted myself sedulously to my studies, and with the advent of nose glasses and an instructorship in the university had resigned myself to the uneventful but moderately interesting lot of those who teach marksmanship to the young idea. Philosophically I repressed any regrets that came up and looked at the world from behind the academic wall which in my opinion was an adequate protection against everything disquieting including the female sex.

I had so successfully fostered the impression that I was a confirmed bachelor that I had become the mainstay of other professors' wives when they needed an extra for dinner. They felt sure that at the last minute when some visiting luminary of learning telephoned regrets, I could be depended upon to have no previous engagement that would prevent me from sitting next to a stout lady from Vienna or Berlin who smoked dinky, perfumed cigarettes and knew more about Nietzsche than I.

Therefore when this impudent undergraduate suggested spending the day with me I was flattered but from behind my academic wall I was still able to grin at her.

"What do you think would be the result of this experiment which you contemplate?" I asked as we walked down the iron stairway from the second floor.

"I don't know," she replied easily. "That's the beauty of it. You said in your lecture that the result would be chaos. I hope so, but I'm afraid you're wrong."

"Afraid I'm wrong?" I echoed, stung to interest by her peculiar phraseology.

"Why, yes. It would be much more interesting if you were right. Chaos would be delightfully original and unexpected. But I fear that it would all turn out perfectly proper and just like everything else. But the faint hope that it might not is what leads us on."

"Leads you on," I corrected.

We had crossed the tiny strip of green campus which isolated Hayden Hall from the main lecture building and I stood with one foot on the stone step to enter where no undergraduate is supposed to penetrate.

"You're not going to give it up?" she pleaded with quivering voice and eyes that brimmed with tears.

"I have to," I replied. How the devil was a man supposed to act when a woman proposed some wild impossible scheme like this? My experience did not afford any parallel for reference. "What could I tell my classes?"

"Don't tell them anything," she announced triumphantly. "It isn't any

use to do things you shouldn't if you tell people in advance to expect it. Half the fun you'll have during the next hour is wondering what those old dried up graduate students up there are thinking about you. No matter what they think it won't be nearly as interesting as what we'll be doing."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, looking at my watch and closing the case with a snap. "I have to go."

I stepped inside the door abruptly but paused at the top of the first flight of stairs to see what she was doing.

She stood outside in the full flood of the brilliant sunlight just where I had left her, still gazing at the glass door which had closed behind me. As I looked her lip quivered and two great tears rolled from her eyes over her cheeks.

It was too much. I came slowly down the stairs and out the door.

"Here I am," I said crossly. "Lead on wherever you wish."

Without a word she turned and walked away from Hayden Hall. Not until we had proceeded for five minutes through the sleepy streets of the village did she speak.

"I'm so glad," she said, turning a sweetly smiling face toward me at last. "I felt sure you'd do it if I cried but I was afraid I'd waited until too late and that you wouldn't see me do it."

"Do you mean to say that you cried on purpose?" I demanded.

"Why, yes." This innocently.

"Can you cry any time you want to?"

"Certainly. Would you like to see me?" she asked obligingly.

"Not just now." My curiosity overcame my indignation at the trick which had been played on me. "How on earth did you acquire such an accomplishment?"

"Oh, I learned to do that when I was just a child," she explained artlessly. "I found out when I couldn't get things I wanted any other way that a few silent tears shed when no one was supposed to be looking had a tremendous effect. Of course, as soon as I found it out I began practising. It isn't hard if you

have some good stock sad subject to think about."

"What do you mean by stock sad subject?"

"Haven't you one of those?" She eyed me with frank amazement. "They're really very useful and we'll have to make up one for you. I always use mine at funerals or in church to keep from laughing when something strikes me as funny. I would have used it in class this morning," she apologized, "but I couldn't think of it in time. I wasn't really expecting anything funny in 'Ethics.'"

"What is your subject?" I guided her gently back to my original inquiry.

"Oh, mine?—I have several because it is easy to wear out one if you have to use it a good deal, as I do. My best subject is the return of the prodigal son. All I have to do is to think of that for a moment and I can feel my throat choke up and the tears rising to my eyes."

Even as she spoke her voice grew husky.

"But the story of the prodigal son isn't sad," I objected reasonably enough. "That is the original happy ending that the modern reading public always insists upon. As I remembered it at the finish of the story everybody is rejoicing."

"You've forgotten the calf," she said with a suspicion of a sob in her voice. "I'm very fond of dumb animals."

She wiped her eyes furtively and turned a radiant face toward me once more.

"There, now I've told you my deepest-dyed, innermost secret. I've always wanted to tell somebody and now I've done it. Why don't you tell me something you'd a little rather not have anybody know? You've no idea how nice it feels to get it out of your system."

"I can't think of anything like that?"

"Please try. It's so comfy after you do. Maybe I can help you," she suggested kindly. "Do you wear safety pins instead of suspender buttons when they come off—the buttons I mean? Lots of men do. My father used to but

he said he didn't mind because mother was lots more entertaining than she probably would have been if she were a good pants button sewer."

"I regret to state that my buttons are all on. I wear a belt anyway."

"Don't tell me you never do anything foolish," she pleaded. "I've got an uncle who is that way and they made him fourth vice-president of a railroad just to punish him. Please think of something you do that's silly."

"Well," I hesitated. "I wear nose glasses because they make me look older."

"Good—that's splendid," she applauded. "You don't really need them at all?"

"Not a bit. These are just clear glass."

"Let me look through them."

I handed her my pince-nez.

She fastened the glasses on her own nose.

"Perfectly useless," she decided looking me over with minute care. "You don't look a bit more interesting through these glasses than you do without them."

She removed the lenses from her eyes and carelessly tossed them on the pavement in front of a passing truck. With a slight crunch they became only a menace to motorists.

"Why—what did you do that for?" I asked dumfounded.

"Because I had the impulse." She turned toward me a reproachful face. "Have you forgotten so soon what the main object of our day is?"

"No," I replied hastily. "It just took me by surprise. You were quite right. Excuse me while I enter the experiment."

"Enter it?"

"Yes." I imitated her reproach. "Have you forgotten so soon that we are keeping a record of what happened?"

I sat down on the curb, opened my note book on my knees and wrote the following:

"Experiment No. 1. Miss Darling

has impulse to destroy my glasses. Carries out impulse. Result—"

I paused in my writing. She had seated herself beside me and was reading my notes. Inadvertently her chin had rested on my shoulder and I did not move for fear she might notice it. Not that it made any difference where she rested her chin but I didn't want to disturb her.

"Go on," she prompted. "What is the result?"

With a sigh I wrote on, "Result—without my glasses, which are my badge of age and responsibility, I am apt to be more foolish than she is. I am looking forward with pleasure to a morrow filled with vain regrets."

She gave my arm an approving pat.

"I always thought you'd be like that if you once got started."

She scrambled to her feet.

"Let's get at it. We mustn't waste this slim, short day that we're going to do just as we please in." She paused seriously. "Think of it—only one day in all our lives to do whatever we like and probably fifty thousand days after that we'll have to live the way Mr. Kant and a lot of other uninteresting people think we ought to."

III

I quote the next entries in our field note book.

"Experiment No. 2. Passing Coliseum Rink I had an impulse to roller skate. Miss Darling asked if I had ever done so before and upon my replying in the negative she seemed much in favor of it. Entered rink and rented skates. Result: Miss Darling sat in the middle of the floor most of the time crying. Damn that fatted calf anyway. At her suggestion borrowed safety pins for temporary trouser repair.

"Experiment No. 3. Miss Darling had impulse for us both to go wading in mud puddle back of Biological laboratory. Said she had a dim recollection from childhood days that mud felt nice squashing between the toes. I objected for fear students might see us, but she

pointed out that class hours were over and besides we were not going to be governed by appearances anyway. We went wading. Result: We have reached the conclusion that Miss Darling's childhood recollection is correct. The sensation of mud squashing between the toes is delightful. Secondary result: I have been arrested."

It seems advisable to amplify this last entry in some of its details.

We were slushing around barefooted in the mud having the best kind of a time when I happened to glance up and discover on the shore two ladies whom I knew.

One was Mrs. Allen, the wife of the head of my department, and the other was Madame Fischer, the better half of an eminent German authority now lecturing before the philosophical schools of several of the more important American universities. Madame Fischer is one of the cigarette-smoking Bohemian ladies I have mentioned before. In fact she is more Bohemian than any glass-blower you ever met.

"Why it's Mr. Webster," said Mrs. Allen in a tone that was a cross between an exclamation of dismay and a greeting.

I raised my hat politely, at the same time dropping my right trouser leg into the water. I had been holding it up carefully but now I could see no further use. Mrs. Allen was the worst gossip in the university as well as the most agile social climber. My career at that institution was definitely closed. What difference did ruined trousers make now?

"Ah, Professor Webster," cooed Madame Fischer, "how delightfully natural of you! You are the first I have seen in this country practising the new mud treatment. Over home a great many are getting so much benefit from it. Only we get the best results from doing it in the altogether. There is so much more freedom—the poetry of motion, you know."

Madame Fischer would weigh two hundred and ten anyway you look at her and the picture of her taking a mud

bath nearly paralyzed the imagination.

"Come on, let's try it," suggested Madame Fischer to Mrs. Allen, sitting down on the turf to take off her shoes and stockings.

"Me?" Mrs. Allen started back in horror. She could see what would happen to the social prestige that she had built up so carefully in our community if it were known that she even thought of such a thing.

"Yes, please do, Mrs. Allen." The sweet voice of my companion, who had hitherto remained unobtrusively silent, invited gently.

"Who is it?" Mrs. Allen peered nearsightedly in the gathering dusk at the girl's features. "Why it's Miss Darling."

"Yes. Won't you join us?"

"Why I suppose I might." The older lady melted. "I think it would be lots of fun for a few minutes." Her face reminded me of a lemon attempting to look sweet.

"Then we may as well quit," I conferred with Miss Darling in an undertone. "If everybody does it there is no particular point in our being here."

"Wait," admonished the girl. "You have no idea how much this annoys Mrs. Allen."

"I can't understand why on earth she does it," I returned cautiously, trying not to watch the two ladies on the bank attempting to remove their stockings without breaking their corsets. "Either I am going mad or else all the rest of the world is."

"Do you know my uncle?" asked the girl irrelevantly.

"No, but if he is the well-known Mad Hatter I should be delighted to meet him," I murmured as the water in the puddle rose from Madame Fischer unintentionally sitting down in it.

"You'll have to come out of there," commanded a deep voice from the other bank.

I looked up. There stood a policeman and a little man in shirt sleeves who seemed dreadfully wrought up about something.

"What for?" I inquired with reason

enough. It might be foolish for us to go wading, but I failed to see wherein it could possibly come under police jurisdiction.

"It's agin the law to commit suicide in there."

"We're not committing suicide. The water is only about a foot deep."

"That isn't it," explained the little man whom I now recognized as an assistant in the Biology department of the University. "We're raising a very delicate breed of South American water snakes in that pool and they must not be disturbed."

A series of smacks announced the hasty departure of our wading party, the noise coming from the abrupt removal of each foot from the mud. Madame Fischer was sure she had been bitten when she sat down in the puddle, but declined the policeman's offer of an ambulance to the hospital and waddled home for treatment.

The officer did not attempt to detain her, but laid a heavy hand on my arm.

"The ladies kin go," he announced, "but you're the ringleader, and you'll have to give an explanation of what you were doing in that private puddle belonging to this gentleman, here."

I looked at Grace Darling helplessly.

"Tell him about the categorical imperative," she coached.

"All right." I turned to the officer. "If you'll let go my arm I'll explain it to you. We were proving the correctness of Kant's famous maxim called the categorical imperative. Are you following me?"

"Yes."

"Good. Well, the categorical imperative is: To act on a maxim which thou canst will to be a law universal. Simple, isn't it?"

"But what were you doing in that puddle?"

"Explain it to him again," prompted the girl eagerly. "I think he'll get it the second time."

I looked at the policeman's face and shook my head. "Take me to jail. It's easier."

IV

He waited till I had put on my shoes and stockings. Miss Darling was still struggling with hers when we left, but when we arrived at the police station she was there first, waiting at the door.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded roughly. "Get away before they take your name. This may come out in the newspapers."

She clapped her hands. "Oh, I hope so. Please arrest me, too, Mr. Officer."

The stolid policeman paid no attention to her.

"I said 'Arrest me, too'—didn't you hear me?" she shouted fiercely in his ear, and then to attract his attention, kicked him forcibly in the shins.

"Ouch," he yelled.

"Now will you arrest me?"

"I will."

"Thanks."

I looked at her with a sigh. "Why did you kick the handsome officer in the shin?"

"Impulse," she returned airily. "Sheer impulse. It was such a good one it seemed a shame to waste it. Besides, it was the only way to get arrested."

"But why should you want to be arrested?"

"Because you are, and I want to be with you. There isn't anyone else in all the world like us, and if we get separated we'd both be lonesome. We're the only non-categoricals there are and we've got to stick together."

The end of our conversation found us lined up in front of a screened-in desk at which the head of our local police force sat trying to make himself think that he was in command of a hundred men instead of two. It only takes a brace of officers to check all the crime there is in the town proper, and it would take several hundred to quell the students after a football victory. The police department plays safe, sticks to real criminals, and goes deaf, dumb and blind on Saturday nights.

The chief of police was visibly pleased at our entrance.

"What's the charge, Darby?" he

asked, squaring the station report book in front of him and dipping a pen in ink.

"Trespassing and attempted suicide for the gent," replied Darby, "and assaulting an officer for the lady."

"Yes, yes," assented his superior, writing it down. "What is your name?" He pointed the nib of the pen at me.

I hesitated.

"Tell him 'Hugh Pennyfeather,'" whispered the girl. "I think that's a lovely name."

"Your real name," thundered the chief.

"Ralph Webster," I answered meekly.

"And yours?" He turned more politely toward his fair prisoner.

"Grace Darling," she stated promptly.

The pen dropped to the floor.

"Did you say Grace Darling?" he inquired with a note of respect in his voice. "Not the niece of —"

"That's the one." She nodded her head vigorously.

"And is this young man a friend of yours?"

"He is."

"Darby, show this lady and gentleman the front door. And take a good look at 'em so you'll know 'em next time you see them."

"I shouldn't have told my name," the girl complained bitterly when we stood alone in the street, which was hazy with autumn dusk. "He always spoils everything."

"Who?"

"My uncle."

"Your uncle must be a policeman," I commented by way of explanation to myself.

Half a block down the street an electric sign sprang to life advertising the whereabouts of the "Plandon Hotel and Restaurant."

"I'm hungry," Grace Darling announced. "Had you noticed it?"

"No. How do you look under such conditions?" I turned her face to the light which sputtered from an arc overhead, and for a long moment I studied her features carefully. "How wonder-

ful are the works of God?" I murmured with a sigh.

"What's that?"

"I was wondering if you would be kind enough to tell the coroner what broke my heart."

"Where did you ever hear a speech like that?"

"Oh, I remembered it out of a book I've read somewhere."

"Now that you've really looked at me," she pouted, "what do you think?"

"Why, I think you have a very nice assortment of features," I admitted reluctantly. "Of course your eyelashes are a little bit too long and curly to be practical, and your cheek is too smooth, and your hair—it couldn't possibly be used for mattresses, you know—and your lips—I can't see a bit of sense in making them so curved and soft and berry stained unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless—" I halted vaguely, "unless you know someone who can write a poem about them."

She laughed. "Could you?"

"Oh my, yes."

"Make one, then."

"Just as you say." I pretended to play a few bars on an imaginary lyre and recited this melodiously—I think:

*"My Lady's lips are soft and warm
How cruel wasteful this is
To use them eating cake and pie
When they were made for sandwiches."*

"But 'sandwiches' doesn't rhyme with 'this is.'"

"Yes, it does, sort of, if you say it fast enough."

"And the accent isn't in the right place."

"What's the use of being a poet if you can't shift an accent a little to the left or right?" I expostulated.

"I don't think you're a real poet."

"I admit I only make verses as a side line," I replied modestly. "But it is very handy to be able to do a number of things in addition to your regular job. Besides poetry I know a good

deal about running gasoline engines, and I can do a very fair job of plumbing. Do you want to see me plumb something?"

"No, thank you." She led the way suggestively toward the restaurant. "I hope you have some money."

"Yes," I admitted cautiously. "Six rusty doubloons and a lack of rupees."

"That will do. I have a strong impulse to eat."

The Plandon Restaurant is a very fair small city imitation of a New York café. There are shaded table lights and supercilious waiters—even more supercilious than in the metropolis, from which I suspect them of being unwilling exiles, and they call it *beef a la mode en casserole* on the menu when they serve a vegetable stew.

"I am really glad to find out that you are a poet," she went on when we were separated only by a narrow white-covered table and a candlestick that made strange soft lights dance in her eyes. "Poets are nice and irresponsible, and I haven't had any irresponsible person to play with since my funny little old uncle sent me away to school and college. He is a very busy man, and of course I have to get an education, but we miss each other lots. Would you like to hear about my uncle?" She concluded abruptly with the childlike demand.

"Certainly," I responded politely, wondering why in six weeks facing my class I had not noticed that the most beautiful girl in the world had registered for my course. I had been so busy trying to teach her ethics that I had overlooked the fact that persons with dancing brown eyes and cream velvet skins don't really need to know as many facts as a squint-eyed school teacher from the corn belt.

"I knew you would want to know about Punkie. That was my baby name for him,—it meant 'poor uncle.' He was my mother's brother, and when she died, in order to amuse my dad, who was having a sort of dull time in heaven with just the angels, why he took me to live with him.

"He didn't have any wife of his own and there were no children in the big house where he lived, so he used to play with me lots himself. I don't think he remembered many of the games that youngsters usually play, so we made up new ones ourselves and they were really much better, because Punkie and I were both rather imaginative.

"He taught me how to make commonplace things interesting by pretending. He said that almost anybody's life was apt to be humdrum if you didn't pretend to be afraid that something would jump out at you from the dark corners. 'Unless you people the shadows yourself,' he said, 'you're apt to find there is no one there at all, and empty shadows are as disappointing as serial stories.'

"So some days when he'd come home from the office he'd find his house was a castle on the Rhine with a beautiful maiden imprisoned in the tower with nothing to eat but cake and bread and jam and a couple of pounds of candy. Very often it was a pirate ship and he'd have to walk the plank as soon as the captain had turned his pockets inside out to see if there were any buried treasure there.

"It was lots of fun. Sometimes we'd forget to tell each other what we were supposed to be and that caused confusion. I'll never forget the occasion when I shot him in the leg with an arrow, thinking he was an Indian, and didn't find out until after he began to swear that he really was the Queen of England coming to invite me to a court ball."

I laughed and she looked at me wistfully. "I was sure you'd appreciate that. You're the only person I've ever told it to. You see, since I've grown more or less up, I don't see my uncle so much, and I haven't had a really truly good time until to-day. If you knew how much I enjoyed it I think you'd want to go wading in the Biology pond with me every day."

"Heaven forbid," I interjected hastily and fervently.

"If you won't, I suppose I'll have to make the most of this one day." She held her hands palms up in the shape of a cup. "Look at the slender seconds slipping through my fingers. There's one and here's another. Aren't they beautiful? But so constitutionally delicate. One breath and they're gone. Each muffled tick of a kindly old grandfather's clock destroys one. Back and forth goes the pendulum, slow and ponderous, and at each swing it hits a tiny second on the head and flattens it out."

V

There is something extraordinarily intimate about dining with some one other person, even if it is in a restaurant crowded with commonplace people.

Thus it was that Grace Darling and I became well acquainted while all about us the tables blossomed forth with mere diners, travelling men, actor folk and the like, who failed to see through the pink nimbus that enveloped us.

I forebore to discuss Nietzsche or any of the German philosophers as I would have at Professor Allen's table, because I surmised that she would not understand what I was talking about. I found I had little inclination to, anyway. Who could use a brain with any degree of success when facing, only three feet away, a vision of pink and white that breathes and speaks and opens and closes its eyes?

"What are you thinking of, Ralph Webster?" she asked suddenly when I had been studying her for a moment too fascinated to add fuel to our desultory conversation.

"I was being sorry," I answered boldly.

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry that I didn't kiss you when we escaped from the police."

"So am I now," she admitted naively, "but I was glad you didn't then. You see, we know each other so much better now."

And we did, although it was difficult to trace the growth of the intimacy.

"Would you be very sorry if our day were over?" she asked.

"Very. Why?"

"Because I'm a little afraid that it is going to end suddenly and disagreeably unless something unexpected happens."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you see that man over there three tables away? The one with the bristly moustache."

I looked. A rather small stout man, well past fifty, with a firm mouth and piercing gray eyes, sat in the position she had indicated. I had read of the type, "shrewd business man" I believe it is called, but my profession had spared me much actual contact with it. He was looking over my way.

"Is he bothering you?" I demanded, my hot anger rising.

"Well," she admitted reluctantly, "he has been making signs at me."

As I looked a fatuous smile spread over the man's feature and he made a motion with his arm inviting my companion to come over to his table.

Never had I seen anything so openly insulting. Instantly I regretted having brought this girl to a place where such a thing was possible.

Only for a moment did I hesitate. Quick, impulsive anger brought me to my feet.

"What's the matter?" the girl asked cheerfully.

"The least I can do is to thrash him," I said starting away from our table and threading a path between the others to the old gentleman who had spoiled our perfect day.

As I left I heard a peal of frantic laughter from the girl, who had made a futile attempt to stay me. She was overcome by hysteria, no doubt.

Something in my face must have proclaimed my intention, because the diners in the restaurant hastily drew back out of my way.

I felt a veritable Samson. Rage lent strength to my sinews. I was so mad that I would have tackled a pugilistic champion.

I towered over the old man who, blissfully ignorant of my intention, was

still smiling and bowing to Grace Darling.

Not until I grabbed him by the collar and hauled him to his feet did he acknowledge my presence.

"W-h-y, what's the matter?" he sputtered, clutching wildly at the tablecloth as an anchor and dragging it with him, dishes and all.

The ensuing noise made us the center of attention from everyone in the restaurant. Waiters rushed up and guests stood on their feet the better to witness what was going on.

"Matter, you bald-headed flirt!" I howled as I shook him. "I'll teach you to make eyes at ladies young enough to be your daughter."

"But," he began. "I—"

"Shut up!" I commanded fiercely, and lacing my fingers in his collar for a better grip, I yanked him off his feet, and amid a racket of collapsed tables dragged him to the door through which I hastily assisted him with the toe of my boot.

Feeling somewhat better, I turned back into the lighted restaurant. The faces into which I gazed were painted with expressions of consternation struggling with mirth. The head waiter met me as I started to retrace my steps to my own table.

"What have you done, sir?" he asked with a trembling voice.

"Merely punished a man who was annoying the lady I was with," I replied with some self-satisfaction, brushing an imaginary speck off my coat sleeve. "Your management should thank me for ridding it of a human pest."

"But, sir," he expostulated, "do you know who it was that you put out of our restaurant?"

"No, and I don't care."

"But this was Hadley K. Heaton."

VI

I put my hand to my forehead stunned.

Hadley K. Heaton! My career was ruined. Hadley K. Heaton was the president of the board of trustees gov-

erning the university, and also the man who contributed principally toward the endowment of the institution. His was the word that shaped the policy of the president and all connected with the university, student body, faculty, and business department. We worshiped him from afar as a kindly benefactor who seldom let himself be seen but who, nevertheless, was constantly conferring benefits upon us. That was the man I had kicked out of the Plandon Restaurant!

"You see what you have done," said the head waiter noticing, I presume, the crestfallen look on my face. "You must leave at once. There is a back way. You will be arrested, of course, but we should prefer for the sake of our reputation that it should not take place here." As he spoke he led the way toward the kitchen.

I followed. It was not until we had passed through the swinging doors that I noticed that Grace Darling was at my side. "Here," I said roughly, "go back and pretend that you don't know me."

"But I want to be with you."

"But you mustn't. This is serious."

"All the more reason why I should stick to you," she said simply.

"Out this way," said the head waiter, holding open a door which led from the steaming kitchen into a dark alley.

We went through and the door closed behind us, shutting out the shaft of light which had illumined the narrow passageway between two rows of buildings backed up against each other.

I started for one end of the alley where I saw a light.

A detaining hand seized mine.

"Hadn't we better go the other way?" she murmured softly. "It's darker."

Without a word I turned and, hand in hand, we threaded our way through the darkness.

A sudden shout at the other end of the alley and the sound of quick, pattering footsteps on the pavement spurred us on. What more thrilling sound than that of pursuing footsteps at night, especially to the one who is pursued?

With desperate haste we disregarded possible ash cans and sprinted for the dark opening which we presumed lay at the other end of the alley.

Suddenly an instinct told me to halt. I put out a hand and groped forward with slow steps, checking my companion at the same time.

Instinct was right. In a few seconds I touched a cold brick wall. It was a blind alley we were in and had an exit only at one end.

The footsteps in our rear were growing louder.

"What shall we do?" whispered the girl tensely.

"Unless there is an exit here we may as well give up," I replied in a rapid whisper. "Follow me."

I turned to the right and felt hastily along the wall. Like the one at the end, it was brick. In a few feet my hand encountered an opening. I felt down hastily and struck a sill about the height of my knee. It was obviously a window. I tried to raise it, but it was covered with a heavy wire netting to prevent breakage. Another opening a few feet further along was the same.

The next was a door and also had a wire screen over the glass. Just on a chance I put my hand on the heavy knob and turned it. The door opened.

Without a word I cautiously stepped inside and hastily dragged the girl after me. Then I closed the door quietly.

If it was dark out in the alley here it was Stygian. I felt for a bolt on the door, found it and shoved it home quietly.

Almost immediately the sound of heavy footsteps outside banged noisily past the door, then halted as if in confusion, turned and retraced themselves slowly.

An electric flash was turned on the lock of our door and the person outside, whoever he was, tried to enter.

We held our breath and unconsciously my arm slipped around the waist of the girl who, in a frenzy of excitement, was hanging to the lapel of my coat.

After a moment's hesitation the light was switched off outside and our pur-

suer retraced his steps slowly and with many stops which I interpreted to mean pauses, while he tried the locks of adjacent buildings.

As the footsteps died away we simultaneously heaved a sigh of relief. Recollecting once more that this girl was a comparative stranger to me, I started to release my grasp, which must have been almost suffocating in its intensity. As my arm relaxed, however, she only nestled closer with a happy sigh.

What should a comparatively young man do in a case like that? I am sure I don't know.

What I did do, however, was to reinforce my right arm with the left, and as I did so I felt hers creep around my neck and pull my head down until my lips almost touched hers.

I could not see her face but I could feel the sweet warmth of her breath.

All at once we both stopped rigid and held foolishly the position in which we stood.

Somewhere in the room in which we had taken refuge a human being had groaned.

Slowly and almost with reluctance I released her and we stood still, listening.

"Did you hear it?" the girl whispered.

I put my hand over her mouth. "Sh," I cautioned.

She kissed the palm of my hand.

I could not stand it not to know what lay groaning in that chamber. I had to find out, even if it was something terrible.

I pressed Grace Darling's hand by way of farewell and started away from the door in the darkness, my arm stretched out in front of me as a buffer. In two steps my hand struck something made of tin, and it fell off from a height on to the floor, which was apparently a cement one.

The noise was tremendous and nearly split my ear drums, which were strained to detect insignificant sounds in the hushed silence which had previously reigned.

I expected the racket I had made to

be answered by a revolver shot and the turning up of the light.

But when the tin ceased rolling across the floor not a sound disturbed the tense quiet of the room. I dared not stir another step. What had happened to the man who had groaned there in the dark? Why had he shown no sign. Perhaps he was crouching even now ready to spring.

I dared not take another step, but I had to know.

I took a box of safety matches from my pocket and tried to scratch one. It was so safe that it refused to light at all. I tried another and another. There was no light but a considerable scratching sound told my companion what I was doing?

"Maybe you are trying to light the wrong end," she suggested gently. "Turn one match around."

I did so.

A spurt of yellow flame exploded the darkness.

VII

All around us were kegs, barrels, demijohns, cases of bottles and shelves full of quaint liqueur jugs.

At the end of a lane of barrels in which we stood the flickering light of the match revealed the feet and legs of a man, the rest of whose body was hidden in the darkness. At the soles of his shoes lay a round measuring can which was apparently what I had knocked off from the barrel at my side and which had rolled across the cement floor.

The match went out.

"Do you suppose he is dead?"

"No, I don't," I answered. An inkling of the truth came over me.

I struck another match and we moved forward to examine our fellow tenant.

It was a man in police uniform stretched out at full length on the floor, his helmet lying dented a few feet away and in his hand a quart measure half full of a rich brown liquid. I bent over him. He was breathing evenly, although I should hate to have lit a match in the vicinity of his mouth.

I straightened up.

"All is well," I explained to the girl. "We have half of the police force with us. This must be Kampfer's wholesale liquor house and the night watchman has taken good care that burglars won't get away with all the stock. It was he who left the door unlocked for us."

"Aren't you sorry now that you lit the match?" asked Grace Darling regretfully.

"Sorry?"

"Yes. I never had such a creepy feeling before in my life. My spine tingles yet from it. It's such a shame to find out that it was only a drunken man. You see, my uncle was right. There's nothing in the shadows but commonplace things. Adventurers are only people with imaginations."

"Personally," I observed drily, "I am just as well satisfied to know what it is that we're locked in here with."

"Sh!" warned the girl, clutching my arm once more. "There's some one outside."

She was right. A key turned in the lock. The door, however, refused to open on account of the bolt which we had shot from the inside.

The situation was plain enough to me. The flare of our match had betrayed us to whoever was watching in the alley and he had obtained a key to open the door. The fact that the bolt was shot proved conclusively that someone was inside.

That doubtless is the reason why the man outside felt warranted in cutting the wire netting and breaking the glass in the door.

The sharp pingle of glass on the cement floor made us instinctively draw back, and we crouched together behind some casks. We would probably be discovered but we were of a mind to be hidden as long as possible.

The bolt shot back and the door swung on its hinges. A ray of light from a dark lantern flashed suddenly in the gloom and danced gaily over the obese barrels.

"Halt, or I'll fire!" commanded a

none too steady voice in the direction of the door.

Grace Darling snickered. I had to press her face against my shoulder to make her keep quiet.

"No matter who you are I know you," continued the voice, "and it's no use to hide."

Slowly the light drew nearer. I felt a well-nigh unrestrainable impulse to say "Boo!" If I had it's even money that the lantern would have been dropped to the floor and we would have been left alone.

All at once the light rested for a moment.

"I'll be damned."

In the ray of the dark lantern lay the drunken officer.

"Patsy Keogh, you're a drunken pig." It was our friend Darby who leaned over the prostrate officer. "So it was you all the time I have been chasing and you never told me you had a key to this place. I have a good mind to report you to the chief."

His eye fell on the half emptied quart measure.

"You are so wasteful, too. Here you have drew off more than you can hold, and as I don't know where you have got it from I can't put it back. It's a shame to waste it. Probably it will all evaporate before morning unless we put it somewhere."

He looked around for a receptacle in which to pour the liquor, and although he was surrounded with them he failed to see any, and economically put it inside of himself.

"Now, Patrick Keogh, I am going to do you a good turn where you don't deserve it. I am going to take you out and put you in the horse trough where you can sober up before you report to the chief."

Under the mistaken idea that he was being gentle, Darby picked up his brother officer's feet and proceeded. By the dancing ray he dragged him to the door and out into the alley, where the cobble pavement must have contributed towards the headache Patrick Keogh was going to have the next morning.

We came out from behind our friendly barrel and by a common impulse moved toward the door.

Just as we nearly reached it the lock clicked and we knew that in spite of his friendly concern for Patrick Keogh, Officer Darby had taken the precaution to lock the door after him from the outside. Now we were prisoners indeed.

VII

Grace Darling laughed until she cried.

"I wish my uncle were here. You have no idea how he would enjoy this."

"We've got to get out," I interrupted roughly. A sudden thought struck me. "Where do you live?"

"In Heaton Hall," she replied. "Why?"

"Because in the dormitories you have to be in by ten o'clock or you will be locked out," I replied.

"I don't care," she answered.

"You've got to care. Why, you would be fired from the university." Unconsciously I dropped into student slang.

"That doesn't bother me any," she assured me.

"But it does me. What would I ever tell this uncle of yours if I got you into trouble that resulted in your being sent home?"

"You wouldn't have to tell him anything. He would know instantly that it wasn't you that started the trouble, but me. That's the advantage of having an uncle who is a little bit foolish himself sometimes. He understands so much better than just regular relations."

"At any rate we have to do something."

"You are not sorry, are you, Ralph Webster, that you have spent the day with me, that you nearly kissed me in the dark?"

"Yes," I muttered, "I'm sorry. I was mad. I had forgotten who I was, that you were a student in one of my classes and that I was an assistant instructor in

the university who had just lost his job."

"What do you mean, 'lost your job?'"

"Just that."

"Why?"

"I forgot to tell you that the man whom I kicked out of the restaurant was Hadley K. Heaton, the president of the board of trustees."

"You know, then." She was laughing in the darkness. I could hear her attempt to smother it.

"Yes, but I can't see what's so funny about it."

"You will later."

"I presume I will," I said stiffly, "when I am summoned before the board of trustees and told that my services will be no longer required."

"I'm terribly sorry you did it."

"I'm not," I retorted. "I would do it again in a minute if the occasion arose, but there is no reason why I should involve you in my disaster."

"But you have already involved me," she murmured. "You can't go off now and leave me. What are you going to do with the heart of me, Ralph Webster, that I have put in your two hands?"

I roughly disengaged her fingers that were laced in mine. "The heart of you I'll return," I said, "all but a tiny fragment that you won't miss."

"But I don't want it back. I want you to keep it because you know how to play."

"I can't talk to you, Grace Darling," I went on, trying to hide my feelings. "How can I keep your heart unless I keep the rest of you, and that isn't possible. To-morrow I will be a poor man and out of a job. Come away from here. The darkness breeds wild speeches. In the light I'd never talk like this."

With reckless disregard for racket I led the way between the barrels to where, at the other end of the room, I had noticed in the light of the policeman's flash lantern that there was another door.

When we came to it I pushed it open

easily. It was on springs and swung to after we had gone through.

We were now in the showrooms of the liquor company, which faced outward on the street.

The arc light from the corner cast a faint radiance through the windows in front, and we could make out the outlines of the bottled goods which were piled on shelves in circular tiers around posts supporting the ceiling.

Getting out of this part of the store was absurdly simple. We walked across the room as if we owned it, shot the spring lock, and stepped outside with no more effort than that of opening and closing a door.

"That was too tame to be any fun," said the girl, while I mentally registered a prayer of thanks that our adventures were over for the evening.

Our self congratulations were too early, however.

Even as she spoke a figure loomed up out of the darkness of an adjoining entry way and an authoritative hand was laid on my shoulder.

"You are under arrest."

There toppled all my hopes for a peaceful ending of the adventure.

I determined that the girl, at any rate, should go free. I could at least create a diversion which would give her an opportunity to escape this one policeman, who could hardly handle me and chase her at the same time. Resisting an officer was a minor charge compared to those I already had piled up against me for the evening.

So, much to the surprise of everyone, I wrapped myself quickly around the minion of the law, pinning his arms tightly to his sides. Thirty-minutes daily with the pulley weights have made me fairly strong.

"Run," I commanded over my shoulder to the girl. "I can hold him for a minute."

I had my hands full to make good my prophecy. As I spoke the policeman twisted in my grasp and got his arm free. We clinched and rolled over on the pavement. He had a great deal more weight than I, but I think that my

muscles moved a little quicker. At any rate, it was a fairly even thing for a few moments, although very disastrous to clothing.

Suddenly two revolver shots, followed by a woman's scream, split the air.

Apprehension clutched my heart. Had some one fired at Grace Darling as she was escaping? I relaxed my hold and the policeman promptly flopped me on my back and sat on me. I did not care. If anything had happened to Grace, what use to struggle further?

"There, I've got you," the officer panted, and I recognized his voice as that of John Darby.

IX

We both had time now to note what was going on around us. Not ten feet away stood Grace Darling with a smoking police revolver in her hand.

"Why didn't you run?" I demanded impatiently.

"What are you doing with my cannon?" shouted Darby. "And who fired them shots?"

"You dropped your revolver when you rolled into the gutter," she explained sweetly, "and I picked it up and fired it myself."

"What for?" we joined in the question.

"Oh, just to add to the excitement. I only shot into the air but you've no idea how much more interesting it was when I fired and screamed."

"Well, I'm damned." Officer Darby rose to his feet.

He was a brave man. In spite of the reckless way that Miss Darling was handling his firearm, he hauled me to an upright position and grabbed me firmly by the elbow.

"Now you'll come to the station, both of you," he said with determination, and he marched me to the corner, the girl following as a matter of course.

"Now, look here, officer," I demurred pleasantly enough, "I admit that I am guilty of burglary, murder, arson, any-

thing you like, but this young lady here had nothing to do with it. Now, if I accompany you quietly, will it be all right to let her go?"

"Nothing doing. You come along, both of you. I've been laying for you ever since the fight in the Plandon Café. Tell me, why did you want to pick on the nice little gentleman and kick him out of the restaurant? What had he ever done to you?"

I maintained a discreet silence, remembering the cant phrase that whatever I said might be used against me.

At the corner toward which we were headed was collected a small crowd of curiosity seekers, doubtless attracted by the unearthly noise we had made. They kept their distance, however, being of no mind to take an unnecessary chance with desperadoes who were armed and willing to shoot.

"Why did you do it?" the officer insisted stubbornly.

"Explain to the officer about the categorical imperative," said Grace Darling with a smothered giggle.

"What's that?" said Darby, halting instantly in his tracks.

We happened to be directly under the arc light. He turned the girl around and peered closely into her face.

"Is it Miss Darling?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes," she replied smiling.

"I never would have known you if you wouldn't have said what you did about paregorical infirmity. And is this your young man, too?"

"Yes."

"The same one you had this afternoon?"

"The same one."

"And just when I thought I had caught a burglar," the officer sighed. "This is my unlucky day. All except," he amended, "that I found out that Patrick Keogh has a key to Kampfer's back entrance." He brushed his sleeve across his lips in remembrance.

"Well, let's go on," I said, impatiently. "If I am going to be hung let's get at it. Which way is the police station?"

"If you want to go to the police sta-

tion you will have to find your way by yourself," said Darby ungraciously. "I wouldn't take you to it for a thousand dollars. You ought to have heard what the chief told me I was for bringing you in this afternoon. Good night."

Darby started away disconsolate. We were free.

"Wait!" Out of the crowd a voice stopped him.

Into the circle of light from the overhead arc stepped a short stout figure.

It was Hadley K. Heaton, and on his face was an expression of fiendish joy. My heart sank once more.

"Come back here, officer," Heaton commanded.

Darby came back.

"Take these people over to the station. I will appear against them."

The officer turned toward him appealingly. "But, Mr. Heaton, do you know who this girl is?"

"No." The financier turned to the young lady herself. "Who are you?"

"I am Lady Jane Grey," she responded with dignity.

"She lied to me," muttered Darby under his breath, but nevertheless he led our gloomy procession up the street and into the dimly lighted police headquarters.

X

I was too miserable at the hopeless mess I had involved this young girl in to take more than an apathetic interest in what was going on around me. Even when the youngster herself who trudged by my side gave my hand a reassuring squeeze I was too gloomy to return the pressure. There was some excuse for an impulsive child getting into a scrape like this, but I was old enough to know better.

We were lined up silently once more before the chief of police, who seemed slightly puzzled at meeting us all together.

"What is the charge?" he asked, falling back upon routine questions to hide his lack of understanding.

"Assault and battery, burglary, and resisting an officer," said Darby reluctantly, forced to speak by the commanding eye of Mr. Heaton.

"Besides that put down high treason," supplemented the old man.

"But—" began the chief.

"Put it down."

He did, bewildered.

"What names?"

"Ralph Webster," I answered mechanically.

"Alias Guy Fawkes," interjected Heaton tersely.

I looked up in amazement. The man was crazy.

"The girl's name is Jane Grey," Mr. Heaton added. "Jane Grey step forth and let's hear what you have to say for yourself."

The girl stepped up to the desk demurely, with eyes cast down upon the floor. She twisted a crumpled handkerchief in her hands with evident agitation. Never have I seen a sweeter picture of innocence.

"I wish to plead guilty," she murmured in a voice so low that it could scarcely be heard.

"Plead guilty to what?"

She raised her eyes. They were misty with tears.

"I killed Cock Robin."

The tears ran freely down her cheeks now.

Hadley K. Heaton began to laugh.

"I can't play any more," he exclaimed between gales of laughter. He held out his arms.

Grace Darling ran into his embrace.

Patrolman Darby and the chief of police looked on with expressions of wonder and doubt of their own eyesight.

I understood at last.

I knew why Miss Darling's example had been followed by Mrs. Allen, the social climber. I saw clearly why the police department had refused to detain us. I could interpret the scene in the restaurant. Everyone in town but myself knew that Grace Darling was the niece of the president of the board of trustees of the University. I had

always prided myself on never reading the newspapers. I was cured. I made a humble resolve to subscribe for all of them the next day.

Grace Darling and her uncle had been talking together for a moment at one side of the room while the rest of us waited, stunned, to see what would happen next.

At length Mr. Heaton came toward me wiping his eyes.

"My niece has just told me about you, sir," he said with a kindly smile. "I had no idea that there was anyone with so much imagination in your department, Professor Webster."

"Mr. Webster," I corrected. "I am only an instructor."

"We're going to change that tomorrow. As you know, there is a meeting of the trustees."

"You mean I will be released?"

"No. I mean you are to be offered a full professorship if you care for it."

I bowed, overwhelmed. This took away a little of the sting of having been made fun of.

"By the way, Professor Webster," went on the financier, "I have some matters to straighten out with the chief here which will detain me for an hour or so. Will you take my niece over to the dormitory?"

He looked at his watch

"If she isn't there in twenty minutes she'll be locked out."

He laid a fatherly hand on my shoulder. As I looked into his eyes I discovered that they were gentle and friendly instead of piercing, and that his "shrewd business man" face was only a mask to deceive outsiders.

"You're a nice boy," he said with a pat, "and I want you to be good to her."

We walked to the campus in a crowded silence, Grace and I, and it was not until we reached the old oaks that fringed the lawn in front of Heaton Hall that we paused.

"I've had a perfectly scrumptious day, Ralph Webster," she said putting both her hands in mine. "I hadn't dared hope before that there would be two men in the world like you and Punkie." She let go of my hands reluctantly as she whispered "Good night."

"Good night," I echoed huskily.

She started away toward the closed doors of the dormitory and then came back to me shyly.

"Is there anything else you want to do, Ralph Webster," she inquired so softly that I had to bend over her to hear it, "anything you want to do before this day of ours is over?"

"Yes."

"Then, why don't you?"

Just as I thought, her lips were soft and warm.



GUEST: An unfortunate being whom custom imprisons between linen sheets and obliges to use embroidered towels.



THE Devil has been variously denounced, but so far, at least, no one has ever ventured to call him stupid.



THE ICICLE

By Edward Fuller

HE fell in love with her in a most unexpected fashion. His friends thought that he was behaving very absurdly, and pointed out to him the embarrassment, probably the unhappiness, which would follow if he persisted in his determination to marry her. But he had the obstinacy of the man who persists in cherishing ideals of women in spite of frequent disillusion. Whom he married was his own affair, he said, ignoring the obvious truth that whatever we do is the affair of everyone else. When he realized that he was in love with her, he rejected the idea of anything less than marriage as impossible. She was a good girl, and he would not have her ruin on his soul. As a matter of fact, he had never been much attracted to girls who were not good. They annoyed him by their sordid caricature of the image of womanhood he cherished. The eyes of this girl, he thought, reflected an incalculable purity.

He used to call her "the icicle" when he first knew her. She sat at the telephone desk of the hotel in Thirty-fifth Street where he was then living, a shining mark for casually amorous men in the intervals when no one was calling. But she paid no attention to any of them. Even apparently innocent remarks about the weather were wasted on her. Sometimes she pretended not to hear. If that was impossible she answered with a cool "yes" or "no." Her aloofness amused him at first. He had no evil designs, and nothing in his manner could lead her to think so. He tried to be pleasant to her, because that was his way with women of every degree; they appealed to his idealism.

But she ignored him as she ignored the others; and once, when he met her face to face at the door and took off his hat, she responded to his courtesy with the slightest of bows. For a time exasperation succeeded kindness, and he let her severely alone. Nevertheless, he was conscious that she had a strange attraction for him. It was not her prettiness—though she was pretty enough with her soft brown eyes, her golden brown hair, her delicate complexion which reminded him of an apple tree in bloom. It was the quality in her which aroused in him a chivalrous desire to protect, to defend her. He hated to think of her fighting with life alone. There are women who can do that and lose little; but she did not seem to him to be one of them.

His first approach to an acquaintance with her came through her first defeat in that fight. One day he found a strange girl at the telephone and asked the clerk what had become of Miss — but he did not know her name.

"Miss Vaughan?" replied the clerk indifferently. "Oh, her mother is dead, or something. I don't think she'll come back. People like a girl to be pleasant."

The substitute smiled quickly at the inquirer with an intimation that she would not fail on the side of pleasantness. But her coarse and conscious beauty did not wake any answering interest. For Stephen Wendover was an idealist, as has been said. So he turned away and remarked that he was very sorry.

This, of course, should have ended the episode, if one may call it that. Miss Vaughan—he found himself wondering what her first name was—had been

barely civil to him, and he could not call her even an acquaintance. She would certainly resent any attempt on his part to thrust himself upon her notice. Yet her face—and he told himself it was rather a piteous face—kept recurring to him. Poor child! her mother dead and her position gone—how was she to live? What was to become of her? It was not in the least his business, and yet he was conscious of a desire to make it so. He looked in the paper that evening and found a notice of the death of Mary A. Vaughan, widow of the late James H. Vaughan. He got a directory and found the address—in West Ninety-eighth Street. The next morning he stopped at a florist's and ordered some white roses. The florist suggested a card. "Oh, they—they will understand," he said haltingly and turned abruptly away.

Had his friends who remonstrated afterwards known what was going on at this time their fears would have been anticipated. It would be absurd to say he was in love with a girl to whom he had hardly spoken. But there is an emotion which precedes love and which, in a way, possesses the heart even more completely. Stephen's quixotic devotion was as yet a secret which even the object of it did not share. He had no right to any part in her grief, and yet he did not want her to bear it alone. He did not pause to reflect that she might have brothers and sisters to share it with her—or even a lover. His desire to be near her in her trouble, though he could do nothing for her, led him to the further folly of going to the funeral, which he saw was to be at eleven o'clock the day after this, at St. Charles the Martyr's. Hardly a dozen persons were there. There was a requiem mass, but he sat through it all, in an obscure corner, and hoped that she did not see him, though she was actually visible to him. The chief mourner besides herself seemed to be an elderly man, probably an uncle.

Whether she saw him or not, this too was an appropriate end for so slight and insubstantial a romance. And per-

haps it might have been the end but for a chance meeting in Madison Avenue, not far from the hotel, a few days later. When he saw her he involuntarily stopped. She looked at him a moment vaguely.

"I beg your pardon," he said respectfully. "Perhaps I should not detain you here. But I want to tell you I am very sorry for your loss." He glanced at her black gown as he spoke.

"Thank you, Mr. Wendover," she said, a little stiffly. "You are one of the few people who have been kind to me." She hesitated, then went on with a certain desperate impetuosity. "Why did you send those lovely roses? *She* would have loved them. I put them—all but one—in her arms—at the last!"

Then her voice choked, and a single tear rolled slowly down her cheek.

Stephen was immensely embarrassed. "The roses? What roses?" he asked. Then he realized that deception would be futile. "I—I thought you might be glad of a little—sympathy—at such a time."

"I knew you had sent them when I saw you at the church. Why should you have done it? I was never very nice to you—at the hotel."

"Let me walk along with you," he said, evading her question. "Are you going there now?"

"They still owe me a few dollars. I suppose you know I have lost my place."

"I—I had heard so. I hope you have another in mind."

"No."

"Believe me, I am very sorry."

"Oh, I shall get on," she said bravely.

He did not go as far as the hotel with her, because he knew she would not like it; and if he had done so their conversation would doubtless have been as little worth recording as that which has already been recorded. But the spirit of romance does not always find adequate verbal expression. "I shall get on"—was not this a heroic determination not to be overcome by the chances and changes of this mortal life? Stephen merely begged her to let him

know if there were anything he could do for her, and had some wild idea of creating an imaginary position for her. But he fortunately restrained this impulse. He did ask her, however, if he might not call upon her.

She blushed slightly and was silent for a moment. "I should be very pleased," she said at last, and nodded a rather abrupt good-bye.

The person least experienced in the affairs of the heart will understand how the romance progressed from this point. Miss Vaughan did not readily obtain a new position, real or imaginary. Doubtless her remote manner was against her. She had not the competence which dispenses with subsidiary qualifications. The switchboard was the solitary business accomplishment she possessed, and there was no dearth of operators at that particular time. She was, indeed, not a remarkable person in any way. She had intelligence enough, but not the faculty of making it profitable. She was simply a pretty girl of no great capacities; too honest to pretend, too fastidious to compromise. "She ought to marry some good man" would be the conclusion to which one who took the trouble to analyze her would naturally come. But few men of any kind would have thought of marrying her. She was too brusque, too cold to them—an icicle, as even Stephen Wendover had called her.

Yet Stephen fell in love with her in spite of her coldness. He could not understand why she drew him to her so strongly; but the fact remained. There were plenty of girls of his own station in life whom he could have married. He had good looks and had a good income; and he was only twenty-five. But he had never felt towards any of them as he felt towards her. She had the charm of the unknown. On one or two rare occasions he thought that he had got below the surface, but the depths closed again and he felt he was still a stranger. This fact, however, did not prevent his love from taking a desperate turn. She fairly obsessed him. He would toss for hours at night longing

for her presence, wondering if she cared for him, fearing that the end of their acquaintance would presently come. She apparently trusted him, but he could detect no sign of emotion in her attitude. She told him little about herself directly, but from her indirect confessions he could piece out the narrative. There was nothing remarkable in it. Her people had been simply respectable. Her father had died when she was a child, and her mother had struggled along on a small income to which she had added when she was old enough. She had no brothers or sisters, and her other relatives did not concern themselves much about her. Thus when her mother died she was singularly alone in the world.

She gave up the small apartment where the two had lived and took a room in a sordid boarding house further down town. The income she had was so small that she felt she must save all she could, especially now that she was earning nothing. Stephen, after two experiences of the publicity of the tawdry boarding house parlor, suggested hesitatingly that she dine with him, a proposal to which she assented with indifferent readiness. He took her to the Beaux Arts—a new experience for her, though she said or did nothing to indicate it. She tasted sparingly of the champagne which he ordered; but she seemed to enjoy herself in a quiet way, and when he went home with her she was a little less like an icicle than usual. By this time he had made up his mind to marry her, though he was aware of the inappropriateness of the match.

They had been to the theater one evening. It was raining a little when they came out, and he summoned a cab. On the way to the boarding house he spoke.

"Frances," he said—he had called her that once before, and she had not resented it—"Frances, you must know that I care for you." She did not speak, and the passion which swayed him found a more direct utterance. "Oh, I love you—I love you!" He took her hand in his, and she did not withdraw

it. "Frances, can't you care for me at all?"

For a moment she was strangely silent; then she spoke in the cool and level tone so characteristic of her. "Yes," she said, "I do care for you."

He took advantage of the partial obscurity of the street through which they were passing to draw her to him and kiss her. For a moment he fancied that in the touch of her lips there was an answering glow of passion. But when she said, "Some one will see us," and gently released herself, he knew that he had been mistaken.

Why did he love her? he asked himself afterwards. His romanticism was bound to express itself in emotional vehemence, and cold domesticity did not attract him. Yet when she had said she loved him he did not doubt her. Could he make her love him after his own fashion? Well, he wanted her above all women, icicle though she might be. There was perhaps something of the dominant male desire to conquer and subdue in this. He urged a speedy marriage, and she did not deny him. Within a month the ceremony was performed at St. Charles the Martyr's, where he had seen her at her mother's funeral.

* * * * *

They sailed for Italy three days later. He would have liked to plan the trip in detail with her, but they had few opportunities to be together during the days of preparation. But she seemed to be satisfied with anything he proposed. He had counted on a rare pleasure in opening the Old World to her unaccustomed eyes; but after they were on the ship he found himself wondering how much she would enjoy the experience. Her air of shy aloofness remained, though she was now a bride. At first he imputed it to modesty; but presently he was aware of a feeling of irritation. It was February, and only a score of fellow passengers were with them on the *Venezia*. His devotion to her did not preclude an amiable impulse to be agreeable to everyone; but she kept apart, and those who ventured to talk with her found her unresponsive.

He was disappointed; he wanted her to be popular, to excite envy of her husband. Were there unplumbed depths in her, or was she merely stupid? This was not the kind of question a bridegroom ought to ask. But he found himself asking it.

As they neared Gibraltar the weather grew warmer, and there were moonlit nights on deck to promote sentiment even in the most stolid. As they sat in their deck chairs after dinner, her eyes seemed to reflect the glory of the shining sea, and once or twice, when his hand sought hers, he thought that she thrilled a little to the touch. But still she refused to be drawn into those dear intimacies which make the first days of marriage "all a wonder and a wild desire." The situation began to irritate him.

"You don't know what love is," he said one day.

"Perhaps not," she replied. "It is a pity you did not discover it sooner."

"Good heavens, Frances!" he cried in his vexation, "haven't you any human feeling? There is nothing I wouldn't do for you, but you grudge me—"

"Even gratitude," she said, interrupting him. "That is what you mean, I suppose."

"You know very well that is not what I mean." And he got up and walked away, fearing lest he lose his temper altogether.

Presently she came along the deck, and stood beside him as he leaned moodily over the rail and touched her hand. "Forgive me," she whispered. They were alone for the moment, and he caught her to him and kissed her.

Her enjoyment of the voyage was obvious enough, even if she did keep to herself so resolutely. "I did not know there could be anything so beautiful," she said on a golden afternoon when the broken Sardinian coast rose from the brilliant blue; and the Bay of Naples in the early morning brought the tears to her eyes. Stephen perceived her emotion and concluded that he had misjudged her. For several days thereafter he tried to be very tender and pa-

tient with her. But more and more, as time went by, he realized that he was making no progress along the road to a closer intimacy; he simply kept running into blind alleys of desire, to be confronted with the blank wall of indifference. She took a keen if quiet pleasure in their journey. Everything was new and surprising to her; and, though she seldom said much, he could see in her rapt silences how deeply one side of her life was being touched. He was glad of her intelligent sympathy with the things that meant so much to him; but this did not bring her any nearer, did not give him that sense of possession which he felt he had a right to expect. Furthermore, her continued indifference to the friends he met or the acquaintances he made exasperated him. Had she been more responsive it might have been easier to maintain the traditional honeymoon isolation from the rest of the world. But her impersonal attitude constantly made the ordinary amenities of social intercourse seem a necessity. And a conversation he could not help overhearing made him fancy that she was humiliating him.

He was sitting late one evening on the balcony of their hotel in Rome, looking upon the Via Quattro Fontane, when two people came out at the other end. It was so dark they did not notice him; and when he gathered the subject of their conversation it was too late to withdraw without creating an embarrassing situation. These people were the Judsons, who had crossed on the *Venezia*, and whom they had been constantly but accidentally meeting, as often happens when travellers are following the same general route.

"There's something very strange about it," Mrs. Judson began the conversation by observing.

"I don't see why he married her," Mr. Judson said.

"Why does any man marry any woman?" asked his wife.

"I could give you several reasons, my dear."

"Don't be personal. You know what I mean."

"I'm not sure that I do. Perhaps he married her because she is so pretty."

"There's nothing so wonderful in her looks. Of course it's easy enough to see why she married him. He has money and she hadn't any."

"How cynical you women are!" said Mr. Judson.

Mrs. Judson ignored this comment. "She was nobody, you know—just a stenographer, or a shopgirl, or something of the sort. And we all know who Stephen Wendover is."

"I wouldn't use names," remarked Mr. Judson.

"No one is around," replied the oblivious Mrs. Judson. "He is completely gone over her—or was; I think she has begun to irritate him a little. But it is perfectly plain that she doesn't care a rap for him."

"Isn't that a rather sweeping judgment, my dear?"

"Oh, a woman can always tell," Mrs. Judson went on, with that confidence in her detective abilities which so many women feel when they are searching the emotional recesses of their own sex. "I don't say that Mrs. Wendover doesn't care as much for her husband as she could care for anybody. She's a cold-hearted thing at best. But I doubt if she would have married him if he hadn't represented—all this—to her." Mrs. Judson's sweeping gesture embraced the whole Italian peninsula.

"I think you're a little hard on her," was Mr. Judson's reply.

Their talk drifted to other subjects; but until they went in Stephen was obliged to sit in his dark corner, reflecting bitterly on what he had heard, and brooding over the harassing doubts thus casually strengthened. When at last he was able to go upstairs he found his wife in bed and apparently asleep. He glanced at her and turned quickly away; for the first time she seemed almost hateful to him. For a few moments he paced softly up and down, trying to allay the storm of anger Mrs. Judson's careless words had aroused. Presently he saw that her eyes were open, and that she was regarding him anxiously.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"Everything!" he retorted.

"I am sorry," she said. "Have I done anything to offend you?"

"You know what you have done."

She sat up in bed. "Stephen," she said, "you should not speak like that to me."

"How should I speak?" he asked.

"What should a woman expect when she treats a man as you have treated me?"

Her eyes dilated a little, but she retained her calmness of manner. "I have tried to do my duty, Stephen."

"Duty, duty!" he cried passionately.

"What do I care about duty? It's love—love—I want, and that you have not given to me."

"I have told you that I love you."

"Told me! Yes, I remember you did—once." He resumed his pacing up and down for a moment, then went to the bed and sat down beside her. "I am sorry if I spoke harshly, dear," he said, trying to be gentle with her. Oh, he could not, would not, believe what that odious woman had said! "But do you think you have been very kind to me all these days since our marriage?"

"I have not meant to be unkind."

"Oh, can't you understand?" he asked.

"I will say I am sorry you married me, if that is what you want."

"Sorry I married you? I married you because I loved you, because you filled every corner of my heart, because I felt I could not live without you."

"Yes," she said; "I know that. And now you have found out your mistake."

He looked at her blankly for a moment; then the lines in his face hardened and his eyes grew cold. "Let us try to understand each other, Frances," he said. "You think it was a mistake. That is what your strange manner means. I am glad you are so honest." He smiled bitterly.

"I mean to be honest, Stephen, but you do not understand."

She looked at him rather piteously as she spoke, but he was too exasperated to respond to this intangible plea. "I

think I understand quite enough," he said. "I would undo what I have done, if I could. As it is, you will have to put up with me—for a time at least. We had better not discuss it any longer; I might say things I should regret."

She made no reply to this, and he rose abruptly and walked away. When he came back, he got into his own bed with a brief good night. If he had seen the tears in her eyes he would have realized how deeply he had hurt her.

The perils of matrimony are so obvious that those whose eyes are unblinded by passion have every reason for wondering that intelligent persons should encounter them so lightly. The chances of a disastrous collision between the wills of any two human beings are manifold; and the stronger the emotion behind it the more disastrous it will be. Stephen and his wife were still strangers. Her perceptions far outran her powers of expression; she had begun to read his mind with tolerable accuracy, though she could not translate it to his comprehension. And she saw, as in a dream from which she could not awake, the portent of an irremediable catastrophe. She tried more than once, in the days that followed, to break the bonds of silence that her nature had imposed on her; and had Stephen's perceptions kept pace with hers he would not have preserved the air of slightly disdainful reproof which only served to seal her lips more tightly than ever.

Of course there were moments of tenderness between them. After all, they were husband and wife, and nature spoke to them with an imperious voice. At Florence for a few days it seemed as if the irreconcilable might be reconciled, as if two such diverse temperaments might avoid clashing fatally. But the doubt suggested by the conversation he had heard in Rome always lurked in the shadow of his mind. "It is perfectly plain that she doesn't care a rap for him." This was the judgment of a clever and experienced woman like Mrs. Judson. Why should he question its accuracy? Don't women always see through each other? It is only the man

who is made a fool of. Thus, despite his honest wish to make the best of the situation, to give Frances every chance to prove Mrs. Judson mistaken, his self-control was at the mercy of any casual impulse.

They had spent a morning in the Uffizi Gallery, and when she came back she had a blinding headache, though she said nothing about it. His enthusiasm for the masters had made him a little thoughtless; he did not see that to her less trained mind the effort to comprehend their works might be exhausting. He was still talking as they went upstairs, though the sound of his voice had begun to seem intolerable, and she could barely answer "yes" or "no" when he asked her a direct question. She had hoped he would go down directly; she wanted nothing to eat—only an opportunity to darken the room and sleep for a while. But as soon as he had closed the door, and while she was removing her hat, he pressed her to him in a rather violent embrace and kissed her vehemently. The room seemed to spin about as he did this. She put out her hand and pushed him aside.

"Don't! Don't!"

Instantly his anger flared. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I should have remembered how distasteful it would be to you."

This speech gave her nerves the final lash. "Oh, go away! go away!" Frances cried. "I cannot stand it—I cannot stand it!"

Her words implied, of course, much more than she meant, and he accepted the implication most hateful to him.

"You needn't stand it any longer," he retorted. By this time he could not think or speak calmly; the intolerable grievance of her failure to love him was the one idea he could compass. "I can't compel you to love me," he went on, "and I wouldn't even if I could. I see now why you are sorry I married you. It hasn't been as easy for you as you hoped it would be. You were to get everything and give nothing. I was fool enough to think it a fair bargain. But it isn't. It's no more fair to you

than to me, for you are beginning to despise me as well as hate me for being such a fool."

He paused a minute, and she said in a dull voice, "I do not despise you—or hate you."

"Oh, well, what difference does it make? You do not love me, and after that there is no more to be said. No, it's not my imagination; other people have noticed it."

"So you have been discussing me with your friends?"

"I have not been discussing you with anyone. And whatever happens I shall never say a word against you. Frances, I want to spare you any pain—or annoyance. We shall have to be together until we return to New York; but that will be only for a month or two; we won't go north as I had intended. When we are at home again—home!" he repeated bitterly, "I will make other arrangements. I dare say people will talk, but that cannot be helped now. Your happiness is the main thing, and you are not happy with me."

"No—I am not happy." There was a throbbing in her temples, and a deadly faintness assailed her. "Please—please—go now." She sank into the nearest chair, clutching at the arms.

He went away without saying another word, or even looking at her. Had he done so, he must have seen how ill she was. After he had closed the door a wild impulse seized him to go back, to throw himself at her feet, to beg her to try to love him. But while he hesitated he heard the key click in the lock. Well, he would not degrade himself further.

They left for Genoa the next day. For a part of the time they had the compartment to themselves. "I will leave you to yourself as much as I can for the rest of our honeymoon," he said with a sarcastic emphasis upon the last word. "We will take adjoining rooms at the hotel, and you need not see me except at meals. I understand you at last," he added. "You are one of the women who are incapable of love. Do you know what I used to call

you when I first knew you?—the icicle. You seemed so hard and cold. I should have known then that it was hopeless to love you. But somehow I fancied that I could make you love me, that you had beneath the surface great depths of feeling, that your heart was not dead, but asleep. I was a fool, and I have injured you by my folly. But I will make amends in any way I can."

For a moment he was silent. "Don't think about me," she said at last. "I know I have injured you, too, and I am sorry."

In the morning she went out alone, declining his company. She did not come back to luncheon, and he began to worry a little. He could not disguise the fact that he was very unhappy, that the acute desire for her had survived all her coldness, that even now he would strive to win her if she would give him the chance. As the day waned he became seriously alarmed, and walked about the city trying to find her. He went to the hotel again at dinner time, but her room was empty. While he lingered there, torn by miserable anxieties and apprehensions, a note in her handwriting was brought to him. He tore it open eagerly. Then for a moment the world seemed to stop as he stared at the White Star flag. "S. S. Canopic"—each letter burnt itself into his brain. After a time he mastered himself sufficiently to read what she had written:

DEAR:

When you read this I shall be on my way back to America. This was the only steamship sailing to-day. It will land me in Boston, and I can take the train to New York. I have two hundred dollars left out of the money you gave me. I suppose I shall have to keep it, for I have none of my own. I would promise to pay it back to you, only I suppose that would hurt you more than ever—and I have never meant to hurt you. Do not worry about me, please. I shall have enough to live on out of what my mother left, and I can find a position of some sort. It will be best not to try to see me. That would be

painful to both of us.

I want to write to you now something I could never say. I do love you, dear, much, oh, so *much* more than you have thought. I think I loved you almost from the first—in the days when you called me the icicle. When I saw you in the church, and knew you had sent the roses, I began to think you loved me, too, and I was wicked enough to be almost happy, even in my grief for my poor mother. And when we met that day, and you stopped to speak to me, my heart seemed to beat so loudly that I was afraid you could hear it. I did not believe then that I could ever be your wife. When you told me you loved me, I thought no girl was more fortunate than I. Oh, so many times I have tried to let you see how I loved you, but the words wouldn't come. But I shall love you always. Dear, you may not believe me now, but I hope you will some day.

I do not mean that I want you to keep on loving me. I have been a wretched failure as your wife, and of course you will get a divorce. It may be wrong to wish it, but somehow I don't seem to care. You will think you love me too much ever to love anyone else; but that is not so; something in my heart tells me. Still, I should like to have you remember me not unkindly.

Good-bye, dear. You will never guess how hard it has been to write this, what pain such a parting is to me. I suppose I am an icicle— Oh, Stephen, I *do* love you, and my heart is breaking because I shall never see you again.

FRANCES.

"Si, signore," said the obliging and omniscient head porter. The *Canopic* had sailed at noon. Had the signor missed it? And la signora was already on board? But the ship touched at Naples to-morrow and remained a day. "Che combinazione!" It would have been a great misfortune otherwise. There was a train for Naples that evening. "Alle dieci, signore." The luggage should be sent to the station as soon as it was ready.

ADVERTISING PAYS

THE STORY OF A WOOING THAT WAS BASED ON SYSTEM

By Gerald Mygatt

I'M an advertising man. So far the nearest I've ever come to literature has been when I've worked my copy—my ads, you know—into preferred position, next to reading matter. As a matter of fact I've never had the slightest desire to be a writer. Advertising's good enough for me; it's the backbone of the publishing business; if it wasn't for us ad men the magazines wouldn't exist. Everybody knows that.

This time, though, I'm going to break into print through the editorial department, because I've a story here that's bound to go straight home to anywhere from forty to sixty per cent of any general magazine's net paid circulation. It's a story about love. It's my own story; it happened to me—me and a girl, that is. I don't intend to tell you the girl's real name and I don't intend to tell you mine, but the story itself I'll give to you straight. As I say, I'm an advertising man and I don't pretend to be anything else, but I've lately bumped into these few new fundamental facts about girls and men and hearts and some combinations of the three. They are facts that every young woman will like to know, facts that every young man will be glad to know. So I feel it's nothing more nor less than a duty for me to give them to the reading public.

The whole thing began the evening Marguerita Charlton turned me down.

It was the final night of my vacation this last summer. I'd taken my two weeks early in the season, not only because I was needed back in the shop during July and August to get things under way for the Christmas rush but also because I'd figured that timeliness

would give me a start with Rita herself. It's half the battle, you know, to get on the job ahead of your competitors; every salesman understands that. I was in love with Rita Charlton. I'd been in love with her for months. So I piled up to Lake Placid where she was staying, and you can bet I didn't let much fresh grass grow around my shoes.

Little by little, from the first day on, I could feel things coming along; better and better and better. One thing, though, was a shame, and that was the way those two weeks raced by, night chasing day and day chasing night. Somehow or other the time just kept going; it never even seemed to take a breath. And although Rita and I were together by the hour I never got a good chance to put the proposition up to her the way I wanted to. Maybe she was seeing to that; I'm blessed if I know to this day. One thing, however, I do know, and in all my business experience I've never seen the rule go wrong, never try to clinch a sale till you've got your prospective purchaser to the point where he wants to buy. Otherwise your whole approach falls flat. It's a hard thing to remember when you're so crazy about a girl that all you can think of is how much you want to tell her so, but if you don't remember it you're lost. So with Rita Charlton I jammed my teeth together and sat tight. It took all the nerve I had, but I did it.

On the very last evening of all, however—it was a Sunday and my train didn't leave until ten-something—the chance I'd been working for finally came along. It was a wonderful night.

There was a moon, high and clear in a deep blue Maxfield Parrish sky. The lake was still, calm as glass, blue out in the middle but black near the shore line with its overhanging trees. Between the lake and the sky, sliding off into the distance, rose the big, dark Adirondack hills, ghostly and mysterious in the gray-green light. And Rita Charlton and I went out in her canoe alone. I can still see her as she leaned back in the cushions facing me; her trim little pumps crossed close to my own clumsy brogans; her ankles; the moon-shadows that played in the soft, long folds of the white dress she wore, marking with pastel strokes the easy slenderness of her figure; her neck, cool and tanned; her chin, almost sharp; her straight, serious little mouth; her eyes with their nameless coloring; her golden hair gleaming silver in the sheen of the mountain night. It was glorious, that evening on the lake. And with never a sound to hear beyond the splash and drip of the paddle it was only natural that we talked mostly in silences.

But at last, leading up to it little by little—and I want to say right here that I never knew anything could embarrass a fellow so—I told her what I'd been trying to tell her for days.

Rita Charlton certainly acted like a brick. For a long time she didn't say anything, just stared down into her lap. Then at last she raised her eyes and looked at me, looked at me almost exactly as I'd seen her look at a bird with a broken wing we'd found in the woods one day. It was a look worth going miles to get, but there was something in it that spoiled the moonlight and the lake and the mountains and everything else in sight as far as I was concerned.

Her words did the rest.

"I'm sorry, Bob," she said, "I'm awfully sorry. I—I don't know what to say."

"Say yes," I suggested, still not realizing completely that she was only trying to let me down easily. But she simply shook her head.

"I should have known," she went on. "I should have stopped you. Oh, Bob,

you don't know, how sorry I am!" For a second or so she paused. "But I can't marry you, Bob—truly I can't. Don't you see that?"

This time it was I who did the head shaking. I was pretty glum just the same.

"Then you must try to see it. You must try to understand. It isn't that I don't like you. I really do like you. It's just—oh, I don't want to marry anybody! I don't want even to think about it—not yet. First I must accomplish something in the world."

"Which simply means," I cut in morosely, "that you don't love me."

"I—I don't know, Bob—really. You see—I've never thought. It isn't that though. It's—it's simply the idea of getting married, of being dependent till the end of my life on one single person. I suppose I ought to want to, but I can't. It's so—so like the end of everything." She had been staring down at her twining hands again, but here she glanced up, looking me straight in the eyes. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, in a voice I wanted to hug, "I'm so sorry! You don't know how sorry I am. I feel just as badly, Bob, as you do."

"No you don't," I corrected her, and I can remember trying to grin. "You see, I love you."

That was about all. When I dragged myself into that stuffy old Adirondack sleeping car an hour afterward I'd have sold out, body and soul, straight through from cover to cover, for about eight cents on the dollar. I'd have sold any page of myself for the price of a seven-line rate holder. Rita Charlton had turned me down—and that was the end of everything.

It was pretty bad, take it from me.

For what seemed like endless hours I tossed around in my berth, wriggling and stretching and yawning and trying to sleep, but staying wide awake, of course, and thinking and thinking and thinking. Most of the things I thought were just about as useless as useless thoughts can be—my brain couldn't seem to get itself out of going 'round and 'round and 'round in a circle, with

Rita in the center of it and black darkness all outside—but suddenly, somehow or other, an idea broke through. It was a big idea, an inspiration, if you like. It was such a big idea that I sat bolt upright in my berth—the train was jolting along somewhere near Utica—to make sure I was awake. And awake I certainly was. Within ten seconds I wouldn't have sold two inches of myself, single column, for the cost of a full-color, double-page spread.

Because I saw the way, clear as crystal, to go after Rita Charlton and land her, safe and sure. It was stupendous, that idea of mine. The more I thought of it the better and better I felt. I got up and dressed. I could hardly wait for the train to reach New York.

And this is how I figured it out:

Here I was, an advertising man—and if I do say so myself, not an entirely unsuccessful one. (We ad men have to learn to blow our own horns.) It was my business to sell things to the public, to make people want something they'd never wanted before and then make them buy it. I could take any old thing—shaving soap or a brand of shoes or some new hair tonic—and use my knowledge of merchandising and my business experience to hammer away with at the public until the public would begin wanting the thing I was hammering away on. So far so good. I'd done it already, dozens of times.

There was one other fact I knew; that the thing I was trying to sell didn't have to be particularly attractive in itself as long as it had a certain amount of value, provided I went about advertising it thoroughly enough and in the right way. So far so good.

Well, here I was, with all the special knowledge and experience and training which enabled me to make people want different articles badly enough to pay good money for them, up against a plain selling proposition, the proposition of making Rita Charlton want me as a husband. It was a whole lot simpler than a good many other selling problems I'd been up against. Rita liked me, I knew that, even if she didn't

love me. And anyway, she'd said it wasn't me she objected to, but merely the general idea of marriage itself.

It reasoned out just like pie. On the one hand was marriage, proven by centuries and ages to be an attractive and desirable thing to have. On the other hand was a girl who didn't think she wanted it. Well, if I with my advertising training could make the public want something not half so necessary as marriage, why in thunder couldn't I put that training to use and concentrate it, on behalf of marriage, on one lone individual? Of course I could. And, knowing my business, I could get away with it, too.

Now, perhaps, you can understand why that inspiration of mine made such a sudden change in my outlook on life as I sat waiting for daylight in the smoking-room of that dragging sleeper.

The next morning—or rather that same morning—I hadn't been in the office two hours before I had my whole campaign blocked out. In the science of advertising, just as in the science of any salesmanship, there are four cardinal points to be made, four consecutive states of mind through which the buyer must be driven. The first is attention, the second interest, the third desire, the fourth action. Just to be sure of doing the thing right, to be sure of building the foundation the way a solid foundation ought to be built, I made up my mind to go after Rita Charlton consecutively on those four points.

To get another man's idea on the thing I put it up to Pete Garrison, my roommate, who was one of the artists in our shop. Pete and I had been friends for years, and, although he was a good deal more of a painter than he was a business man, he seemed to know a lot more about girls than I did; and for this reason I'd always sort of put myself in his hands as far as my love affairs were concerned.

"What do you think of it?" I asked him, after I'd told him my troubles and explained my plan.

"Can't tell," he answered through the stem of his pipe. "It certainly won't

do any harm to try. You can't lose anything."

"Lose?" I said. "There's no lose to it. I'm in this thing to win. I've got to win. Do you know how I'm going to start off, Pete?"

"How?"

"I'm going to start off by not doing anything. I'm after her attention, you see, and I'll bet I get it. Naturally she expects to hear from me right away; a mournful letter or something. If it hadn't been for this idea I'd have written one, sure. Well, now she won't hear for a solid week. At the end of that time, when she finally does get an envelope addressed in my handwriting, she's not going to let very many hours slip by before she opens it—not if she's feminine. When she does open it—but wait."

That was the sixth of July.

You've seen those signs in the street cars and sometimes in the newspapers, just a word or two that nobody can understand or a sentence that doesn't mean anything? Those signs are the first moves in different advertising campaigns; they are meant to get your attention, to make you and everybody else wonder and ask questions as to what it's all about. After a week or so you get the answer; then you become interested. You may not want to, but you simply can't help it. You may not think you do, but just the same you do. That money isn't being spent for nothing.

So on the twelfth of July, after a week of wandering around like a caged lion, I had Pete Garrison letter two words on a plain white card. Then I addressed an envelope to Rita in my own hand, slipped the card in and mailed it. The two words were these:

FIVE DAYS

That was all. I could hardly do my work next morning for the picture that kept coming before me of Rita, up there at Lake Placid, tearing that envelope open and finding—next to nothing. I could just see her, first scowl-

ing a little, then turning the card over, then looking kind of bewildered, then drawing herself up with an expression of what the novelists call fine scorn. I couldn't help grinning all that day. Even Peter Garrison grinned. I'll confess privately, though, that I'd have given half my clothes to know what Rita Charlton was really thinking. I hadn't heard from her, you see.

It was all I could do not to write her—and spoil the whole thing. Holding back took all the grit I owned. I honestly don't know how I managed to do it, except perhaps through my faith in the science of advertising. Science, you know, is one thing you can't beat.

Exactly five days later, on Friday, the seventeenth, I addressed her another envelope. This time, however, I had Pete Garrison letter a whole sentence:

THREE DAYS FROM NOW YOU WILL RECEIVE THE FIRST

After I'd sent that one off I wanted to wire her, but I made myself hold back. And I'm glad enough that I did, for in the late mail Saturday night I got a letter with a Lake Placid postmark. My landlady handed it to me, and I still don't know why she didn't haul me over the coals for the manner in which I snatched it from her; maybe she thought, from the way I dove for it, that the envelope contained a check. It didn't. It contained a note, penned in a hand that meant more to me than any other hand in all the world, and this is what was written:

Dear Bob—

If you can't be sensible, don't be anything.

Sincerely,

Rita.

It hurt, that note did; it hurt a lot. But somehow or other, in a backhand-

ed sort of way, it cheered me up, too; for when a girl gets angry at you it's a sure sign she's at least a little bit interested in you. And that's something anyway. I was playing a long game, you see. So the next morning, mailing it so she would get it precisely three days after the note of mine which had brought forth her reply, I wrote her this letter:

Dear Rita—

I have never been more sensible in my life. Now, because you made me break in with this explanation, you will have to wait two more days for the first.

Yours with a purpose,

Bob.

After that I put myself entirely in Pete Garrison's charge, for it was my plan now, after having got Rita to the point where she would certainly read anything I sent, to start on the second step in my campaign—to get her interested in the idea of marriage. And, realizing that even an advertising man has certain limitations—a fellow can't put in all his time on learning the science of merchandising and learn all about romance, too—I was going to do it by mailing to her every day a quotation, either about love or marriage, from some famous author or poet who stood at the head of his profession as a specialist in heart throbs. I've often wondered why lovers didn't do that anyway; it's a cinch that Shakespeare or Dickens or some of those old boys could write about love a whole lot more efficiently than a man who hasn't had any training in writing that sort of thing. So why not use their stuff? That was my idea at all events.

Pete wasn't quite so keen on the plan as I was, but he gave me a list of books and authors, and that next noon I spent the whole of my lunch hour browsing around in a bookstore and picking out volumes to carry home under my arm. That night I started going through them. To be perfectly honest it discouraged me a little, for most of the quotations I found seemed to show that

the men who'd written them didn't have much more use for marriage than Rita appeared to have, but nevertheless I found a few dandies.

On Tuesday, July twenty-first, I mailed to Rita a great big envelope bearing an enormous figure one. Pete Garrison did the lettering for me again. Inside I folded a sheet of heavy, brown toolscap, on which I'd carefully printed a half dozen lines by a nice old fellow named Cotton:

*"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We who improve his golden hours
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."*

The very next day I sent another, this time with a big number two on the envelope. It was an old adage I'd dug out: "A child's bird and a boy's wife are well used."

Number three went right on top of that, that tiny sentence of Rousseau's which says, "There is no paradise on earth equal to the union of love and innocence." And for number four I sent a long one, that beautiful old thing of Jeremy Taylor's:

"A good wife is heaven's last best gift to a man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth; her economy, his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counselors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head."

By this time I was hoping, you can bet, to get some sort of letter from Rita Charlton. But not a word did I hear. It worried me a bit, but I went

right ahead. I drew on Byron and Milton and Shakespeare and Bulwer and Jerrold, and for a whole week longer I kept it up. Still I didn't hear from her. So once more I put the thing up to Pete Garrison.

"What have you sent her?" he demanded.

I told him.

"Well," he said, "I really don't see how there's anything there that would draw an answer out of her. She's probably waiting to see what it's all about. If you want to get a reply from her you've either got to write her a regular letter—which would spoil your scheme—or you've got to send her something that will make her mad. Why don't you do that?"

"Is it safe?" I asked. I wasn't so sure.

"Of course it's safe. If she doesn't care for you you won't lose anything anyhow. If she does care for you it's a good idea. She's too sure of you; that's one trouble. Get a rise out of her."

So that night I found a proverb that seemed to fill the bill, and I mailed it to her without comment. It was certainly a nervy thing for me to pick out, when you stop to think of the way Rita's and my relationship stood, but nevertheless its very impertinence was its strongest point. It was an old, old saw; possibly you remember it:

"Marry your son when you please, your daughter when you can."

Two days went by, two days in which I walked around like a crazy man. Nothing happened. I waited and waited. I went through every mail like a condemned murderer expecting a pardon. Still nothing happened. And then little by little I began on my own hook to grow angry. I grew more than angry. I can remember pacing up and down my room, stalking from one side of the office to the other, jamming my way along the street, telling myself constantly that no mere girl could treat me like that and live. The night of that second day I happened to be reading some Kipling, half looking for

something new to send, half to forget myself. And suddenly I came across "The Vampire." In the bearish mood I was in it certainly struck me right. You must remember the thing:

*"A fool there was and he made his
prayer*

(Even as you and I!)

*To a rag and a bone and a hank of
hair*

*(We called her the woman who did
not care),*

*But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)"*

And so on through to the end. I was just tickled to death with it. It made me want to go out and kick the lid off and get gloriously drunk and do a lot of other things that no gentleman in his right senses thinks entirely proper. It went to the heart of me so straight that suddenly I tore the poem out of the book, folded it into an envelope and mailed it off to Rita Charlton.

And I didn't care. Somehow or other a load seemed lifted off my shoulders. All next day I was almost happy. The whole thing had gotten so on my nerves, you see, that I really wasn't myself at all. I can understand now how men do the things you read about in the papers.

But the second morning, when Rita's letter came, I went cold and clammy all over and had to sit down in a chair. I'd have given a year's salary and three of my accounts to have been able to undo those last few days. It was all I could do to get the letter open.

"Dear Bob," I read, and felt a little more secure at the very commonplace look of those two words. "What, please, are you trying to do? I'll confess frankly that I'm a trifle at a loss to fathom your designs. One day you seem to be trying to compliment me; the next you seem to be trying to make me angry. As far as the latter is concerned, you succeed, Bob, pretty well. If you're angry with me or hurt or whatever you are, please tell me. I'm not an ogress, you know. But for pity's

sake stop talking in riddles." She signed herself my sincere friend.

That letter from Rita almost made me cry; it did bring the tears to my eyes. It certainly made me love her twice as much as I'd ever loved her before. I had given her such an opportunity to call me about any kind of cad she wanted to, and instead of that she'd given me another chance. It was wonderful; things like that show the sort of stuff people are made of. So I sat straight down and answered right back. I told her all about my plan. I told her how it had been my intention and how, if she would stand for it, it still was my intention to spend the summer showing her that there were some people, wiser probably than either of us, who thought love and marriage a pretty fine thing. I didn't tell her that I was laying out my campaign on a scientific merchandising basis, but I did tell her everything else.

After that it was all right again. She wrote a nice, friendly letter—and told me to fire away.

And fire away I certainly did. I figured that by this time, although I'd come pretty near to losing it entirely, I'd really awakened Rita's interest in what I was trying to do. That gave me the first two cardinal points to my credit. The thing to do now was to awaken in her an actual desire for marriage. The fourth cardinal point—action—would be to couple that desire for marriage with a desire for me. So I dropped the quotations and started in on books. Books, I knew, provided they were the right books, would get her thinking.

Once more Pete Garrison got on the job. I'd never been much of a reader, you see, and when it came to picking out heart-throb stuff in the literature line I found myself pretty well stumped. Pete, however, proved a big help. He wasn't any library catalog himself, but there were a few books that he did seem to know. And every three days I sent one of them off.

It was a funny list, all right. First I sent Stevenson's *Virginibus Pueris-*

que, chosen, Pete told me to tell Rita, in the hope that she would disagree with parts of it. *The Pines of Lory* went next.

"It's quite silly," Pete explained, "and it's very sentimental, but if it doesn't make any normal girl fall in love with love—well, she needs a doctor."

Probably almost anybody who wants to try this scheme of mine can work up a better list of books than Pete Garrison and I worked up, simply because our range of choice was limited entirely by accidental and casual reading, but such as the list was it seemed pretty effective. We sent *The Light That Failed* for its wondrous pull at the chords of sympathy. We sent *Marriage* and *The Passionate Friends*, knowing that the practical philosophy of Wells could not fail to make Rita's thoughts run somewhere near the channel into which we were trying to steer them. For its stimulation of introspection and self-analysis, Pete made me follow these books with that human, heart-kindling work which Barrie, in the writing, divided into the twin volumes of *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel*. After that we tried *V. V.'s Eyes*.

"It may not be exactly classical," said Pete, "but it's modern and I do think it helps to put a good many things of life in their proper relations to one another."

All this time, every week or so, I was receiving nice, half affectionate letters from Rita; only half affectionate, but still showing that my place in her life was by no means entirely negligible. One week she wrote me that I was certainly making her think. Another time she confessed that she could already feel and appreciate a gradual change and development in her attitude toward life. I was encouraged, you can bet.

The next thing I mailed to her was a slim, daintily bound volume containing plans and illustrations of the cosiest little houses you ever saw. Then I took a new tack. I sent her pictures

of furniture and silver; I sent her accounts of engagements and weddings of people we knew. I even clipped articles on love and marriage—some of them are good, you know—from the magazine pages of the newspapers. Every day I sent off something like that, something that would keep her mind constantly on the marriage idea.

Then one day I abruptly realized that it was the first of September. And I realized as abruptly that the time at last had come when I was going to have to put my theory to the test. Of course I knew nothing more of how Rita felt than what I could read out of her letters to me, but just the same I knew that all this long campaign must have had some effect. I knew that it surely had placed Rita Charlton in a far more receptive mood—in a better buying mood, as we salesmen would say—than that in which she had been two months before, when I had made my first attempt. That, at least, was something; a great deal. And I knew, too, with the salesman's sudden instinct, that now was the crucial time for me to clinch my approach with the actual sale.

That night I picked out and sent to her a single brief sentence of Bulwer's: "When we love intensely, it is difficult to make us believe there is no love in return." I followed it the very next morning with a bit from Byron:

*"And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."*

I could have done a good deal better than that except for the fact that all my quotations had to be the lopsided kind, to fit the case of a girl who wasn't crazy about a man who was crazy about her. Still even on that score I figured it would be at least a definite move—goodness knows I had to do something—to make a sort of test. So I dug out an old thing of Thomson's and sent it

along after Byron. This, I felt sure, would unquestionably make Rita sit up and take notice:

*"She felt his flame; but deep within
her breast,
In bashful coyness or in maiden pride,
The soft return concealed."*

Two days later the letter from Rita came. It certainly had me puzzled; Pete Garrison, too. For Rita asked that the communications be stopped. "I can't explain it," she wrote, "but please don't send any more. It's just a feeling on my part. You'll respect it, I know. I'm really beginning to understand, I think, the importance of these things you've been harping on; and somehow or other it begins to seem sacrilegious." She signed herself ever sincerely mine.

"What's she mean?" I asked, shoving the letter at Pete. He frowned over it a long time.

"Well," he said finally, "girls are funny things, you know. One thing is certain, however. You've got to go up there right off and—as you'd say—clinch your sale."

There was important work to be done at the office that morning, the preparation of an advertising plan for a great sugar concern, but I simply couldn't keep my mind on it. In spite of all my efforts to concentrate, my thoughts would go wandering off to that mountain lake three hundred miles away. Finally at noon I couldn't stand it any longer. I wired her, asking if I could come up for over Sunday.

Late in the day a messenger brought the answer.

"Please do not come. Am writing."

Things were surely beginning to wake up. You can probably just about imagine how crazy I was after the receipt of a message like that. I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep; I couldn't do anything but walk around and talk to myself. Thank goodness no more than a single night had to drag itself by before that letter came. Even when it did come, however, it didn't help any

too much. For this is what it said:

Dear Bob—

I meant to explain to you, but I can't, and I can't even explain why I can't. I feel horribly. What you have done for me this summer has been wonderful, for I know now—I think—that I was wrong. Life has changed for me, more than I can understand. The trouble is that I DON'T understand. I don't know what to make of myself. I don't want to see you now. I want to be by myself—and think. I don't know what to do. You can't know how ashamed of myself I am. Please try to believe me, Bob.

Always sincerely,

RITA.

Once more I went to Peter. "I can't make head or tail out of it," I confessed.

"Neither can I."

"What do you think?"

"Well—you've evidently got results. Maybe it's natural for a girl to feel the way she does—after the way she has felt before."

"I'm going straight up there to find out."

"It's the only way," Pete agreed.

"Tell 'em I won't be at the office today," I called over my shoulder as I made a dive for my suitcase. "My train leaves Grand Central in thirty-five minutes."

After that things happened in regular moving picture drama style. They happened so fast I couldn't realize it until everything was over.

When I got out of the train at Lake Placid that evening I took a carriage straight to Rita's house. The place was dark, with nobody home but one of the maids. She told me Mr. and Mrs. Charlton were away. Miss Rita, she thought, was down at the boat-house, alone. She had started for her canoe about an hour before.

My heart was thumping like a carpet beater and my knees felt weak and shaky. Rita was alone—and I was going to see her! She would be sur-

prised to see me, but I knew by some instinct that she couldn't be angry. So very carefully I started down the boat-house path. It was dark as pitch with the big trees towering overhead, and a little bit spooky and eery, for the pine needles on the ground made my footsteps as soundless as a cat's. Still I knew the way and I went along.

Then abruptly from the darkness ahead—she couldn't have been twenty feet from me—I heard Rita's voice.

"I'm sorry," she was saying, and from the earnest way in which she spoke I knew she was talking to somebody. "You don't know how sorry I am. I—I can't explain to you, I'm afraid. You see—I feel bound—under a great obligation—to a boy—one of my oldest friends—who has done everything for me. It wouldn't—wouldn't be right to him."

I jumped, for a man's voice broke in.

"Ah," he said bitterly, "that simply means you don't love me."

Silence followed. I knew I ought not to be there, but my feet seemed glued; I was paralyzed, body, brain and everything. It was the most horrible moment of my life.

Then I heard Rita give a little moan.

"Oh!" she cried, catching her breath with a sort of sob, "it's unmaidenly of me, I know—it's unwomanly—but I do love you—I do."

"If you love me," said the man's voice passionately, "there's nothing else in all the world that matters."

Came another silence, but still I found myself riveted to the ground. After a second I thought I could hear Rita crying, very softly.

"To think," she murmured presently, "that ten days ago I'd never even heard of you. But I don't care—I don't, I don't."

The man said something I couldn't hear. Then, after another long moment, Rita spoke again. I could just see her looking up into his face, her eyes all gleaming and sparkling through their tears.

"You don't know how hard I'm going to work," she said, "to make

myself a fit mate for you. From now on I'm just going to consecrate myself to it. I've been such a fool—all my life. But I've got a creed for myself now, dear. Do you know what it is?"

"No," put in the man.

"It's that wonderful old thing of Milton's; perhaps you know it:

*"For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household
good"*

*And good works in her husband to
promote.'*

"Do you like that?" she added.

"Like it?" breathed the man. "I love it."

Now what do you think of that? Does advertising pay—or not? Those very lines of Milton's were part of the stuff I'd sent to Rita Charlton myself.

Somehow or other I managed to walk quietly up that path and take the train for New York.



"NOT HERE, NOT HERE THE ROSE"

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

Not here, not here the rose
Shakes out her earlier glory like a song
With silence at the close.
O love triumphant, we have loved too long.
In the faint west all stars and seasons set.
Forget.

Not here, not here the sun
Lays his bright burden on a grieving head
Discrowned for anyone.
O crowning love, O love uncomforted.
Hold me a little in day's afterglow,
Then go.

Not here, not here my tears.
Look, I am smiling, look, I am serene.
I shall have all the years
To count the griefs and glories that have been.
Till from our night returns remorseless day,
Love, stay.



A SECRET OF SIENNA

By Zoë Akins

THE cypress trees wended up the terraces; the palace rose, lofty and amber, at the end of the ascending avenue; the spring afternoon was hushed and eventless.

Cleofante had ordered her servants to place a little table in the sunken space about the fountain, where there were curved and carven marble benches. Under the black-green shade of the Ilex and the Cork trees we sat and waited while two young pages, supervised by the superior Rolland—a footman come from France—brought wine and fruit and cakes. For me was poured the purple, heavy vintage that had been for so long my favorite draught, but Cleofante herself seemed to look at it with some aversion and with a quick gesture demanded that her crystal chalice be filled with the clear, pale, golden liquid that was, strangely enough, brought forth in a crystal jar.

Rolland withdrew and the pages followed; Cleofante and I were alone.

She was looking curiously grave—though this daughter of a great Florentine house had been somewhat grave ever since the Count, her husband, had brought her home with him just after their marriage to his estate near Sienna. (That had been three years ago.) The Count was old and had been a very cruel man in the past, but since he had become for the third time a husband it had amused him to be indulgent and gracious—particularly with his young and very beautiful wife.

I, who was his cousin, but a few years younger than himself, and had lived all my life in his household, understood, I thought, this relaxation of his attitude, for Cleofante, from the first, had per-

mitted me to know her and I could see just how she awakened in her husband the element of pride, and baffled into courteous indifference all more personal emotions. Cleofante was that unheard-of being—a woman with a man's gift for painting, and a man's ability for thinking straight and far. Because I was given to the love of all works of art and had intelligence as a critic, she had shown me the canvases that she had brought from Venezia and told me the story of her half-clandestine efforts as an artist. I had encouraged her and together we had prevailed upon her husband to interest himself in her talents. Rather ironically he had commanded her to paint his portrait. When it was finished, he gave orders for it to be hung and took a delight in announcing that it was the work of his wife. Almost three years now he had permitted her to indulge every whim. At the beginning he had watched her narrowly, especially when the young and distinguished men who came to his house crowded about her with compliments. Her comradeship with the wittiest of these was at first breath-taking, but as Sigolio watched he became reassured that she was different from any other woman who lived; he chuckled as if it were a great joke and began, mentally, to take his ease—for the first time regarding his possession of a woman.

It was nothing new for me to have from my cousin's wife strangely frank and oftentimes amazing confidences, and therefore I was not surprised when she told me that she had been wanting to talk to me every day since my recent return from Firenze; but the one week that I had been back had been a crowd-

ed one for me and she had been invisible. Although she was never ill she had secluded herself in her apartments—

"Reading or painting or entertaining ideas," Sigolio had said to me, approvingly; his lenient chuckle suggested that such conduct in a wife was most satisfactory to a man of his age.

Cleofante went to confession as a matter of course, but it also pleased her husband that her attitude toward religion had much of the fearlessness of his own. That she did not prostrate herself before the future and attach herself nervously to a traditional belief, but that instead she stood upright and looked at the church with sophistication in her glance, made him respect her as he had never respected a woman before.

After I had told Cleofante much that she wished to hear about Firenze, I poured for myself more of the purple wine; and again I noticed her aversion as she watched it. I thought that she shuddered. Her own glass stood untouched on the table.

"I cannot drink your wine any more, Setoni," she said suddenly. "I cannot bear the sight of it. It is so dark, so troubled in color. I tremble when it is put before me."

For the space of a moment I faced her curiously; then she resumed.

"I will tell you a secret. It is about the death of Tiero."

The death of Tiero!

"I am listening," I said, as she paused.

She leaned forward as she began to talk. Through the shade of the trees the light fell on her broad, beautiful brow, and again it touched her clasped hands distinctly. The gown that she wore was darkly green. Her voice was lovely, lovely; the wonder was that there had not been more like Tiero.

"To begin, you know I have a great talent. Sometimes I believe that I have that genius that has absorbed and possessed our greatest modern painters. My gift isolated me as a child from my sisters and brothers and my cou-

sins. At times, Setoni, I have rebelled at the devotion that I have felt for this supreme interest in my life. In weak moments I have wept with weariness, with loneliness, with despair—but I have kept on. I have worked humbly and steadfastly. I must say that there is a rhythm put into one's life by the steady hours, the efforts at concentration, the isolation of growth, the final achievement. . . . As an artist I have accepted myself. . . . Nothing else has mattered.

"As an artist I looked at Tiero. The night that he came into this house I knew that I would paint a wonderful portrait of him. Sigolio, at my request, invited him to remain longer, but Tiero was on his way to the young girl whom he had seen but once, but whom, it had been arranged, he was to marry. He was both a shy and an impatient lover. He spoke to me of her as we stood in the loggia and watched the moon about which the rising wind was fanning delicate scarf-like clouds. He showed me the jewels that he was taking as gifts to her. The day of the marriage was to be decided upon when he arrived. I asked him if he would not return sometime, that I might paint him. That confused him and he would only laugh and evade making such a promise. To watch his face I made him talk. He told me that he had loved only one woman before.

"I do not know why," he said, in a petulant child-like way, 'but I loved her really only when I was away from her. When I was at her side I was continually displeased with her—depressed and anxious to leave her. Why was that, do you think?'

"I have often heard people say much the same thing," I replied.

"Perhaps it is because we love our own ideas of others more than we love their real personalities. They evoke illusions which they themselves disturb. They awaken us from the dream which they have given us."

"It may be so," he replied doubtfully, as if he did not understand.

"Afterwards I thought it was strange

that we had spoken of this particular thing at our first meeting.

"His eyes were often troubled at my most casual remarks, and so I looked at him as many men must have looked at many women—with an amused contempt for his stupidity, but with a great contentment with his beauty. Quite unconsciously I touched his hair and let my hand caress his brow; we were silent for a deep moment while a river seemed to come flowing with a great murmur from some indescribable distance.

"What a strange woman you are!" Tiero said in a shaken voice. He was kissing my hands; and then my face. . . . His head lay on my shoulder, and my arms were about him. I was trying to quiet him, to soothe him. I felt that now he belonged to me. A nightingale sang, and its nest might have been in my heart—so close its song came to me. Again and again I kissed Tiero—until, sobbing, he promised never to leave me. That night, all night long, I imagined the picture that I was to begin the next morning.

"The first sitting was a failure. I was nervous and excited. Because of the obsession in my mind of my idea of the portrait, I looked upon Tiero himself rather vaguely. I did not allow myself to remember the emotion that I had felt the night before. I evaded him with my attitude. At the end of an hour it seemed hopeless to go on.

"We will wait until tomorrow," I said.

"But the next day was almost as unsuccessful. I grew vexed and hesitant. For the first time in my life I think that I wanted to cry. Tiero came to me suddenly, abandoning his pose, and put his arms about me. I was not sorry. I was relaxed and indulgent. His kisses seemed to quiet me, to prepare me. . . . He resumed his pose. . . . I can not yet recall without a thrill of excitement the hour that followed. I was able to paint as I never had painted before. I worked with ease and ecstasy and a divine sureness of effect. But my progress was so vehement that it soon

wearied me. I felt that I ought to stop, though I was feverish to go on. As I paused I realized that I was quite exhausted. He kissed my hands and left me. I had a sudden fear that he would go away and that I should never see him again.

"But each day that followed was like that one. I would begin inadequately; then the moments of passion in his arms; then the hour of accomplishment that seemed well worth a slow lifetime; then utter fatigue.

"Sigolio had grown used to seeing young men sick and humble for my love, and my utter indifference to them. He enjoyed such situations, I think; if he watched Tiero and me he saw nothing more, for the work that I was doing had the effect of draining and exhausting me, and I could meet even Tiero only listlessly at all times except when we were alone, with my task before me. Tiero was restless at receiving so little, but I subtly promised him much, and he waited.

"When I tried to analyze what had happened I came to the conclusion that I could infuse the portrait with its vivid life-likeness because I myself had become infused with Tiero's passionate vitality. He gave me something that I gave the picture—which gradually grew in power and beauty beyond belief. It was as if I bore the breath from his lips to the lips on the canvas. . . . I could scarcely comprehend, when I would look at the portrait suddenly, that it was the work of my hands. In my sleep it haunted me.

"I do not think that I loved him then; or that I really loved him ever; but he brought into my life a mysterious emotion that in moments of deep thinking confused me with humiliation.

"It is my theory that we seldom act from one motive; one is not sufficient to propel any important decision; there are always two, even more—so blended that they cannot be separated and distinguished apart, except under the microscope of the keenest analysis. . . . I asked myself why I had become Tiero's *amante*. . . . I put the question

over and over. Undoubtedly I was obsessed by his beauty and his youth. Every thought was of him and the picture. Ambition urged me, too, and daring. I was governed by the desire to go to the last height of achievement possible for the painter of a portrait. I felt that the mystic relation between the picture and the man would be even more vitally established if he were my lover. . . . Then, though I doubt this, and do not like to admit it as truth, perhaps I was interested at finding myself alive to any emotion; I had decided that I was not born to feel intimate sensations; that I stood on the shore of life flinging my dreams into far and impersonal distances. . . . I was amazed at finding a human being so close to me. I was more amazed when I found that I could feel—even jealousy. . . . For very soon a sad thing happened. . . . You remember, of course, the little Francesca?"

(Who did not remember the little Francesca?—the devoted slave of Cleofante; come with her from Firenze, following and serving her at all times, with eyes that worshiped. That the girl had flung herself into the lake was said to have been one of those curious acts of momentary madness. Her death was mourned by all who had known and delighted in her quaint and winning charm.)

"Tiero adored me. He thought of no other woman—but Francesca, as fate would have it, conceived, for the first time in her life, an intense passion—for this youth who scarcely looked at her. One night I found her stealing along the terrace, a vial of poison open in her hand. She was disconsolate and desperate. I took the poison away from her and with my arm about her shoulder made her walk back and forth until she had confessed with great sobs her feeling for Tiero. Though I still held her in a slight embrace and she leaned, sick with weeping and worn with melancholy, on my shoulder, I began to hate her with a sort of terror. It was jealousy that I began to know. I controlled myself, but after that I watched Tiero

with shrewd eyes, and, although he seemed unaware that Francesca lived, I had no peace until the day that they brought her body from the lake—up the steps. . . .

"The portrait was finished; it was magnificent; and I was in that exquisite state of alternate peace and ecstasy in which the senses obey the soul and the soul obeys the senses.

"Then the end began. It began the day that I perceived that his face was not quite the face of the portrait. The portrait was the nobler. I suffered from the knowledge—and every day I suffered more as I found a greater discrepancy between the two. I discovered Tiero's lack. At last I really knew him. He was a vulgarian, tainted by the disease of popularity. Everyone who came close to him left an impression upon him—a sort of stain, a breath, an odor. . . . How can one describe it? The liking that people felt for him seemed to me like some common use that they made of him. One grows diseased through infection from minds that crowd too close. . . . And Tiero, touched by such a malady, in my imagination, sickened me.

"Furthermore his presence disturbed my contemplation of the portrait. My pride in it became all the greater as I understood how creative it was, how far beyond a mere likeness of the man. I wished that he would go far away.

"One day I told him that he must leave me. I told him that I never wanted to speak to him again. He wept and reproached me. I was embarrassed by his tears. Although Tiero had become an offense to me I was distressed at seeing his face working and distorted with emotion. Men must feel so about beautiful women of whom they are tired. I thought how much more charming it would be if Tiero would only smile and be off. . . . He became horrible. He said that I had cheated him; but I was not interested in his ravings until he showed that he had enough psychological instinct to be jealous of the portrait. He said that I was like one of those women who take from

one man what they give to another. I recognized that his comparison was apt. It was also unpleasant. I began to be afraid of him—not so much for myself, but for fear of his wild knife in the canvas. I heard that he was telling people. . . . That aroused my anger and my vanity. I had amazed the critics and the artists who came in great numbers to see what it was that I had done. The gossip of my success had traveled far; and into the gossip that lurked at home had come a whisper that I loved Tiero. Of course, that was the reason, they said, that I had done the thing so wonderfully. People are stupidly superstitious; they attribute the most ridiculous miracles to romance—especially the lesser breed of artists and critics. I preferred them to believe that I had painted coldly, intelligently, solely with the power of my brain—that the effect I had achieved was a matter of technique and deliberation. I did not want it said that I was inspired—that I owed anything to my model. I did not want it thought that the portrait was a miracle. You know very well, Setoni, that I have no friends, because I do not like to be put under the obligation even of mental stimulation. I am that proud—that aloof. . . . You can understand that it seemed odious to me to admit that Tiero had any part in my success. I hated him for it; but I was afraid of him, too.

"Will you please tell me what I could do? I was frightfully nervous one particular afternoon, and anxious to be rid of him for all time. I went to my cabinet on the pretense of finding the manuscript of a ballad that a young poet had made for me, but really to put the distance of the room between us. There in an open drawer I saw the tiny vial of poison that I had taken away from Francesca—she who had died because Tiero had not loved her. Fancy!

"A servant came in with wine and fruit—this very wine, Setoni, that you are drinking now. You have spoken often of its dark color. . . . I was very clever. . . . As soon as he grew ill I made him leave me. I told him to wait for me in this very spot where we are now sitting. You remember that it was here that he was found. As he turned to go, I put my arms about him and kissed him. . . . Then I went and stood before the portrait for a long time. I felt at last that I was happy. . . . But you must not tell anyone that I told you this, Setoni. It must remain a secret between us. Sigolio believes that Tiero was a suicide on my account; and if my husband knew that I had poisoned a man he might be jealous. Then people are still very prejudiced against murder. . . . And it seems such a little thing when one is doing it."



A WOMAN always knows that a man is lying to her, especially when he is telling her the disagreeable truth.



THE worst of marriage is that it makes a woman believe that all other men are just as easy to fool.



BAGATELLE

By Madame Leandre

I HAD boarded the subway express at 42nd Street, and found a somewhat restricted seat in a corner of the car next to a middle-aged, middle-class, comfortable-looking couple of embonpoint.

A few steps behind me a pretty woman entered the car. She was perhaps forty-three; anyway she barely looked thirty-five. A trim and pretty figure in a dark tailored suit of discreet exclusiveness. A mink toque and beautiful muff. An agreeable face of perhaps a trifle exaggerated rosiness. The whole very pleasant and quite *comme il faut*.

This pretty lady and my middle-aged neighbor for a moment eyed each other somewhat dubiously. Then she made a quick vivacious step forward, and he rose all smiles, tipping his hat—they shook hands eagerly. I could not understand their names as they greeted each other. But I heard him introduce his rotund companion as "My sister, Mrs. —," while he offered the newcomer his seat.

It appeared that the pretty lady and my middle-aged gentleman had not met for ten or twelve years. They had much to ask and to tell each other. He declared she looked prettier than ever. And she thought he did not appear a day older than when she last had seen him! "And your little girl?" he inquired. She laughed. "Little girl indeed! Why she is seventeen now!" "Well, well, how time flies. . . . Are

you still in business, still going downtown?" "No, indeed," she said, "not since ever so long . . ." adding: "I live right near here now, on Riverside Drive—" "Indeed! I live up in Harlem. . . . I am married now. . . ." he announced in a little whimsical fashion. "Ah!" she cried gaily, "a proud papa?" "No," he laughed, "I feel I am still too young for that—" and mockingly he pointed to his grey beard. "Ninety-sixth Street," growled the conductor. She flew up. "I must go! . . . I am so glad, so glad I met you!" He held her hand. "May I see you again?" . . . She pulled out a card hurriedly—he grasped it, stammering: "I am still in the old office—when you chance to be downtown . . ." She was gone.

The middle-aged gentleman sat down next to his sister again. His face did not look so ordinary just then. There was on it a glad light, as from some distant radiance. And his eyes, smiling, seemed to look into a faraway time, a-glitter with many memories. . . .

His sister interrupted:

"Who was that Mrs. —?" she inquired in an audible whisper.

He started, as though suddenly awakened. Then he remembered her question, and smiled vaguely.

"She used to be my typewriter . . ." said the middle-aged gentleman.

And he relapsed into his pleasant reverie. While the express sped on towards Harlem.



THE ROMANCE OF THE FOUR MILLION

By Hamilton Livingston Austin

SHE didn't live on Fifth Avenue or in Central Park West in an old brownstone mansion. She did live in Harlem in a two-family flat. Her name wasn't Gwendolyn, nor Yvette, nor even Carolyn. She wasn't tall or stately. No halo of dull copper surmounted her cranium. Madge was 5 feet 2, plump, a "disappointed blonde" with gray eyes.

No butler stood in her vestibule with a tin tray. No limousine bore her citywards. There was no such vehicle in all her neighborhood. The half-past-seven car loaded fore and aft did that quite as effectively. There weren't any teacups to linger over or bridge parties to distract. Coffee and tea did service in the same cups at Madge's home. Card knowledge never transcended "Old Maid" and "Set Back." There wasn't a conservatory in Madge's home. There were no palms in tubs nor shrubs about. But there was a plucky little canary in a little cage, and a potted fern that was trying its level best to live.

Madge didn't have any Paquin robes. She owned no furs. But she had one nice dress and also her work dress, a decent hat, and some other little essentials. Madge didn't have a grand piano or a rich contralto voice. There was a dollar-down and a dollar-if-they-catch-you upright in the living-room, and plenty of "Kiss Me, Kiss Me!" music strewn around. She wasn't a miniature-on-ivory painter or a smearer of blossoms on virgin china. But she could hammer a Remington or Underwood Visible to fare-you-well and take dictation without losing her gum.

Madge's Henry wasn't a Harvard graduate, ex-stroke oar, tall, broad-shouldered and handsome. A dress suit had never possessed him. There wasn't any roll-top desk on the fortieth floor of a forty-two story office building in the financial district waiting for Henry. But there was standing-room in the shipping room of a big shoe house and a can of paint and a brush.

Henry didn't send her a box of American Beauties at \$2 a throw. Not much. He carried a bag of hot peanuts to her and after arriving there ate half of them himself. Henry had a practical mind.

He didn't knock a gold-tipped cigarette on his palm and venture, "I have engaged a box for the first night."

He did say, "Say Madge, they tell me they gotta bunch o' good movies over to the Majestic."

She didn't complain of a headache and sniff at the uncorked end of a bottle of salts. She sensibly pinned on her hat and said, "Come on."

They didn't step into a waiting limousine and say, "The Metropolitan, Hobbs."

They did get on a street car and Henry said, "Two out."

After the picture they "came in on" caught up to their coming in, they departed. Not to the Beaux-Arts, not to Delmonico's. They stopped at the nearest Codrington, read the bill of fare twice and ordered.

He, "A cup of coffee and a piece of mince pie."

She, "The same."

Did Henry then hail a passing taxi?

He did not. He walked her home. He walked Madge home, and she was as glad to be walked as Gwendolyn was to be limousined.

After two years' courtship Henry did not fasten a rope of pearls about Madge's snow white neck, nor did she gaze at him from the smoldering fire depths of her soulful eyes. Henry did not crush her to him in an ardent em-

brace. This is what did happen. After the twenty-sixth snuggling contest that night, Henry fished a $\frac{1}{8}$ th carat solitaire out of his pant's pocket, slipped it on the right finger of her left hand, and apologized because the diamond was so small. Madge didn't even get off his knees. She gave him a quick little hug, and a quick little kiss and said, "It's plenty big, darling."



A FEW LINES

FEW roses like your cheeks are red,
 Few lilies like your brow are fair;
 Few vassals like your slave are led,
 Few roses like your cheeks are red,
 Few dangers like your frown I dread,
 Few rubies to your lips compare;
 Few roses like your cheeks are red,
 Few lilies like your brow are fair.



STRIKE an average between what a woman thinks of her husband a month before she married him and what she thinks of him a year afterward, and you will have the truth about him in a very handy form.



TWO'S company; three is a story in the 15-cent magazines.



DO not be deceived by appearances. The virtue of a man is not to be measured by what he does while his wife is watching.



WOMEN, as a class, have very little sense of humor. Nevertheless, most of them have enough for an occasional quiet snicker at their husbands.



TO inspire confidence in women it is only necessary to avoid being sincere.

THE SHIELD OF BRASS

By Dorothy Paul

IT'S a venerable old trick of the costumer's art—most of them are, for the matter of that—but it's nevertheless one that seldom meets with full measure of success: this little knack of dressing crows in borrowed quills, or sallying forth to Dunsinane arrayed as Birnam Wood. There are those, of course, who have found the mask exceeding good. It is even on record that as simple a device as the wearing of a woolen overcoat has passed many an alien into the sheepfold. But, for all that, David was none the less a wise lad for entering the fray with only his native weapon. A familiar sling-shot is a deadlier thing, in a dexterous hand, than an unfamiliar javelin. And thereby hangs a tale:

The David in the case was Margaret Drisdale, slim, womanly, alluring, possessed of neither fortune nor its facial equivalent, yet gifted, after the fashion of her kind, with the one individual allurements that is allotted, in some form or other, to every woman by the same Providence that paints the trumpet-flower red, and puts the lure into the note of the drabest wood-pigeon. That's the sling-shot, the "smooth pebble from the brook," which they learn, being nimble of wit, to sink between the eyes of challenging Philistines. They fail only once in a very great while, for such is the skill of them, and when they do you will find, if you shall inquire of those who know, that it was because of the borrowing of a shield of brass, from the tent of Saul, wherewith they fought clumsily.

Now, in the case of Margaret Drisdale, the sling-shot was most simple—merely the gift of being able to cover

one with the warm cloak of a certain gracious sympathy—not obtrusively, not flatteringly, not even, for the most part, noticeably, but quite completely, nevertheless, so as to warmly exclude the chill of formality, or any passing draught of reserve or self-awareness; and to send along one's veins the potent heat of self-esteem. So that thawing in that genial warmth, even while unaware wherefore they thawed, there had been those (and they were not a few) who had taken out their hearts, as one might so many well-worn purses, and having counted over what of gold, and baser coin, they might contain, and having sighed, knowing it to be less than the ransom of a queen, they had held them out, uncovered in their hands to Margaret Drisdale. But the thing not one of them knew was this: that what they offered was only the well-earned silver wherewith to cross the hand of the fortune-teller who had read their palms most amazing well.

Yet it was, at the end, a weary game, this telling of fortunes wherein the teller played no part. And more times than one, when she had taken into her hand those same well-worn purses, and counted over those coins of gold and of baser metal, and put them back again into the fingers that offered them—put them back quite gently, much as you put back the warm moist pennies into the palm of the little boy (the *very* little boy) who would divide his treasure with you—more times than one Margaret Drisdale had wondered much in the soul of her just why and wherein she had found them wanting.

And so, with the quick going of years, she had come, first, to wonder if

life were long enough to wait for the Great Love, and next to call it all a pretty myth, and finally to decide that there must be, in her own nature, and woefully close to the surface at that, a layer of shale, that guarded the depths below from all seepage of sweet waters. By all of which, did she prove, most naively, the youth of her.

And then there came, of a sudden, Frank McRay. Young as to years was Frank McRay, Canadian as to forebears, and as to trade most precarious—that is to say a civil engineer—"in the service of the government," which sounds well, promises much, and pays not one sou more.

But to return—from the first he had been pleasant in the sight of Margaret Drisdale, had Frank McRay, C.E. It may have been the free clean boyishness of him—broad of brow, whimsical of smile—again it may have been the quite unconscious forlornness of a stranger in a strange land—there's a good bit of map between Montreal and Chicago—and, yet again, there are many things it may well have been, and some of them most justifying.

From the standpoint of Frank McRay, the situation was not unalluring. It was a pleasant place to go of an evening, that little book-lined, fire-lit, deep-chaired library of Margaret's, a most pleasant place to go and be at home, and, laired in one of the cavernous chairs, to smoke, undisapproved, one's best-loved briarwood; quite silently, if one choose, dreaming vaguely, and peopling one's dreams with Margarets, reflected and re-reflected after the manner of opposing mirrors—gentle, dainty Margarets, who trailed pale scented draperies across the firelight, and fingered the tea-things with a restful leisure. Or, again, if one chose, telling one's plans and one's wearinesses and one's failures to an alertly gentle Margaret—a womanly, comforting Margaret, who busied her fingers with a skilful needle, and a bit of woman work, and her heart with the making of cheer and encouragement. Or yet again—still if one wished—to laugh and be young with an impish, elf-

ish, dimpling Margaret—a thing of wiles and witchery, who perched in a big winged chair, in the firelight, with hair that gave back the glow ruddily, and fingers clasped about a silken knee, and a rippling, luring laugh that made dainty mock of care, and surged silverly over one's heart, and left it clean and tingling.

Just as one wished!—that was the magic of it—the lure of it—the woman-wisdom of it. The knowing of one's mood, and touching it with canny fingers.

"We're a lonesome wee scrap of a family, Dad and I," she'd say, whimsically forlorn, "so whenever you'll divide a long evening with us, it's beautifully charitable you'll be." And he was—beautifully. So would you have been, much after the fashion of purring felines who court the stroking hand.

And so it came about, as it had done similarly, and more times than one, to those who purred about the fireside of Margaret Drisdale, that Frank McRay, even as many before him, had taken out his heart, as you do those well-worn purses, counted wistfully what it held of gold, and baser metal, sighed, knowing it to be less than the ransom of a queen, and held it out in his hand to Margaret Drisdale.

They had been to the opera—"Lohengrin" it was. He had sat against the red velvet of the box-curtain, twelve short inches beyond the cool white curve of her shoulder, with the ache and sob of the music making exquisite mourning in his heart. A Seat Perilous it was for even a Galahad, so what would you of Frank McRay, young of soul, masculine of eye, and many a long unwholesome mile from home?

From the stage the music rolled in golden drifts, volubly, almost visibly, like scented smoke—it wailed and implored and beckoned, it promised and denied, wooing, mocking, glorifying. He heard it as something never understood before, and all unconscious of the necromancy, gathered the music, by some mental sleight-of-hand, into one shining point of ecstasy, and turned the

full white radiance of it, transfiguratively, upon Margaret. It was she who sang with Elsa's lips, she who was arrayed whitely for her marriage, she who swelled the wedding chorus to a golden glory.

Yet through it all, he saw her as Margaret, too—not one turn of that little head escaped his eye. How wonderfully she listened—how restfully—how companionably. When the music sobbed and sorrowed, how still those little impulsive fingers, that poised dainty head, and lifted chin, that rapt face, tender-lipped. When the violins caroled and were glad, how the quick sympathy swept her face to gladness, too, parting her lips, and lighting her eyes. What a Margaret she would be to come home to of an evening, whether one were weary or discouraged or glad!

What a gay, buoyant Margaret it was who chatted through the intermissions, sending gracious unhurried greetings to other boxes, turning to him with little merry explanations and pretty naïveté. What a sweet, flushed, happy Margaret pattered a white-gloved, dainty applause; what a queenly, leisurely Margaret trailed slender silver draperies across the foyer, gathered them adorably above silken ankles, at the stairway, and cuddled deliciously into the cushions of the carriage. He had a carriage for Margaret, always, partly because she was Margaret, and partly because he could ill afford it—the one made an homage of the other, and that little sigh of content, and that appreciative cuddling against the (often musty) cushions, made the homage a luxury to the devotee, and the livery bill a side issue—for of such is the thralldom of Margarets! Yet who shall say they do not give value received, these Margarets? Insincere? Studied? Why surely yes! As only artistes can be! But there is the demand, and why not supply it? Why not!

Then there had been supper—a lingering, costly little bite, at a tiny table sweet with roses. A gay, comradely Margaret had chattered and sipped and purred through it, and at the end of it

all they had rolled away again, down the broad white length of the Avenue, comradely still, and gay—I said she was an artiste, was Margaret?—So it was not until they turned into the echoing stillness of a quieter street, away from the friendly hum and blaze and jostle of fellow-traffic, that the queer little silence crept in, wilful and heavy. She knew it at once, did Margaret—there had been others of those queer wilful little silences—but only one other (and that was many, many moons ago) had clutched at her throat, as this one did, with quick, hot fingers.

Three blocks of sleeping brownstone-fronts, three winking corner lights, bobbed past the window silently. Then: "There was something I wanted to tell you, Peggy."

"And that was what, Mac?" lightly.

"I'd a letter from Sinclair today—you remember I told you about Sinclair, of the Montreal Construction Company—He wants me to pull up stakes here and go back. There's an opening there for me—I'll give you his letter to read—it looks good, Peggy. There's nothing *beyond* in this government service, anyway. . . . And then it means going back home—think of it, Peggy, back home again!" Once more those quick, hot fingers clutching through the silence, and then—

"You—you're going, Mac?," in not the steadiest of tones. But his own eagerness covered the break in her voice. "I'd go tomorrow, Peggy, and thank Allah and Sinclair, fasting, for giving me the chance, if—well if I thought you'd give me a rain-check—if I thought you'd say I could come back—come back for you, Peggy."

It was the boy in him that spoke, the big, dear blundering boy, that speaks through every man to the mother in every woman, as nothing else in all the world can speak.

Against the dusk, one little white-gloved hand was outlined palely—and how should one know that it shook, and was cold? He covered it within his own.

"Listen to me, Peggy—I love you!"

—does it mean anything to you?—can it ever?—Peggy!”

Now, in all this wide, strange world, there's only one thing stranger than a man in love—and that's a woman in love.

Peggy was a woman—very much of a woman—and in love.

If you've never been either or both of these things, you might think the equation most simple: the right man plus the right woman, plus love equals one, Q. E. D.! If you should chance, however, to be a woman, you would guess, and if you should chance to be a woman *and* in love, you would *know* that this thing is true: When Man would bring home Love as a guest, he, Cave Man that he is, would bring him willy nilly, without any preliminary garnishing of his cave, and regardless of what relics of unseemly revelries, or bones of late feasting may scatter the floor; brings him with force if persuasion is in vain, and trapped where coaxing fails.

But when Woman is to be the host of Love, “She setteth her house in order,” like her scriptural sister, and spreads the sill with purple. Whatever chaos may reign before and after, at that one moment in her life her heart is swept and garnished, and woman is sincere—though not, of necessity, wise.

And so, with the rite of setting her house in order, Peggy had come to see that what he loved, this big, silent, lonely man was only the Peggy she had taught him to love—who at the end, was distinctly an alien—a Peggy who sat, like a pretty spider, in the center of a cunningly wrought web of smile and grace and flattery—simulating interest, fashioning sympathy, prettily, weaving lures skilfully—and all to gratify another Peggy—an inner Peggy—a wanton Peggy who laughed!

And it flashed before her now in the darkness. It made her know that this thing she had wanted and won, she had taken unfairly—that it was not hers to keep.

But then, as we agreed, the Davids are safe so long as they use the sling-

shot, and the “smooth pebbles from the brook,” which are theirs, by natural right, and remain content with slaying the Philistine by sleight-of-hand; nor was it wise, nor meet that Peggy, being skilled with the weapon of shepherds, should borrow a shield of brass from the tent of Saul. Which she did, and to the end that she fought most clumsily.

Peggy didn't answer at once. There was a reason for that, but how should he know, being only a man? When she did, her voice was quite steady (being, as we said, an artiste) she even essayed to laugh—a tiny, tender laugh, much as you laugh at some make-believe of a very little child—a well-loved little child.

“Mac,” she said, “dear Boy, I'm going to forget you told me that. . . . No, I know you don't want me to, *now*—but some day you're going to find out that I'd really nothing at all to do with it. You were lonesome and homesick, and often discouraged—and many, many miles away from home. And I helped, once in a while—I hope I did—to fill up the gaps. It might have been anybody else. It just happened to be me . . . and I'm glad it did!” She put the other little hand over his. “We've just been good chums, Mac, that—that's all!”

So that was how it came about that Frank McRay, C. E., departed for his native heath unanswered, morose, and most unholy as to temper—“heart-broken,” was, I believe, the name he gave it. He would wait a year, and then he would come back again—would wait any number of years, come back any number of times, Peggy being all the world and all the world being Peggy, etc!

She had given him, for good-bye, the locket she wore oftenest; it had been her mother's—a tiny thing of gold—empty; had given it, gravely whimsical, as though the gift were of no moment, and told him to keep it empty, until the Real Girl's face should fill it. He filled it that night, transferring a sweet, grave-eyed Peggy to it from his watch-case.

And, as a matter of coincidence, the Peggy in question sat at that moment, chin in palm, before her dressing-table mirror—a little white, wide-eyed, wistful, child-Peggy—and very motherless.

"Why did you do it?" she questioned the confronting Peggy—"Why, why did you do it?" And then, with a little sob, and quite irrelevantly. "This," she told the child-Peggy in the glass, wonderingly, "*this is Love!*"

It went leisurely, after the perverse fashion of years—some years—but at last it had trailed its final day, snail-fashion, across the calendar.

With the New Year came Frank McRay, even as he had said.

True it was an accidental coming, pertaining more to the business of Robert Sinclair of the Montreal Construction Company, than to the heart-affairs of Frank McRay, C. E. But, nevertheless it served.

It was a gray afternoon, snowing fitfully in little gusts. Peggy was sitting on the hearth-rug before the library fire, making toast for tea, when the 'phone rang. It was Mac.

"Come back? . . . no, not quite! . . . Only in town for tonight, Peggy. . . . Not half as sorry as I am. . . . Lord, but it's good to hear you talk again.' . . . That's better yet! . . . It's Lohengrin tonight, Peggy—funny, isn't it?—Can't we hear it once more together? . . . Oh, what's a little snow, more or less! . . . You will? . . . Half-past-seven? . . . Bless you for that, Peggy! . . . Good-bye!"

In the library the toast burned to a rueful crisp, while Peggy, a little crumpled silken heap, on the top step, cried happily.

The violets preceded him by the scantest of half hours, and Peggy, drawing them from their rustling mystery of wrappings, pinned them, with happy fingers, to the corsage of a certain gown of slender silver draperies—it was not a new gown, but it had, nevertheless, its *raison d'être*.

Then Mac came.

Rather a different Mac it was, this

Mac who came to meet her across the firelight, with both hands out, and a gratified glance to the violets. A Mac with a new firmness of step, new purpose in his face, a new happiness in his voice. A locket—a tiny thing of gold—gave back the firelight redly. But it was not until later that Peggy saw it. In fact, not until the wedding chorus had flooded their box with gold, and she had turned and sent a quick, half-voluntary glance to Mac, over the white, gracious curve of her shoulder—a wonderful glance it was, had one seen it—but Mac was looking down at the opened locket, and in his face was that which turned Peggy's eyes stageward, quickly, guiltily—yet, for all that, happily—much as a child turns, tiptoe, from innocent eavesdropping where he has heard himself praised.

It was snowing in earnest when they left the opera, in fine dry flakes, that blurred the street lights with a silver fog, and eddied dustily around the corners, in little white, dancing spirals.

The girl drew her furs about her with a shiver, and cuddled into the cushions of the machine. And then, chiefly because she was far from meaning it: "We'll have to hurry home Mac," she challenged.

But they didn't, of course they went, for old time's sake, to supper at a place of many memories, and looked at each other once again, across the little table, with its pink-shaded candles and its roses, and its suave attendant genius.

People came and went softly, glasses clinked lightly; from behind the palms, the orchestra quavered, deprecatingly soft. What a good world it was! What beautiful people—all of them—even that painted grand dame with the diamonds—there was something about her—something beautiful. . . . How wonderfully sweet the violins! . . . And Mac—what a man was Mac!

It was a laughing, bouyant Margaret, who filled the precious hour full of merriment—a child-Margaret, wide-eyed, expectant.

And, at the very end, came, all unbidden, that little wilful silence, queer,

heavy. Then (strangely enough):

"There—there was something I wanted to tell you, Peggy—"

But Margaret knew a better way. She laughed and slid her little hand across the table, palm-up among the roses.

"No—I want to see her for myself, Mac—you promised you know!"

She laughed again—a bit shakily—flushing happily over the pretty make-believe. How good it was to have waited, and to have won fairly—and if he had come back to her after all these long, slow months, then she *had* won fairly!

He opened the tiny gold trinket and put it into her hand.

With Mac's eyes on her face, she looked at the locket a full steady minute. Then she closed it softly over the strange, coquettish, gypsy-like little face, with the eyes and lips of a Car-

mencita, and put it back, still softly, into his hand.

"We've been such old chums, you and I, Peggy, that I wanted you to know it first," he was saying, "I somehow felt it wasn't complete till you'd wished us luck—and you will, Peggy, won't you?"

In the long gilt mirror beyond the table, the eyes of Peggy met, wistfully, the eyes of a little white, wide-eyed, child-Peggy.

It was a coincidence.

"This," they told the child-Peggy in the glass, wearily, "*THIS is love!*"

But then, as we agreed, the Davids fight most successfully with the primitive weapon—and quite fairly enough, for the matter o' that—and when they fail you will find that it is because of the borrowing of a shield of brass from the tent of Saul—wherewith they fight clumsily.



THE ROBBER

By Louis Untermeyer

I FEAR the night, the ruthless night—
It reaches down its great, dark hands
And takes the color from the day
A world of children from their play,
And laughter from all lands.

I fear the night, the stealthy night—
It creeps up noiselessly, and soon
It robs the housetops of their gold;
It grasps the sun and leaves—behold!
That dull and leaden moon. . . .

I fear the night, the envious night—
Its jealous stars; its sharp-eyed crew . . .
Oh, hide your head upon my breast;
Or Night, that steals the whole world's best,
May see and covet you!

THE LESSON

By Maurice Joy

MRS. CHESNEY rushed rather than walked into her drawing-room, slamming the door behind her. When she reached the middle of the floor she stood still for a moment, her hands clasped and a look of intense worry on her face. Then, as if unable to form any definite plan of action, she began in a frenzied manner to open drawers, doors and books, even emptying a music-stand and looking into a coal-box. She searched every place she could think of, going down on her knees to rake out under the piano with the brass poker she had taken from the fireplace. Clearly she had lost something of importance which she must find without delay. Once, twice and even three times she accomplished a complete search of the room, only pausing to put her finger to her lips in an endeavor to think coherently. But she was too impatient to await the result of that process and her restless hands resumed their task. The search was fruitless; with a gasp of irritation she rang for the butler.

"Curtis," she asked him, "Have you seen an opened letter lying about?"

Curtis answered with the calmness of his kind that he had not, and was turning to go when Mrs. Chesney shot another question at him.

"Has anybody been in this room since I left it ten minutes ago?"

"No, madam, not that I've seen. Nobody could have been here except the master." And Curtis retired, his suave and implacable calm in strange contrast to the agitation of his mistress.

"Except the master"—there was the rub! When Curtis was gone, Mrs. Chesney remembered that she had not

looked behind the pictures on the walls. Of course it was impossible for the letter to have got there, but then she had searched all the possible places. Again her efforts were fruitless and she threw herself dejectedly into an armchair—but only for a minute. She jumped up and slowly walked to the door with her eyes on the ground. She retraced in that careful manner the whole way from the drawing-room up the stairs and along the corridor to her bedroom. There she went through another search without result and then, with a sudden conviction that the letter *must* be in the drawing-room, rushed back there again. But there was no letter. She was at her wits' end and, being at her wits' end, sat down.

She had hardly done so when the piano again attracted her, and she was once more on her knees exploring the territory under it when the door opened and her husband came in.

"Why, Rose, what's the matter? Have you lost something?"

Still on her knees she replied—

"Yes, yes—my gold pencil case—you know the one with my initials on it."

It was not the first fib she had told him in their six months of married life, but it was the first of any importance and she felt herself reddening under her husband's eyes. He gave no sign of noticing her confusion, but said in a matter of fact way—

"Why don't you have the servants in? It's ridiculous of you to go crawling around on your knees looking for a stupid pencil case which, no doubt, you've carefully stowed away some place in a fit of absent-mindedness"—this, he said with a smile.

"I wasn't quite sure if one of the servants hadn't taken it"—she was lying glibly now—"and if they did it wouldn't be much use asking them to look for it—would it?"

He assented that it would not and added—

"Well, let me come and help you. Let's see—you take one half of the room and I'll take the other—we'll make a thorough search."

"Oh, no, no, no." She was in a panic and made only a clumsy effort to appear unconcerned—"It doesn't really matter and I've searched everywhere."

"I thought you prized it a great deal." He did not allow the faintest note of suspicion to come into his voice.

"Yes, yes, I did—but it really doesn't matter. I've no doubt it will turn up. I think, dear, it is time we were dressing for dinner."

"Oh, we have a full quarter of an hour yet—come let's make a real search," he said, and began to turn over the cushions on the sofa.

"No, no, no," she sprang to her feet in genuine alarm and stood beside him.

"Why, what's wrong, my dear, there are no snakes about to bite me."

"No, of course not, but it really looks absurd to bother you. The servants will find it."

He glanced at her quizzically and thought what a poor actress she was after all. Then looking straight into her eyes which she bravely forced to meet his, he said deliberately—

"As a matter of fact I've found your pencil-case."

"But where?"—She was trying to appear relieved.

"You are wearing it on your chain just now."

Of course it was true—how stupid she had been—and she ground her teeth, too much taken aback to say anything. He went on in the same level tone—

"And I've also found what you were really looking for—here it is." To her surprise he held out the opened letter. "It was of course addressed to me—and you have no right to it, but since

you want it so badly you may have it."

She did not take it but flashed back at him—

"I found it open on your desk. I had a perfect right to read it—it concerns me."

"Well, let's see—'Dear old boy' it says 'I have been'—"

"Stop, how dare you? How dare you insult me by reading that wretched woman's letter to me. Haven't I suffered enough because of it?"

"But since you've read it, dear, it really doesn't matter hearing it. Dear old boy, I have been ever so lonely up here and I'm longing for Saturday to come. With love and kisses, your own Bunty. It's a perfectly innocent note."

"Innocent, indeed, from a married woman to another woman's husband."

She was tapping the floor with her foot, but he seemed to ignore her.

"I'll admit the love and kisses do look bad—it was hardly the thing to put in a letter, was it? They're all right in some vague romantic place, but in a letter, they're somewhat of a nuisance—aren't they? But then you know Bunty and her ways."

This last was said dreamily, with an air of injured resignation, and it was more than Mrs. Chesney could bear. She wanted to pour forth a torrent of denunciation but the words she desired kept eluding her. Good homely words like "cad" and "blackguard" rose to her lips but were crushed on the threshold of utterance. Providence was pausing from its watchfulness over drunkards and fools to concern itself with jealous young wives.

"You found this letter on my desk last evening and you've been perfectly miserable ever since about it—but you didn't tell me. You knew of course who wrote it—she has been your friend as well as mine."

"She was yours long before she was mine," snapped Mrs. Chesney suddenly finding words which, though she felt them stupid, she could not restrain.

"I am ten years older than you. So is she, and she and I were boy and girl together. Have you ever known her

dishonorable?" (Mrs. Chesney did not answer.) "Or ever thought her likely to desert her dear fat jovial Gus for anybody. Perish the thought, my dear, you know her too well."

"But why does she write to you like that—why, why, why?"

"Don't you think it may be innocent—she is impulsive."

"Love and kisses—and an assignation. The woman is coming between you and me."

"My dear, you talk as if we were on the stage. This is real life. You have known Bunty Harrington for years. I ask you again do you think she would be so base."

"Women have been deceived by their friends before."

Again Mrs. Chesney felt that she was saying something stupid although she knew it to be true enough. The fact was that she could not bring herself to believe wholly that she was being betrayed. She was not, naturally, cynical; rather was she romantic, but in this case her romanticism had taken the form of building up a tragedy around the letter. She found a sort of moral enjoyment in contemplating herself as a wronged wife; the vision of herself moving about in a sympathetic world with a gracefully tragic air pleased her. Her first thought after finding the letter had been to have a scene at once; her second which prevailed, to carry it away to her room and cry over it. She had thus kept the letter through a whole night and most of this day, adopting during that time an attitude towards her husband which although chilly was not meant to betray her possession of the letter. She had as a matter of fact, suffered a great deal in those hours; for the simulation of sorrow to such a nature is almost as real as the thing itself.

Her husband read her like a book. He knew that she had the letter five minutes after she took it—it was as plain as if she had pinned it on her bodice—but he waited to see what she would do. He could have sworn she would not lock it away anywhere, but

would keep it with her in accordance with that little pettish way of nursing a wrong which made her much a child but which was only the counterpart of her blossomy charm.

Consequently when she said "Women have been deceived by their friends before now," he answered her—

"Yes, but not by such friends as Bunty Harrington."

What struck Mrs. Chesney at that moment was that her husband was taking the whole affair very coolly, that he was not in fact acting the part which she had designed for him as she lay awake the night before mapping out the scenario of her tragedy in her mind. She decided that it was because he didn't care. If he did, would he not have called heaven to witness that there was nothing but an innocent friendship between him and this hateful woman?

"You don't care" she at last shot at him, rattled by the whimsical smile on his lips and his indifference to her suffering. For she had summoned tears to her assistance and it was intolerable that he should act as if he didn't see them. Her handkerchief proclaimed them real. "You don't care and you know it—You're in love with that hateful woman. You deceived me—I'm, I'm going home."

"But you see if you hadn't read that letter you'd have been perfectly happy."

"No, I wouldn't—I've known for a long time you didn't care for me."

How could she say it, his pampered bride of six months? Let the gods explain, for she neither believed nor wanted to believe a word of it. He made no move and, bereft of fine speech, she added—

"I'm going home."

"But, my dear," he sweetly reasoned "you *are* at home."

"No, not in this hateful house. I'm going back to my own home."

"Before dinner?" he questioned as if he had mentioned the really impossible thing. "Really, you can't." But she was already flouncing past him. He reached the door before her and with

his hand on the knob held out the letter—

"Hadn't you better take this with you?"

She snatched it from him, threw it on the ground, stamped on it and rushed upstairs to her bedroom.

Chesney let himself sink luxuriously into an easy chair and chuckled with mischievous delight for a couple of minutes. Then a shadow of regret crossed his face—

"Poor little puss" he said half aloud. "Perhaps it wasn't fair after all."

He took a letter from his pocket, not the letter but another, rang for the butler and gave it to him saying—

"Have this taken to your mistress—she is in her room."

He was waiting but a very short time

when the door opened and Mrs. Chesney put her head in with the coaxing air of a wilful child. He stretched out his arms and she fluttered into them.

The letter he had sent to her room was from Bunty Harrington's husband. "My dear Chesney," it ran, "Here is a letter for you from my wife. I suspect you've got the one intended for me—unless she happened to send it to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

It was a little while before Mrs. Chesney asked—

"But where did you find the letter?"

"You dropped it on the stairs, my dear. Curtis found it and gave it to me."

"But he said he hadn't seen it."

"Curtis is a good servant," he smiled.

"No doubt he had read it."



BURNING THE LEAVES

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE sexton rakes the leaves across the grass,
Sets them afire, and sees them, scarlet, vain,
Change into smoke; the graves drift by and pass;
A moment, and they all are back again.
And quiet folk, with flowers red or blue,
Come through the wind, by long remembrance led,
To bide a space with them that once they knew,
Turned eastward all, each safe in his own bed.
Below, the baker's gay new wagon stands,
And, shawl on head, a shrill wife bargains there:—
The sexton rakes the leaves across the grass,
Apart from buying, selling, house or lands;
Now, with a rose, now, with a larkspur fair,
Row after row the graves drift by and pass.



THE good die young. No wonder!

BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR IN CHINATOWN

By Jean White

LEE SUEY had sold his laundry, and was celebrating his luck. That he was a smart man was evidenced by the fact that he had been losing money on the place for over a year, and had successfully concealed it from his own countrymen, a feat of which any Chinaman might be proud. For every detail of the lives of the Chinese is usually known to their friends and relatives.

Celebrating your luck in Chinatown meant that you went to a gambling place and played as long as your money held out; then, with some dollars which you had sequestered in an inner pocket for that purpose, you found a pleasing restaurant, and drank as much of the *ng ka pa* ("thrice brewed") hot rice wine as your constitution would admit of your doing.

Lee Suey was really what is rather rare—a "bad" Chinaman. For one thing, he had a villainous temper, he drank so much that he was often really intoxicated, and he would rather gamble than eat. The Chinese, as a rule, take their pleasures diluted with moderation and philosophy, but Lee Suey was always in a tumult. He worked as hard as he drank, too, but his besetting sin was gambling.

Each Sabbath, when he should have been sitting beside some pretty American girl saying, "the cat can catch the rat," his hours were spent over a Fan Tan table, not only losing his hard-earned cash, but quarreling violently with his opponents. When to this you add that he swallowed incredible quantities of *ng ka pa*, meanwhile, you will

perceive that Lee Suey was anything but an exemplary person. To the polite and peace-loving Chinese he was a constant source of annoyance.

Of course, his *Hingti* bore with him, because it is the Chinese custom to have patience with one's relatives. Blood is very thick in all Oriental countries, and in China more so than in any other. So Lee Suey's uncles and cousins and half-brothers tried to get along with him as best they could. Besides, they agreed that his gentle art of making enemies would eventually end his career, anyway, thus relieving his family of the painful duty, besides adding something to their combined wealth.

Lee Suey did not get killed by an irate acquaintance, however, for he played and drank and quarreled with the members of his own Tong, and the Hip Sings had lost so many men during the previous ten years' war with the On Leungs that it would have been poor policy to deliberately reduce their own number. Lee Suey was a ———, too, and there was a faction of them, unknown but greatly feared, which consisted only of gun-men, who would sell themselves to the highest bidder, regardless of their Tong affiliations. A man so notoriously bad-tempered and smart and secretive as Lee Suey might well belong to that faction. Hence, he was allowed to quarrel with whom he would, seldom meeting with more than a mild rebuke from an elder brother of the Tong.

In one particular only was Lee Suey free from fault. He never frequented the haunts of the Flower Girls—their

frail beauties left him cold, and the Chais of Chinatown never saw him. He was not even interested by the intense and attentive attitude on the part of the men toward those girls, so scarce that there were not more than forty in all the cities of the Eastern States, the greater part being, of course, in New York. The great number of Chinamen, therefore, were far more drawn to these lovely, if outcast, women of their own race than they would have been in their own country, for unwise Uncle Sam will allow no wife of a Chinese laborer to be imported. Among the Chinese who frequented New York's Chinatown, Lee Suey was conspicuous for his austere virtue. No matter how befuddled he might be when he started home in the early hours of Monday morning, in all the years of his life in America he had never allowed his feet to stray in the direction of the two Chais which the quarter boasted. He always took the "L" at Chatham Square station and went straight up to the Bronx, where his laundry was. Americans, going home from a Sunday night Chop Suey expedition in the narrow streets of Chinatown, often looked curiously at the handsome, stalwart Chinaman, and American girls were not lacking who found it difficult not to stare at him. He was taller than most of the Chinese whom we see in America, his nose was long and straight, his skin golden rather than brown, and when not too intoxicated he had a singularly deep and speaking eye.

Lee Suey showed no desire to marry, either. His mother, over in China, had picked out for him a healthy girl of his own village. Lee Suey had never seen her, but he was betrothed to her by proxy, as soon as he had sent home enough money for the engagement gifts. Not that he wanted her, but simply because disobedience to one's parents is an unthinkable sin. The girl, however, died. Lee Suey had then written to his mother that, having complied with her wishes in the matter, he would respectfully ask that that might suffice, and as his mother died shortly after-

ward the matter had not been reopened.

Now that the unprofitable laundry was off his hands, Lee Suey thought that he would go down to Long Island and try a small farm for the raising of Chinese vegetables. It is a paying proposition, for the Chinese all over the country will gladly send to any place where they can get their own vegetables—snow-white cabbages and giant radishes and wry-necked squash. Lee Suey had been a farmer's son, and knew the work well. He talked excitedly with his friend, Hoy Kow, drinking more and more of *ng ka pa*, as they sat at the table. And, as usual, he ended up by quarreling violently with Hoy Kow, who advocated Connecticut.

It would not have mattered, for everyone knew that Lee Suey would soon get over his rage, had there not happened to be a party of American sightseers in the place, who immediately began calling for the police. So Lee Suey, who was rather wildly gesticulating with a gun which he had not the slightest intention of using, was hustled off to a room in the house, over the restaurant.

His friends, knowing his spotless reputation in one special particular, thought it would be a good joke to leave him there, for it was Lin Fa's room, and Lin Fa naturally supposed that the man who staggered in at her door had come in the usual way.

If you know the littlest thing about the Chinese, Lin Fa's name will explain her to you, at once. It means "water-lily flower." Girls like her are given the most poetic names known to China, such as Mai Yuk, Bo Kum, Lin Fa, Heung Fa—meaning Beautiful Jewel, Precious Gold, Fairy Flower and Fragrant Flower. The presence of these girls in the house over the restaurant is indicated by its Chinese name, which means One Bunch Fragrance Eating Place, but Americans know it as Yet Bun Heng, which is the same thing, though, of course, they don't know it.

Lin Fa was as young and pretty as was proper, since youth and beauty

were her only stock in trade. From her first sale at eleven years of age she had been tossed about at such a rate that she had acquired quite a knowledge of human nature, and was able to cope with the problems of life in a Chinese Chai with more than ordinary success. Outside of its barred and bolted doors, she was as helpless as a child in the mazes of the Black Forest.

In San Francisco Lin Fa had been a spoiled and petted beauty, followed everywhere with admiration, easily queen of her rivals, the dazzling center of an involved tangle of intrigue, shot through with interesting danger, for San Francisco has always unrelentingly, though unavailingly, waged war against girls of her class.

Her new owner was one of the richest Tong men in America, and Lin Fa had hoped, in being transferred to him in New York, that she was coming to an even more exciting life than before, but instead, she found it exceedingly dull. Her owner cared little for her, and seldom visited her, and the men he sent to her room were silent and uninteresting, very different from the gay sports of the Pacific Coast. Instead of the pleasant rivalry between the emulating beauties of her own race, she found herself alone in her place and value, for the other girls in the Chai were far inferior to her, and the low-caste white women who had dropped to their last depths in the streets of New York's Chinatown disgusted her. There were few banquets at which to sing, and the Seven Great Feasts were scarcely observed at all.

Lin Fa was sitting on her bed, very much bored, when Lee Suey was pushed into her room. Her little slippers lay on the long, low bench which gave access to the high, square bed. The hairdresser had just gone, having packed the girl's long, black tresses into some intricate new twists, anointing them with *Heng van*, and plastering the front smooth with *Paau fa*. It would stay that way for at least a week, for Lin Fa's little porcelain pillow just fitted into the curve of her rounded

neck, thus leaving the hair undisturbed. She was admiring herself in an American silver mirror which an admirer had given her, as the door opened and shut. At once she pushed her feet into her wee shoes and arose to receive her visitor.

Lee Suey stared about him for quite a while without speaking, and gradually his befogged brain cleared. He had never been in such a room before, but he knew quite well what it was.

The bed from which Lin Fa had arisen had curtains of silk, and silken covers. Under its tall legs one could see the carved chest of drawers in which Lin Fa kept her best clothes and ornaments, and on it, at the far edge against the wall, there was a queer little cabinet where the finest of the bed coverings were kept. Lee Suey could see the beautiful silk quilt, which is for beauty rather than use, with its embroidered end folded over, so as to show to the best advantage. The walls were hung with silk banners, embroidered with the emblems of good luck. On the opposite side of the room there was a mother-of-pearl inlaid table, and two heavy, carved chairs. These were unusual in quality, for Lin Fa was indeed a queen in her loveliness and nothing had been grudged her.

A bamboo screen half concealed an American washstand, with its squat green pitcher and bowl of Chinese ware, and all through the room there was the faint scent of sandalwood and the half-spicy odor of Oriental cosmetics.

Lee Suey's eyes, traveling about, came back to Lin Fa, who had silently and swiftly made the cup of tea with which all visitors are welcomed, over a tiny gas-jet in a corner. She came toward him, now, balancing herself daintily on her feet, as a girl should, and gave the cup into Lee Suey's hands with a pretty smile, which had a hint of mysterious melancholy and charm in it. Then, as he drank in silence, holding the cup with rather a shaky hand, she picked up her queer little guitar and began to sing one of the plaintive

love songs of old China which all such girls know by the dozen.

The goblet of oil, in which a small taper floated, gave a fairly good light, so that Lee Suey, sitting stiffly on one of the chairs beside the bed, could see clearly what was undoubtedly a beautiful woman—in fact, any man would have enjoyed looking at her. Her rounded, dimpled cheek was touched with the most delicate of salmon pink; her lips were full and yet delicate, and her eyes were pools of velvety sweetness. But even more than mere physical charm, there lay about Lin Fa an indescribable allurements. Something appealing, shy, and evanescent shone from her whole countenance. Lee Suey felt that fascination, that appeal. It drew him, slowly and unwillingly, across the room to her feet.

Lin Fa was half reclining among her silk blankets as she sang, and Lee Suey seated himself on the low, long bench below her. The light threw the softest of shadows on the shimmering colors of the walls, on the dark tones of the great chairs and on the plaintive, elf-like face of Lin Fa, who sang in a lower and lower key, bending as she did so until the jade ornament which dangled from her headband touched the silent man.

Lee Suey drew a deep breath, reached up and ran a finger lingeringly across her cheek. Presently he began to talk, slowly and haltingly at first, retailing the chatter of the quarter, but looking, all the time, into the eyes which looked down at him, without the stereotyped smile.

By and by the noises from the restaurant died down. Doors shut, up and down the long corridor outside, which was lit by a single, unshaded gas-jet. A hush fell on the city and penetrated to the room where Lee Suey sat, holding a small, smooth hand, and trying to understand what had happened to him.

Love is no stranger to the Chinese heart, though we, with our Western expansiveness, are apt to think so. To know the contrary, you should understand the Chinese love songs. No more passionate or alluring songs of that kind

have ever been written by any nation. Lee Suey knew some of them and had always regarded their extravagant sentiments as mere expressions of intellectual virtuosity. Now he found himself thinking, quite naturally, in those terms, and it bewildered him.

"Core of my heart," he said to Lin Fa, "lean down the shell of your ear, that I may speak into its loveliness so that the rat who listens in the wall may not hear. Dost thou love me truly, my soul?"

Lin Fa's face, lit by a tender smile which no one in all her world had ever seen, pressed her olive cheek against Lee Suey's thick hair and answered him in kind, with the intimate "thou"—which no Chai girl is ever supposed to use.

"Thou dost know, O man of my heart," she murmured. "Son of illustrious and honorable parents, how does it happen that thou dost bring to a Chai girl the great gift of a true heart?"

"Thou knowest our proverb: 'Love enters the king's heart without leave, and the beggar's without pay.' Thou dost fill the cup of felicity and bring peace to the heart."

"What is this foolishness which thou dost tell me of thy bad temper, beloved? Never will I believe it, son of the woman whom I would were my mother-in-law."

They were speaking in whispers, for they knew that behind the wall there were always listeners, retainers of the owners of the girls, ready to report any plan for escape, or the presence of an especially favored lover. For the lover is the one danger which is really feared. The United States Government may fuss and annoy and search and deport, but no Chinaman doubts the ability of his own people to deceive any other race, nine times out of ten. But the girls of the Chais are as ready to fall in love and to forsake everything for the one man as the most sheltered maiden, anywhere. So there are always spies, watching against this occurrence, which was exactly what had happened to Lin Fa and Lee Suey.

Although it was now far on into the early hours of the morning, Lee Suey had not moved from his seat at the bedside. Like many impetuous men who seem to care little for women in the ordinary way, he had great depth of feeling, and this sudden love kept him still, hardly daring to breathe for fear he would awake from a dream.

Lin Fa, her cheeks flushed and her limpid eyes shining, had promised to go with him down to Long Island, where he would begin market gardening in a very small way. It would mean a life of hardship for her, for Lee Suey would have to use the two thousand, five hundred dollars for which he had sold his laundry, as well as five hundred dollars which he could borrow, to buy Lin Fa. He would then be able to rent only a very little land, and live from hand to mouth until the fall, when the harvest would mature. Fortunately, it was spring, and he and Lin Fa both knew how extraordinarily little it would take to feed two Chinese. The girl had always lived a life of ease since her sale, but, like all the Chai girls, she came from the Egg Family, boat people for generations, and many, many hundreds of rowing, swimming, hard-working ancestors had given her a sturdy back and powerful little arms, despite her years of dalliance.

So it was arranged, and as the American clock hanging above the table showed the hour of six, Lee Suey arose from the bench on which he had sat all night, and looked down with somber intensity at Lin Fa. He did not kiss her, for that is not the Chinese way, but he cupped her face in his two strong hands and looked at her until she bowed her head toward him and laid her beautiful face on his silk coat.

The next night Lee Suey passed into the Chai through one of its other entrances, a small, barred door on Pell Street. In the square little room behind it he waited only a moment while the old woman who was the lookout peered through the slit in the wall back of the idol shelf which permitted her to see without being seen. Then he was

admitted, passed through the room at the left, and so on to the dim corridor where red silk curtains hung before a long row of closed doors.

Lin Fa's owner had a spy behind her walls, that night, in the double partition with which all the rooms were fitted, for Lee Suey had brought his offer for the girl up to three thousand and five hundred dollars, in the effort to effect a purchase. He had been so insistent that her owner, knowing him to be a poor man, had at once suspected him of having fallen in love with her. The offer had been refused, for Lin Fa had been in the country only a year, and her owner knew that she would be worth just as much in three years, after she had brought him in the revenue of that time.

The spy gave close attention, but he heard nothing of any import. Lin Fa sang for her visitor, as usual. She showed him the new style of hair dressing, which he duly admired, and they vivaciously discussed the newest Mission worker, who was making herself specially obnoxious to the quarter. After a while the spy went away, convinced that there was nothing unusual in the matter.

For Lee Suey was a smart man. He had calculated to a minute the time when the spy would draw his conclusion, and what construction would be put upon his attempt to beggar himself in buying a slave girl. It was half an hour after the "rat in the wall" had left that Lee Suey and Lin Fa swallowed the opium ashes, washing them down with draughts of cold tea. The dose is fatal and painless, if you know how to gauge it.

The old Ah Poh, the grandmother of the house, bringing the early cup of tea, found them, Lee Suey sitting on the low bench, holding one of Lin Fa's tiny feet in his hand. The old woman was much annoyed, for Lin Fa had always been generous with her. Lee Suey's family drew his money from the bank, and were content, but Lin Fa's owner thought the matter decidedly unpleasant.

THEMATIC MATERIALS FOR AN AMERICAN SYMPHONY

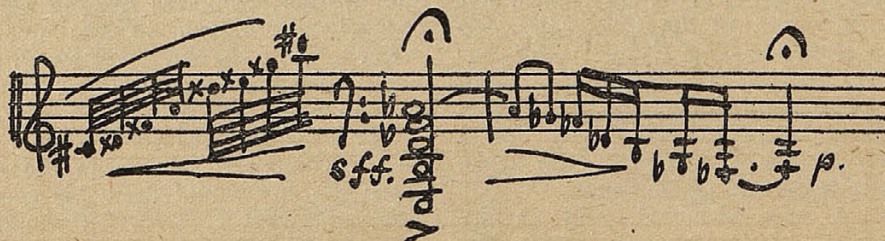
By Franz C. Bornschien

THE QUICK-LUNCH MOTIVE



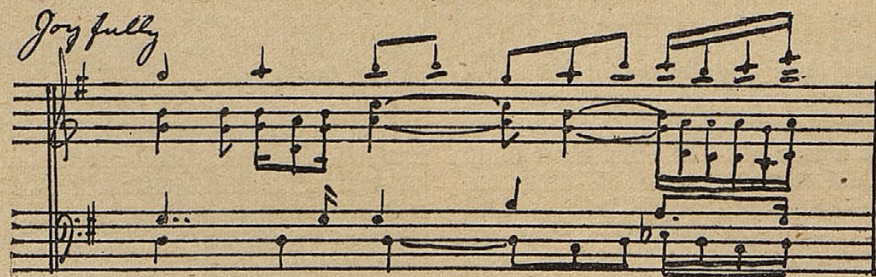
The whole orchestra enters tumultuously and with a rush. There is then a rapid descending arpeggio for harps and strings (the Esophagus Sub-Motive), ending in a deep chord for brass and wood-wind, indicating satiety.

THE CUSPIDOR MOTIVE



Here a liquid phrase in the flutes and clarinets is followed by a thud in the brass, with a curious dribbling figure flowing out of it.

THE MINT JULEP MOTIVE



Folk music is at the heart of this motive, but all the resources of counterpoint enter into its structure. It is given out by fiddles, cornets and banjos, all out of tune.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY MOTIVE



Here a series of discordant snores in the wood-wind is interrupted by long, creepy rests.

THE RAH-RAH BOY MOTIVE



The aim here is to cut the conventional bonds of melody and harmony and so return to simple rhythm. The theme is given out *fortissimo* by two flutes, two oboes (one interchangeable with English horn), three clarinets, eight trumpets, nine cornets, ten trombones, twelve tubas, sixteen bassoons, harp, glockenspiel, celeste, cow-bells, rattles, anvils and the usual strings.

THE TOOTHPICK MOTIVE



This beautiful motive, which is shared by piccolos and clarinets in D, scarcely needs explanation. It belongs to program music of the highest order.

THE SNOUSER MOTIVE



Here we have a soft entrance by muted strings *pizzicato*, followed by a sudden rush of sound in the whole orchestra, indicating the stalking and capture of a recreant working girl.

HEARD IN THE DRESSING-ROOM AFTER THE PARTY

By Marguerite H. Shannon

O H, my poor feet! I never danced so much. . . . This room is in darling taste . . . Bea, how perfectly sweet! When was it taken? And what's this? that *isn't* Herbie Frost with you in the canoe; why he was best man when I bridesmaided Corinne. Isn't it so? He was 98 per cent. alcohol that night, too. . . . Yes, I think Philip is terribly attractive in evening clothes; and as for Bert! Apollo brought up to date. But what an atrocious dancer. He'll make a lame duck of me if I dance with him again. He dips as if he were down for good . . . Who brought a buttonhook? . . . Have I got too much on? . . . Bea, that salad was adorable. I'm going to 'phone you in the morning and find out what it's all about; I've got the Bridge Club week from to-day and I think that will be the diet . . . Thanks, dear, I didn't bring a bit; hustled out, so didn't think of it, which is unheard of I know . . . Jule, I like your hair frightfully that way; it's so simple. Imagine that style with *my* nose, will you . . . You know, I think Don is the absolute limit. I'm simply not going to bring him to another party. He sits around like a statue only not so ornamental; sort of big-chief-never-crack-a-smile. You put him in a place and he takes root. I've done nothing

all evening but prod him from spot to spot . . . Say, Marge, as man to man, you've only got about a ton on your left cheek. Why all the beautifying, anyway; Gil taking you home? Ah, thereby hangs a tale . . . For Heaven's sake, I beseech a chance at that mirror. Nobody cares how I look . . . Positively this is the last public appearance for this gown. It's just yearning for the ragbag . . . Who's going downtown tomorrow? Some real friend has to help me get a hat . . . I bet your slipper bag was a bridge prize. It has the look . . . Your favors were dear, Bea. You *never* made them yourself. You clever thing. The gods do smile on some folks . . . Babe, it's disgusting the way your hair stays put. Look at the mess mine is. I'm the kind that fades early in the night, anyway. I leave the house looking like Geraldine Farrar and go home looking like the result of a German siege gun . . . Did any of us get a husband out of this party? It's my opinion Marge is fixing for a proposal . . . Where do you keep your pins, Bea? I never saw such a neat place. All I have to do in my lodgings is pick one off the floor . . . Girls, I think we ought to thank Bea unanimously for a glorious time; she certainly knows how . . . Nighty-night . . . Coming boys.



A CHARMING woman is merely one who plays very cleverly the character that she would like to be.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JIM

By Elinor Maxwell

HE was quite the handsomest man in his set, and his clothes looked like the advertisement of an expensive tailor. He was not unusually witty or clever or rich, but he had a way with the women that made their hearts his at the first meeting. Perhaps it was because he seemed so absolutely indifferent to their charms that he attracted them.

He had never in his life asked to be introduced to a girl, and apparently it would make no difference to him if the feminine sex were suddenly to be completely obliterated from the globe. He always "staged it" to dances and spent the entire evening in the smoking-room, or standing at one end of the ball-room in the row of white shirt fronts and black broadcloth, his arms folded, his blue eyes scanning wearily the scene before him. Occasionally he asked his hostess for a Hesitation, or honored the débutante of the evening with a Fox-trot. If he danced with any others of the fair sex, it was generally because they had hinted to their escorts that it would please them greatly to have Jim Courtney on their program.

Now don't gather from this that Jim was a woman-hater. He was merely a poser. He knew that girls were far more attracted by the cold, indifferent man than by him who palavers of their fetching frock, their lovely eyes, their divine dancing.

Therefore, he worked the indifferent game to the very point of rudeness. Occasionally he "kicked the traces," and, just for the fun of the thing, would pretend, for the length of a half hour, perhaps, that at last his unattainable heart had been won. He did it just for

the pleasure of seeing his silly little victims capitulate.

Every woman, no matter what her mirror tells her, believes in her heart of hearts, that if she just had the *chance* she could fascinate any eligible male of her acquaintance. Consequently, when the most hopelessly unattractive débutante became the recipient, during a dance, of Jim caressing smile, of Jim's languishing looks, of Jim's compliments that were always subtle, thrilling affairs, she merely believed that her convictions had at last been confirmed. She had always told herself that she was a heart-breaker, and now the world should know of it!

"You are so unlike the other girls in this crowd," he would murmur, as his arm encircled the waist of the young person and they wafted across the ball-room floor to the tones of "Cecile." "Do you like Hazel Dawn? They say she is not at all nice in 'The Débutante.' I suppose your evenings are all taken; but some afternoon, perhaps—of course, you've lunched in the Cascade room at the Biltmore? No? Well, then—"

Here the music would stop, Jim would escort the young lady back to her chaperon, leaving her with a lingering clasp of the hand, and an expression in his blue eyes which she took as meaning much, and which really meant nothing at all. After which, he would make a frantic dash for the smoking-room, request the man to fix a strong whiskey and soda, and remark to Billy Vance, or Jim Neville, or whatever other fellow happened to be resting his weary bones in that resort for all bored bachelors, "Lord! What insipid

little beasts these débutantes are!"

Of course, the aforesaid young woman would lie awake several hours that night in her white-and-wicker bed, and think of the conquest she had made. To think that Jim Courtney, whom she had always heard was fearfully blasé and indifferent, was "crazy" about her.

Then the cold douche would follow! Sometimes they would meet him at Sherry's or Delmonico's a few days later. He would be lunching with some men, and when she would flash a brilliant and intimate smile at him he would raise unrecognizing eyes to her and nod coldly—vaguely—as if he realized well enough he had seen her some place before but couldn't quite remember where or when or how. Her feelings would be terribly crushed, and the *filet* before her go quite untouched. When the orchestra played "Un Peu D'Amour" the tones would thrill her miserably to the very marrow. For some time to come, her heart remained Jim's.

This had been his mode of procedure for ten years. Then, one day, he read a poem in *The Echo*, a fifteen-cent monthly, and was at once struck with the fact that it applied beautifully to himself. Several days later, someone sent him a marked copy, which proved conclusively, in his mind, that he had been the poet's inspiration. This was the poem:

*I drink to your eyes,
For in them lies
The story of my heart.*

*I'll ne'er forget the night we met,
The heavy perfume of roses in bloom,
And your eyes.*

*They were so blue, they seemed quite
true,
They led me on till my heart was gone,
Ah, those eyes!*

*I did not know that men come and go,
That hearts are at stake just for you to
break,
With your eyes!*

*You laugh at my sadness,
You mock at my madness,
For it's all a token of the heart you have
broken,
With your eyes!*

It appeared that one Genevieve Johns had written it. Jim could not place her, so he did a fearfully rash thing and inquired about her among his friends. Jim Neville knew her and at once offered to take him to call. His curiosity had got the better of him, and, against every rule of his life, he went.

She lived in a small apartment, and was short and rather chunky, and not at all pretty. When Jim, looking very sleek and well-groomed, a white carnation in the lapel of his faultless cut-away, bent over Miss Genevieve Johns' hand, he suddenly recalled something that he had once read. A certain man had written, "I have never married, because I couldn't make up my mind whether to take a beautiful fool or a brilliant freak." Not that Miss Johns was the latter. She was merely not of Jim's world. She was intellectual and dowdy.

She made tea for the two young men and discoursed very brilliantly on Equal Suffrage, Belgium's troubles, and Home Rule in Ireland. No allusion was made to her poem. Jim considered it too delicate a matter to bring up, and she apparently never thought of it. He concluded, however, that while they had not met before, she was probably well acquainted with his fame as a heart-breaker, and had written the pathetic lines merely as a tribute to what powers she had been told he possessed. After a while the two young men got their tall silk hats and sticks, which had been reposing on the oak hat-rack in the narrow hall, and departed.

A few days later Jim and the poetess met quite by accident in front of the Ritz. She had on a dark blue serge suit of the style of two winters' before, very stout, brown boots that were decidedly scuffed, and a boy's black felt hat.

"Why, Mr. Courtney!" she exclaimed

delightedly, "I *am* glad to see you!" And she extended a white-cotton-gloved hand to him. "How does it happen you are here at this time of day? I thought you were a business man!"

"Well, I am, don't you know!" Jim replied, wondering whether she had meant anything by that last remark, "but I always manage to drift around to the Ritz at tea-time." Which was a singularly unfortunate remark, for in the face of it there was nothing left for him to do but ask Miss Genevieve Johns to have tea with him.

She accepted with alacrity, and together they wended their way through the gay, well-dressed throng to a table.

Jim counted just exactly forty-two people of his acquaintance, and he realized to his horror that each one of those forty-two was seeing him, for the first time in their respective lives, en tête-à-tête at tea with a young woman. That each one would spread the news just as far as he and she could make it go, was a foregone conclusion!

"Mon Dieu!" Mrs. Johnstone Schuyler exclaimed as she beheld Jim and Miss Johns. "There's Jim Courtney with a girl, if my eyes aren't deceiving me! And such a girl! She must have a brain! What else could attract him? Such a dowd, my dear! Such a frump!"

Luckily, their table was as secluded as could be hoped, and Jim felt more at ease when they got seated. He leaned across the glistening silver tea things, and gazed at Miss Johns with those blue eyes about which she had written so sadly; he smiled at her with his big, good-looking mouth; he complimented her in his own peculiar, subtle manner. Every glance caressed her, and by the light in her eyes, by the soft tones of her replies to him, he knew that she was succumbing, like all the others, to his charms. He had thought that, perhaps, possessing so much gray matter, she would not be as easy as most of his feminine admirers. Brains apparently made no difference!

When they left the Ritz he hailed a hansom and took her to her apartment. On the trip down Fifth Ave-

nue, they encountered Jim Neville, Billy Carston and Barret Lamping, in the latter's car. On perceiving Jim and Miss Johns, they pantomimed wildly their surprise and joy at seeing him with a girl!

When he left her at her home he held her hand for an unnecessarily long time, noticing as he did so that the first and third fingers were peeping through the tips of her cotton gloves.

The next day as he passed a florist's shop on Forty-second street, the thought suddenly came to him, that it was as little as he could do to send Miss Genevieve Johns a few roses in return for her having written a poem about him. Consequently, he ordered his card put in a box with two dozen American Beauties.

They arrived just as the poetess was leaving her apartment, so she pinned one on her shiny, blue-serge jacket. Half an hour later she met Jim Neville in an elevator in the Whitehall building. "What a pretty rose," he remarked, just to be saying something. "Yes, isn't it?" she replied with a beatific smile. "Mr. Courtney sent me a large bunch of them today!"

"Oh, he did, did he!" Neville was positively ashamed of the amazement his voice displayed. Hardly a day passed that he did not send orchids to some fair one or other, but Courtney in this rôle took him off his feet. He was on his way to his club, and could scarcely wait to enter its portals before he gathered a group of intimates about him and told them the joke.

In the next issue of a certain weekly sheet that discourses intimately on the private affairs of well-known New Yorkers, mention was made of the supposed engagement between a certain attractive club man, whose heart had heretofore been untainable, and a rising young poetess.

For a whole day, Jim, furious to the boiling point, thought seriously of suing the paper. Next, he considered writing notes to all of his friends, denying his engagement to the Johns person. Last of all, he contemplated seeing her

in person and telling her that his compliments, his glances and his roses had meant nothing at all; that she must have been a fool to think they did!

Then, about five o'clock in the evening, when he was in his rooms, too infuriated to show his face at his club or downtown, Barber, his man, brought him a note. It was written on thin white tablet-paper and read:

"Poor, dear Jim:—

Please forgive me for not telling you sooner that I am engaged to be married to Professor Jonathan Arbuckle, of Washington University. I fear it will cause you much heartache, for only a

blind man could fail to see that you are quite madly in love with me. Your sweet glances, your dear words, your angelic smiles, all testify to your devotion to me. I am sorry to hurt you thus. Try, try to forget me, dear.

*Sincerely your friend,
Genevieve Johns."*

"Well, I'll be damned," Jim howled, throwing himself in a chair! "I'll just simply be damned!"

And the worst of it was, he was never able to explain. To this day he is looked upon as a man who was cruelly foiled in his one and only love. They point him out as a blighted being.



LINES TO A LADY

LOVE me more or not at all,
Half a rose is less than none;
Hear the wretch you hold in thrall:
Love me more or not at all!
Dilettante love will pall,
I would have you wholly won;
Love me more or not at all,
Half a rose is less than none!



"THINK before you act," says the old adage. But how many actors would still act, once they had learned to think?



WOMEN always excel men in that sort of wisdom which comes from experience. To be a woman is in itself a terrible experience.



WOMEN may be divided into two classes: those who know how to rouge and those who know how to blush.

THREE LITTLE FABLES

By Lord Dunsany

I

THE TOMB OF PAN

"SEEING," they said, "that old-time Pan is dead, let us now make a tomb for him and a monument, that the dreadful worship of long ago may be remembered and avoided by all.

So said the people of the enlightened lands.

And they built a white and mighty tomb of marble. Slowly it rose under the hands of the builders, and longer every evening after sunset it gleamed with rays of the departed sun.

And many mourned for Pan while the builders built; many reviled him. Some called the builders to cease and to weep for Pan, and others called them to leave no memorial at all of so infamous a god. But the builders built on steadily.

And one day all was finished, and the tomb stood there like a steep sea-cliff. And Pan was carved thereon with humbled head and the feet of angels pressed upon his neck.

And when the tomb was finished the sun had already set, but the after-glow was rosy on the huge bulk of Pan.

And presently all the enlightened people came and saw the tomb and remembered Pan who was dead, and all deplored him and his wicked age. But a few wept apart because of the death of Pan.

But at evening as he stole out of the forest and slipped like a shadow among the hills Pan saw the tomb and laughed.

II

LOBSTER SALAD

I WAS climbing round the perilous outside of the Palace of Colquohombros. So far below me that in the tranquil twilight and clear air of those lands I could only barely see them lay the craggy tops of the mountains.

It was along no battlements or terrace edge I was climbing but on the sheer face of the wall itself, getting what foothold I could where the boulders joined.

Had my feet been bare I was done, but, though I was in my night-shirt, I

had on stout leather boots and their edges somehow held in those narrow cracks. My fingers and wrists were aching.

Had it been possible to stop for a moment I might have been lured to give a second look at the fearful peaks of the mountains down there in the twilight and this must have been fatal.

That the thing was all a dream is beside the point. We have fallen in dreams before, but it is well known that if in one of those falls you ever hit the

ground—you die: I had looked at those menacing mountain-tops and knew well that such a fall as the one I feared must have such a termination. Then I went on.

It is strange what different sensations there can be in different boulders—every one gleaming with the same white light and every one chosen to match the rest by minions of ancient kings—when your life depends on the edges of every one you come to. Those edges seemed strangely different. It was of no avail to overcome the terror of one, for the next would give you a hold in quite a different way or hand you over to death in a different manner. Some were too sharp to hold and some too flush with the wall; those whose hold was the best crumbled the soonest; each rock had its different terror, and then there were those things that followed behind me.

And at last I came to a breach made long ago by earthquake, lightning or war: I should have had to go down a thousand feet to get round it and they

would come up with me while I was doing that, for certain sable apes that I have not mentioned as yet, things that had tigerish teeth and were born and bred on that wall had pursued me all the evening. In any case I could have gone no further, nor did I know what the king would do along whose wall I was climbing. It was time to drop and be done with it or stop and await those apes.

And then it was that I remembered a pin thrown carelessly down out of an evening tie in another world to the one where grew that glittering wall, and lying now if no evil chance had removed it on a chest of drawers by my bed. The apes were very close, and hurrying, for they knew my fingers were slipping, and the cruel peaks of those infernal mountains seemed surer of me than the apes; I reached out with a desperate effort of will towards where the pin lay on the chest of drawers. I groped about. I found it! It ran it into my arm. Saved!

III

THE HEN

ALL along the farmyard gables the swallows sat arow; twittering uneasily to one another, telling of many things, but thinking only of summer and the South, for autumn was afoot and the north wind waiting.

And suddenly one day they were all quite gone. And everyone spoke of the swallows and the South.

"I think I shall go South myself next year," said a hen.

And the year wore on and the swallows came again, and the year wore on and they sat again on the gables, and all the poultry discussed the departure of the hen.

And very early one morning, the wind being from the North, the swallows all soared suddenly and felt the wind in their wings, and a strength came upon them and a strange old

knowledge and a more than human faith, and flying high they left the smoke of our cities and small remembered eaves and saw at last the huge and homeless sea, and steering by gray sea-currents went southward with the wind. And going south they went by glittering fog-banks and saw old islands lifting their heads above them, they saw the slow quests of the wandering ships, and divers seeking pearls and lands at war, till there came in view the mountains that they sought and the sight of the peaks they knew; and they descended into an austral valley and saw Summer sometimes sleeping and sometimes singing song.

"I think the wind is about right," said the hen, and she spread her wings and ran out of the poultry-yard. And she ran fluttering out on to the road

and some way down it until she came to a garden.

At evening she came back panting.

And in the poultry-yard she told the poultry how she had gone south as far as the high road and saw the great world's traffic going by, and came to lands where the potato grew, and saw the stubble upon which men live, and at the end of the road had found a garden and there were roses in it—beautiful roses!—and the gardener himself was there with his braces on.

"How extremely interesting," the poultry said, "and what a really beautiful description."

And the winter wore away; and the bitter months went by and the spring of the year appeared, and the swallows came again.

"We have been to the south," they said, "and the valleys beyond the sea."

But the poultry would not agree that there was a sea in the south. "You should hear our hen," they said.



INVOCATION

By James Wharton

God give us strength! We ask no other gift
Than this alone, the one gift over all;
God give us strength to batter down, to lift,
To fight, to lose, to raise us from the fall:
God give us strength!

Strength for the battle, strength to bleed and die,
Strength for the rout that naught of glory sees,
Strength for Thy service, strength to meet Thine eye,
Strength to resist the small iniquities;
Strength that, in sinning, we may sin like men,
Red-blooded sins deserving of the Fire,
Strength that, defeated, we may fight again,
Strength to make conquest of our heart's desire;
Strength that in all the drudgeries of life
The joy of effort with us may abide;
Joy in our burdens, joy in love, in strife,
Joy in our might, our gentleness, our pride!

God give us strength, the one gift over all,
Leading the worn brigades of Thine own men;
God give us strength, that when we hear Thy call
Our answer may be: Ready, Lord. Amen.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAW

By Madison Cawein

She came through shade and shine,
By scarlet trumpetvine
And balls of buttonbush,
That heaped the wayside hush—
And oh!
The orange-red of the butterflyweed,
And pink of the milkweed's plume,
Nodded as if to give her heed
As she passed through gleam and gloom, heigh-ho!
As she passed through gleam and gloom.

Marybud-gold her hair;
And deep as it was fair;
Her eyes a chicory-blue,
Two wildflowers bright with dew—
And oh!
The flowers knew, as flowers know,
The one she'd come to find;
They read the secret she hid below
In her maiden heart and mind, heigh-ho!
Her maiden heart and mind.

All day with hearts elate,
They watched him from the gate,
Where in the field he mowed
At the end of the old hill-road—
And oh!
They seemed to see with their petaled eyes
The thing he was thinking of,
And whispered the wind, in secret-wise,
All that they knew of love, heigh-ho!
All that they knew of love.

No matter what befell
Not one wildflower will tell;
Not one, that leaned to look
And see the kiss he took—
And oh!
The things they said in the woodland there
You must ask of the wandering breeze,
Who whispers all news of earth and air,
And is gossip of the trees, heigh-ho!
Old gossip of the trees.

PATTY'S FAREWELL

By Laura Clayton King

"THERE goes my last chance," lamented Patty. "Phil, I thought I'd land that professor."

"Why, Pat?"

"You'd think a professor would want an intellectual wife."

"Perhaps you lacked domestic science," he teased.

She set her teacup on the stone balustrade of the Country Club porch and faced her best friend's fiancé.

"Phil," she demanded deliberately. "Am I plain?"

"Of course not," he laughed.

Patty sighed prodigiously. "Then there's hope. It's not my fault that I have brains, but thank fortune I have also eyes.

"Perilous eyes, Pat," observed her companion, gazing into their lustrous grey depths.

"Phil," exclaimed the girl suddenly, "Why didn't you fall in love with me?"

"That's treason to Alice."

"Not at all—so long as I use the past tense."

"Well, Pat—"

"Honest."

"I think I was a little afraid of you—just a little."

"That's it! They all think me clever and it frightens them. Now that I know the trouble I'll use the remedy."

"Remedy?"

Patty straightened her slender figure and set her picture hat at a coquettish angle. "Phil," she announced, "I'm going to be a butterfly—the real butterfly kind—I must have a husband."

The man dropped his tennis racket and drew her down upon the balustrade beside him. "Pat," he said, "tell me

coherently why this avid determination to renounce independence."

She made a fascinating grimace. "They sent me a catalogue from the female college where they want me to teach next winter. There was the faculty in a ghastly row—G. P.'s, L. D.'s, A. B. C.'s—and suddenly I thought of my own name in the space over English Literature; Patricia Arnold, P. M. H."

"P. M. H.?"

"Past Married Hopes. It gave me heart failure and I decided to achieve a husband. Why, Phil, just because my father chose to educate me like a man is no reason to suppose that I'm not domestic. I'm fearfully feminine if you men would let me be. I can cook better pies than Alice and as for—" she paused abruptly and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed down upon a group of men just starting for the golf course.

"Who's that in the white sweater?"

"Blair—a New York broker."

"I like him. What's he doing here?"

"Sampling our North Carolina mountains."

"He doesn't know my specifications yet; that I write verse and that I've been offered the chair of English Literature at Clendon College. Guess I'll try for Blair."

The man laughed and sent a tennis ball speeding through the air. It struck the stranger's shoulder. He looked up with a smile and as Phil beckoned, nodded.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the flushed girl.

"To call him. If you will have him, Pat, of course—"

"Don't warn him that I'm a poet," she exclaimed breathlessly.

"He's probably read your verses in the magazines."

"You know that I use a man's name. I'm going to run into the dressing-room to powder my nose and you tell him that I'm a silly but you want him to stay for your supper this evening and be my partner."

Phil whistled. "Shall I send for the ring and a minister?"

"Don't be absurd! There he comes! Remember, Phil—I haven't a grain of sense."

The man nodded good-naturedly and when Bentley Blair came up, followed instructions with artistic finesse. The latter protested that he was without evening clothes but Phil declared that his affair was most informal and that he would appreciate Blair's remaining to fill a vacant place.

"Your partner will be a silly, little goose," he lied, "but rather pretty."

Blair lifted his brows. "The type of girl I abominate," he laughed.

"What kind do you like?" inquired startled Phil.

"Oh, a girl with brains! But never mind, old chap, guess I can endure her for one evening."

Patty appeared, powdered and frilled, and dimpled over the introduction like a matinee miss. Phil tried to draw her aside to advise a change of tactics but Blair, faithful to his charge, suggested a row on the lake till the other guests should have assembled from their various pursuits of golf, tennis and boating. Patty eagerly assented and with a despondent wave, Phil watched them pass down the steps and across the lawn.

When they were settled in the canoe Patty found it difficult to suppress her scintillating personality but the intellect which enabled her to write, guided her in the matter of coquetry. At first she said little but looked much and silence enabled Blair to take note of her lovely eyes. This coup she followed with a shy question or two, using upward glances for emphasis. Blair took keener note and a spark struck his interest.

Patty laughed, the shallow, sweet, evasive laugh of a very young girl. Blair forgot his preference for brains.

"It's lovely here," sighed Patty.

"Yes," replied the man, "your Southern sunsets are wonderful."

"You like them!"

"It's a great land for dreams. In the North—"

"Tell me about the North." She had taken a post graduate course at Columbia and had spent three summers in the woods of Maine.

"You've never been far from home! That's why your ideas are so—so naïve and refreshing."

"Are they?" blissfully murmured the pretender.

"You remind me of one of your own flowers. You should wear a garland of clover blossoms and—" he regarded her musingly and began to quote.

"I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathed
flowers;

I sat and wooed her through sunlight
wheeling,
And shadows stealing for hours and
hours."

Patty's abashed gaze dropped to the water lilies. "Poetry," she breathed, "how clever you are!"

"We'll have to read some together," patronized Blair.

"It's so hard to understand, but if you read to me I'm sure—" she blushed and said the rest with her lashes.

He leant forward on the oars. "There's some quite clear. Take this from a magazine:

"Love, I wear the poppy flower
Where late I wore the rose,
And why my fancy changed this hour
None but my sad heart knows—
repeat that," he commanded.

With her first genuine flush Patty repeated the lines.

"You who vowed to ever care
Have left but dreams to keep," continued Blair.

"You who vowed to ever care
Have left but dreams to keep,
And so I seek in bleak despair
The blessed boon of sleep."

Patty had mechanically completed the verse which was one of her own.

"You know it!" reproved the man.

She rushed into the breach, turning apparent disaster to victory. "It just came somehow—for you."

He let the boat drift and turned his entire attention to the pink and gold figure on the opposite seat.

"Child," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "your education's been neglected. They've let you grow up a sweet, pretty thing but under proper training there's no telling—why, you might even write yourself."

Patty dropped her abashed face into the laciest of handkerchiefs. He laid his hand tenderly upon her shoulder which heaved with emotion.

Twilight sent them back to the clubhouse. They strolled slowly through the silent woods and Patty let him hold her hand to help her over rocks. It was a very clinging hand. When they reached the veranda the other guests had been assembled for an hour and Phil was pale with suppressed anxiety.

"Well," he exclaimed as he and Blair stood slightly apart, "was she unbearably stupid?"

"Stupid!" the tone was indignant.

"I am going to relieve you and take her in myself," suggested the miserable host.

Patty moved toward them with an innocent smile.

"Phil," she murmured sweetly, "Mr. Blair's been teaching me poetry. Think how clever he must be to do that."

Blair's eyes kindled at her admiring glance. "Oh, there's plenty of appreciation under those curls," he protested. Then, with the air of a champion, "it just needed a discoverer."

Patty took his proffered arm and tripped past Phil with the appealing confidence of an ingenue.

During supper she drooped her lashes and murmured "Ah!" with just the

proper phrasing to bring out the subtle points of Blair's philosophy.

He was mentally twisting his index finger in the curl that draped her white neck, when Fielding, tennis champion of the season, challenged: "Patty, who taught you how a girl in love feels?"

"Intuition," she parried.

"Well, you certainly struck it in your last poem."

"What was the last?" called Marie Melton across the center piece of chrysanthemums.

"The Poppy Flower," explained Fielding and repeated the first verse.

There was a long silence, broken only by the gurgle of champagne, and the author dared not lift her eyes from the imitation canary adorning her ice.

"It won't fly away," teased Austin, next her, as he struck the head off his robin with an experimental spoon.

"It might," lamented Patty. "Oh, dear, if he—it should!"

Blair devoted the rest of the meal to the widow on his left, a handsome blonde and a connoisseur in Angoras. She was explaining why the blue-eyed ones are usually deaf.

"And why are the gray-eyed ones deceitful?" questioned the man severely.

"But are they?"

"Aren't they?" His voice addressed her but his glance accused Patty.

At the end of the meal he gravely offered the girl his arm and they left the dining-room in silence.

In the great illumined hall she escaped to Phil.

"Please, please," she wailed.

"Please what? Hurry, here comes that Johnson girl to hitch me to the pianola."

"Please play golf with Fielding tomorrow and aim your club so that it will brain him."

"How can I brain something that hasn't any?"

"At any rate muss his hair; that would be a calamity to Fielding."

The Johnson girl having completed her circuit, lifted an appealing pout and indicated the pianola.

"Jimmy and I want to—" she began.
 "Try the veranda, you don't need music there."

The pout was accentuated by carmine cheeks.

"Phil, you're a brute!" she breathed as she fled, bearing him in tow.

Patty sauntered toward the lantern-decked veranda. "What was the use of the gorgeous moon pushing up beyond a fringe of pines? What was the use of the scented stillness? What was the use of a poet's soul if one was always to be alone—apart from the throng—misunderstood—"

"When do you make your debut?" asked a quiet voice from the shadows!

"Oh!" Her heart lost a measure.
 "I—I—came out several seasons ago."

"On the stage, I mean."

"The stage!"

"It would be a pity for art to lose so clever an actress."

She made no answer.

"I should say your forte is comedy," he continued mercilessly. "When they announce you on Broadway I shall feel honored to remember that I once had the privilege of serving you as an insignificant super."

A sadder sigh than that of the pines halted him.

"I deserve it all," she said. "Good night, Mr. Blair."

He caught her little groping hand, and drew her down to the balustrade beside him.

"Patty," he reproached in a voice appealingly tender, "I'm not a woman's man—I don't understand the little wiles with which a siren tortures—I only know that I've always dreamed of a girl who would come into my life some day and fill it for eternity—a girl who was sweet and fine and true."

"You wanted one with intellect—didn't you?"

"That doesn't matter—"

"Then what does?"

"Herself. Do you think that I would

let any consideration count but the vital question of her sincerity? Marriage must be built on trust."

"Whose marriage?"

"Mine and yours."

"Yours—and—"

"Ours—from the moment I saw you this afternoon I resolved to take you home with me, but now, of course—"

"Of course!"

She began to sob. He started up but two frenzied hands clutched him eagerly.

"Please, just a moment; I need your shoulder to weep on."

"You're not weeping at all," he thundered.

"But I—"

"You're laughing!"

She lifted his hand to her cheek; it came away moist with contrition.

"Patty, Patty, what are you, a Minerva or a simpleton?" he demanded, shaking her by the shoulders.

"I'm just a girl whose brain has been trained like a pedagogue's and whose heart is a silly fluff—What are we arguing about, anyway?"

"You surely can't deny that you're a coquette."

"I might have been if I'd had a chance, but men were afraid of my mentality."

"If you've played with them all as you have with me—"

"Played!" she lifted her head from his shoulder and regarded him with the eager gaze of a delighted child. "Played—really? Do you know that's what I've wanted to do since my grammar days, but I've never had a chance."

He attempted hauteur. "Now that the chance has come and is about to go—"

"I'm going with it."

At the conclusion of the seventh kiss she struggled erect in his arms.

"Dear," she murmured.

"Yes?"

"I forgot—did you propose to me?"



LE SECRET DE DON JUAN

By Han Ryner

TOUS les récits de l'entrevue de Don Juan et du Commandeur sont inexactes et les paroles puériles rapportées par les divers auteurs ne furent point prononcées. Le véritable dialogue exprima des choses profondes et singulières, et j'ai peut-être le devoir de les faire connaître.

Il est bien vrai que la statue invita le vivant à souper et que le vivant accepta. Alors l'homme de pierre admira la vaillance de l'homme de chair. Mais celui-ci, avec un sourire plus triste que hautain :

— Je n'ai nul besoin de courage. Je suis celui pour qui le danger n'existe pas.

Le Commandeur interrogea, railleur :

— Te croirais-tu immortel ?

— Non, répondit le séducteur. Et cependant je ne puis mourir, moi qui ne suis pas un vivant.

La statue fit, d'étonnement, un pas en arrière. Et elle s'exclama :

— Tu sais cela ! Déjà !

— J'ai compris, hier, en me promenant dans la forêt.

Mais la statue secoua lourdement sa tête lourde.

— qu'as-tu compris ? dit-elle. Les mots sont caprices et vanités. Chacun est riche de mille significations, mais la plupart de ces significations sont de telles pauvretés ! . . . Peut-être tu ne sais rien et tu n'as rien dit.

— Je me connais et je me suis dit.

Or, Don Juan expliqua :

— Tout vivant est éternel. O le noble poème infini dont chaque existence dit une phrase. Une phrase, entends-tu ? Un seul verbe et une seule musique, la fleur d'un sentiment nouveau merveilleusement épanouie sur la tige d'une

pensée nouvelle. Moi, cette fois-ci, je fus une misérable et pénible transition, créatrice d'unité, elle-même sans unité. Dispersé par mon effort pour embrasser trop de passé et trop d'avenir, je ne suis pas du présent.

Il songea encore, parleur lent :

— Parfois, en voyage, devant certains, lieux inconnus à notre mémoire actuelle, une étrange nostalgie naît en nous ; nous rêvons de vivre et de mourir dans ce cadre qui semble notre cadre. Talonnés par leur destinée de cette fois, par la nécessité d'accomplir toute la besogne de la journée, les autres passent. Le désir d'un instant s'évanouit peu à peu comme un rêve. Et ils ne savent pas de quelle vérité était fait ce mensonge ; ils ne se doutent pas que l'inquiétude bientôt disparue était la réminiscence d'un ancien séjour ou, plus rarement, ce que j'oserais appeler l'aveugle prévision d'une vie future. Moi qui n'avais rien à faire aujourd'hui, moi qui n'étais pas un acte et un être déterminés, je me suis arrêté partout, j'ai transformé en réalités tous mes vagues désirs indifférents et je me suis donné toutes les déceptions. Je bâille, à la fin d'un jour inoccupé, où je me suis étendu, ennuyé, sur les gazons menteurs qui me firent signe.

Il ajouta, plus amer :

— L'expression la plus noble de l'unité, c'est l'amour. Certes, le plus fidèle entend en lui l'appel de plusieurs désirs, beaux souvenirs ou adorables pressentiments. Chaque phrase du poème s'éclaire fantastiquement du reflet des phrases précédentes, et elle marche vers la lueur incertaine que semble déjà allumer l'avenir. Mais moi je ne suis pas une idée nouvelle, je ne suis

pas un amour nouveau, je ne suis pas un accroissement. Je n'ai aimé personne, nulle richesse ne s'est ajoutée à mon trésor. Mille baisers, vite épou-vanté, ont mis à mes lèvres l'odeur des pourritures et des cadavres; et pour-tant, ô maîtresses de Don Juan, vous fûtes presque toutes, en des existences passées, de véritables bien-aimées et de vivantes amours. Et vous qui agaciez mon âme comme le fruit vert agace les dents, ah! combien vous me serez douces dans le futur. Il me tarde d'échapper à cette transition faite de mille balbutiements hésitants, d'être enfin une destinée qui affirme. Par pitié, ô statue, aide ma dispersion à mourir. Tue, je t'en supplie, la mort que je suis, afin que, par les nécessaires épreuves, je monte enfin à l'unité d'une vie et d'un amour

Le Commandeur n'eut pas un mouve-ment.

Tête basse, Don Juan interrogea :

—La bien-aimée de ma vie actuelle a-t-elle oublié le rendez-vous et n'est-

elle pas venue sur cette terre? Ou n'ai-je point su la reconnaître? Parle, si tu sais.

La statue se taisait.

Don Juan la saisit à deux mains, voulut la secouer. Sous son effort, elle fut immobile comme une montagne.

Or, pendant l'effort inutile, il répétait la question. Il obtint enfin une ré-sponse,—un long ricanement.

Alors ses mains vaincues s'éloignè-ent de la statue. Et il eut sur les lèvres la clarté du sourire qui comprend et qui accepte.

—Dieu ne se trompe point, dit-il. Sans doute, le résumé était nécessaire à l'ordonnance belle de l'ensemble. Mais je vous remercie, Seigneur, car je la sens terminée, la transition fatigante et ennuyeuse.

Devant la statue immobile et qui se taisait, sans que la terre s'entr'ouvrit, sans que le tonnerre grondât, Don Juan s'éecroula sur le sol indifférent, appa-rence tuée par la trop exacte conscience de son néant.



A GREAT nation is any mob of people which produces at least one great man a century.



THE greatest discovery we can make in this life is that we have been sorry for what is done every day by the best people.



IT is not the drinker, but the man who has just stopped drinking, who thinks the world is going to the dogs.



FIRMNESS in decision is often merely a form of stupidity. It indicates an inability to think the same thing out twice.

IN SPITE OF LIMITATIONS

• By Alice Mary Kimball

HERBERT ANSTRUTHER turned his head—an eminently virtuous head which might have served as a model for a bust of Marcus Aurelius—and glanced around his study in disgust.

The correctness of its furnishings had suddenly become intolerable. The few good pictures, which had been his pride, rasped on his nerves. His face grew gloomy as he surveyed the prim rows of classics which filled his bookshelves.

"Every man," he thought aloud, "has his limitation—respectability seems to be mine."

Women liked Anstruther—probably because of his sincere indifference to them. In his world of tangible things, they seemed detached, irrelevant, and unreal.

Their constant rattling of small talk annoyed him. He could more readily understand the jargoning of a Chinese insurance agent. So he filled in the time with his own brand of conversation.

Did a languorous maid lead the subject sinuously to a consideration of her eyes? He advanced a half-hour speech on the upbuilding of the merchant marine. Did she display seductive curves incidentally—while calling attention to the cut of her gown? He parried with a dissertation on Russian diplomacy. Continually he hurled solid information on the financial situation, the tariff, the war, and what not at fluffy, bejeweled heads. Gossamer webs of feminine finesse, spun to enmesh the ego of the strutting male, vanished like thistle down in a high wind before his prolix expositions of the single tax. Soulful

hints for appreciation and understanding crashed foursquare into his erudite monologues on international disarmament.

In spite of all this, his women friends were of good courage. They eddied about him in flocks. They hung on his words.

Once—quite by accident—he married one.

She was a soft young thing, sweet and perfumed. When her eyes caressed his as he discussed political issues in the moonlight, she seemed an angel, a fairy, and a soulmate. With marriage, her interest in politics ceased abruptly. She grew fat, flirted vulgarly, and lavished geysers of maternal affection on a Pomeranian terrier. Anstruther hated dogs.

The study door was ajar. From an adjoining room her voice drifted in.

"My dear," it was saying, "I've been simply rushed to death. The Swami's classes every morning and bridge and dancing every afternoon for two weeks. And the opera. Don't you dote on Karenski? I simply adore his hair. Oh, I forgot. Promise never to tell—"

The sound of his wife's voice acted like a stimulant upon Anstruther. He arose. A grim persistence—an Anstruther family trait—had penciled lines about his mouth.

"It must be done," he said firmly, "in spite of my limitations, it must be done."

For the next hour he made a careful study of the telephone book. He checked off a dozen numbers with a pencil. He called each one and made an appointment. Then, systematically, he made notes in a book, inscribing

numerous remarks underneath each name. This done, he sent for a taxi.

* * * *

Miss Cynthia Barlow was essentially a motherly person, despite her spinsterhood. Her maternal instincts, lacking a natural outlet, had for years overflowed and inundated the community with welfare societies, drama improvement clubs, and charity guilds.

Anstruther felt, as he was admitted to her private office, that her ample lap should be covered with a white kitchen apron with pockets for gingersnaps and cookies. She bustled forward with a cheery, housewifely air to find the most comfortable chair for her caller.

"You've come to talk about the Hutchins settlement, I know," she said smiling.

Anstruther cleared his throat loudly. His jaw was set, and slow fires of determination smoldered in his eyes.

"What would you say," he began in measured, monotonous tones like a schoolboy declaiming a memorized essay, "if I were to tell you that my apparent interest in your work has been a farce—that I have feigned it because it gave me a chance to be with you—to feel your presence—to—to—"

He faltered and stole a quick glance at his notebook. Miss Barlow's jaw dropped, increasing the number of her double chins.

"We were boy and girl together," pursued the man, seeking a place of disposal for his hands and feet, "and there was a Mayday long ago when we gathered violets. You have forgotten, but my soul has been kept alive for years by the fragrance of those blossoms. Today I had to tell you. Forgive me! I had hoped to keep silent, but—"

Across a heap of playground charts on her desk, Miss Barlow stared with dilated eyes. Yes, it was he—respected of the respected in Benningfield! It was the same Herbert Anstruther who was the bone and sinew of the Fortnightly Browning Club—who had passed the plate at St. John's every Sunday morning for twenty years!

"If I could gather violets with you again—"

"Mr. Anstruther," gasped Miss Barlow in horror, "You are a married man!"

"Taunt me, if you will," retorted Anstruther, "I do not blame you. I was young. In six months I saw my mistake. Oh, I wish you would try to understand a little."

"I'm not taunting you," replied Miss Barlow, her fat little body quivering, "but I cannot allow you to imply such—such very improper things of Mrs. Anstruther."

Anstruther was talking on with the persistence of a book agent.

"I can still smell the violets and with the stirrings of spring, the memory of that Mayday overcomes me. Why may we not have it again? Why not arise early while the fog is on the trees? I want to see you dancing in the morning mists like a nymph from a Corot."

Miss Barlow was overwhelmed. She buried her cherubic pug nose in a handkerchief. Into her life of colorless days had blown the whirlwind of a great adventure, driving ahead like chaff all thoughts of the social uplift, and sweeping into chaos a meeting with the schoolboard at 10:30, a talk before the woman's club at two, and an evening appointment with a committee of aldermen.

Above the plunging of her heart, she heard her voice saying faintly:

"Will you please leave, Mr. Anstruther?"

To her astonishment, Anstruther left with alacrity. Miss Barlow locked the door of her inner office. She walked to the mirror, and massaged a line here, a wrinkle there. Her face was triumphant. All the wrinkles and double chins in the world could not take from her the precious knowledge that she was loved. And by Herbert Anstruther! He really preferred her sterling worth to the insolence of that painted little butterfly, Poppy McGrath! He realized it now—too late. She wished Poppy could know it. The spiteful, mean little cat!

Then from the depths, uprose her conscience like an avenging angel. This, she told herself, was her great temptation. The serpent was offering her an apple. For a long time she struggled. After an hour she emerged—nose shiny, face tearstained, and character intact. She would not, she had definitely decided, go Maying in the morning mists with Herbert Anstruther. What is more, she would do her full duty and tell Mrs. Anstruther all about it.

Anstruther's next stop was at Elmsmere, the aristocratic colonial mansion of Mrs. Henry Endicott, whose ancestors began with the landing of the Mayflower and ended with her election to the presidency of the D. A. R. In Benningfield, Mrs. Endicott's name was synonymous with icy exclusiveness.

After he left Miss Barlow, Anstruther's sense of relief grew into exaltation. He had swatted his mightiest enemy a giant's blow. He had thought he couldn't—and he did! He had discovered within himself the resources to overcome apparently insuperable difficulties. He felt friendly with himself—almost gay. But in Mrs. Endicott's chilly drawing-room, his warmth congealed.

"I am a fool, a fool!" he exclaimed in self-reproach, as he looked across several feet of carpet at the portly, correctly gowned figure of his hostess.

Then commenced a life and death struggle between the ancestral persistence of the Anstruthers and the hereditary polished marble dignity of the mistress of the Endicott mansion.

"Such an ungettable woman," chafed Anstruther.

For one black hour he lingered on the edge of utter failure. As he rose to go he struck out.

"Mrs. Endicott," he said, "perhaps you wonder why I came here this afternoon. The reason is simple. I want you to give me as a keepsake one of your little slippers!"

"One of my little—what?" stammered Mrs. Endicott, concealing quickly beneath her skirt her generous foot.

"One of your little slippers," repeated Anstruther blandly.

"What—what for?"

"To hang on my watch chain perhaps," said the man dreamily, "or possibly to keep by me always as a reminder of you—to look at the first thing in the morning—the last thing at night."

With that, Anstruther bolted for the door, leaving Mrs. Endicott with her Puritan stiffness draped limply over the piano.

Again he was overwhelmed by great exhilaration. He had dealt respectability another fatal blow. He felt joyously satanic. He found himself buying a scarlet carnation for his buttonhole and whistling a jaunty tune.

The last cup of tea had been drained and the youngest poet had departed when Anstruther arrived at the Sanskrita Club where Mrs. Jackie DePuyster had been entertaining a party of queerly heterogeneous intellectuals. She advanced to meet him, radiant with smiles.

Things always dangled from Mrs. DePuyster—earrings, pendants, and necklaces. She was perfumed, powdered, effusive.

"It's a shame you didn't come in time to hear the talk by Mr. Parkin J. O'Hare—the famous playwright, you know—on 'The Newest Love.' It was so awfully daring," she gurgled.

Anstruther looked interested.

"I'm keen on all these radical things. Aren't you?"

"Rather."

"Unconventionality appeals to me. The more radical an idea is the more I feel drawn to it."

"I understand," replied Anstruther solemnly, "and I wish to know more about these free, new things. Will you explain them to me if I take you home? I have a taxi outside."

"Are you especially interested in any particular line of study?" inquired Mrs. DePuyster as Anstruther handed her into the taxi.

"I'm interested in everything that is

against what now is—anarchism, occultism, post-impressionism—”

“Suffrage?” put in Mrs. DePuyster hopefully.

“Nothing so conservative. Feminism possibly. And free love. Especially free love. Do you believe—”

“As I believe in my own life,” answered Mrs. DePuyster, “I believe that the soul is dowered with the right to adventure and explore.”

“You are a broad-minded woman,” said Anstruther, “of course you cannot say such things to everybody.”

Mrs. DePuyster addressed her companion as though he were a public meeting at the city hall.

“The time has come,” she intoned, “for frankness. We must speak out what we think. Only prudery and concealment are dangerous. We must throw false modesty to the winds.”

“You believe that women and men should love whomever they like and as many times as they like?”

“Why not?”

“It’s hard sometimes—on the woman.”

Mrs. DePuyster grew intense. Her pendants quivered.

“Every advance in freedom must have its pioneers. That’s what Mr. O’Hare—the famous playwright, you know—said in his talk this afternoon. He told how we should all stand by those who strike a blow for liberty.”

“Why not,” suggested Anstruther, who was puffing away comfortably at a big cigar, “why not strike the blow ourselves?”

Mrs. DePuyster lifted her eyebrows.

“Do not be content merely to stand by. Throw down the gauntlet yourself. Leave your fat husband. Throw off the soul-sapping incubus of children. Renounce the dreary treadmill of the home. Don’t sit in parlors *talking* about the revolution, *Start* something.”

“You are joking,” said Mrs. DePuyster moving about nervously.

“I do not joke,” returned Anstruther, “upon sacred subjects. Fly with me! An hour will put us in New York. Tonight a little steamer puts out for the Orient—the Orient with its strange

fascination, its alluring mysteries—”

Mrs. DePuyster bounced like a tennis ball to the far end of the seat, and crouched there staring.

“Surrounded by the glamour of the East,” the man went on, regarding her with half-closed lids through wreaths of smoke, “you would be wonderful. There is something untamed about you—”

“Do you mean to insinuate,” interrupted Mrs. DePuyster frigidly, “that I am not a respectable woman?”

“You have the soul of a gypsy dancing girl,” finished Anstruther, referring to his notes.

“If you don’t stop—I—I shall scream!”

“It’s just as I thought,” he said pleasantly, “you are merely a perfectly proper girl. They swarm everywhere. Also they bore me. I’m going to put you out on the next corner. I have a rather long list of ladies to see this afternoon, and I can’t waste time on those that aren’t—er—my sort.”

“If I could only tell someone,” thought Mrs. DePuyster, as she waited for a car at the corner of Sixth and Main, “I’d feel a lot better. I’ve got to get it out of me somehow. The insulting brute!”

Then she saw Cynthia Barlow. She considered Miss Barlow an uninteresting frump, and Miss Barlow thought her a person of shockingly wicked ideas. But she simply had to tell someone. And Miss Barlow was taking the same car.

* * * *

Anstruther dismissed the taxi, and went directly to his study. He found a note on the writing-table.

His wife had wasted no words.

“No explanations can gloss over the facts I have discovered this afternoon concerning your private life,” it read. “You are a monster, a Don Juan, and I can prove it. I shall start divorce at once. In the meantime, do not try to find me.”

Anstruther smiled into the open fire.

“In spite of my limitations,” he said slowly, “I’ve done it.”

HIS BEST FRIEND

By James Huneker

WHEN Sanchon heard the news he was busy dictating a communication to his lawyer in which he exposed with merciless logic and rhetorical emphasis the deceit and villainy of Fulbert. The thing was as plain as daylight. Not a link in his chain of wrathful accusations seemed weak or misplaced. The man was a liar, perhaps worse; in any case, a cold-hearted wretch. Sanchon paused and wiped his wet forehead. And then a friend had rushed in with the evening papers. Fulbert was dead. Yes, Fulbert, his chief foe, the foe that had watched and blocked every move in his career, had dropped dead after leaving his office, where no doubt he had written another of his vile critical attacks upon Sanchon's new book. But Fulbert dead! Sanchon turned toward the open window so as to keep from the others, his silly friend and his stupid secretary, the smile that he couldn't prevent wrinkling his lips. Fulbert dead. At last. How many times had he not secretly longed for this consummation. How often had he prayed to some of his gods—he was too artistic for only one—prayed in the night that the malicious devil who boldly signed himself Fulbert would fall under revolving wheels; would, when besotted by drink, incapacitate himself; or drug himself into imbecility. And now he was dead, the venomous dog. Sanchon faced about and no longer attempted to conceal his feelings.

"Fulbert dead?" he said in an almost jocular tone. "What in the world will I do for an enemy? You know, Tarver, he was mine ancient enemy, and I have a theory that a man's enemies do him

more good than his friends, and—" "For heaven's sake Sanchon stop your cold-blooded talk and let the poor devil rest; besides—" he whispered in Sanchon's ear, who nodded. "Yes, yes, you're quite right. The girl did look shocked. You may go home Miss Addie, I shan't need you any more today." When the friends reached the street Tarver proposed a drink but Sanchon refused. He did not feel in the humor, he said, and Tarver lifted cynical eyebrows. "Oh, very well, if you fear the same fate as your friend Fulbert, I'll leave you to your meditations. I suppose you'll send a wreath to the funeral."

Sanchon was glad to be alone. What beastly wit. No, he wouldn't send flowers, nor would he write to the widow. He had known her long before her marriage to Fulbert. Poor Fulbert. Well, why not? The fellow was dead, and as Helen had married him it was her affair—pshaw! He had really never wanted her. Only—Fulbert. Why that particular man? Why Fulbert? Sanchon walked rapidly, clenching his fists and unconsciously frowning. Several acquaintances passed him but he did not see them. They smiled. Decidedly Sanchon was a queer bird; all writers are queer. One man familiarly hooked his arm with a cane: "Hello there, old chap. I see your friend has passed in his chips. Going to wear crape?" "Oh, for God's sake!" cried Sanchon in a black humor, "don't mock at death." "Phew!" was all he heard as he turned into a side street, ruminating on that old yet ever new text: Fulbert dead. . . .

At the end of a fortnight Sanchon

suffered from a certain inquietude. Some poison was in his veins. His nerves were playing him tricks. He could not work. Instead, he stared from his window at the city, streaked like a map, beneath his eighteenth floor. He saw the two rivers meet at the Battery, and he watched the white fleecy cloud-boulders, vanguard of a thunderstorm, move in processional splendor across the lower bay. He did not read, nor write. His new book had appeared, and a glance at the press-clippings told him that it was being insipidly praised. His friends. Yes, friends that waste the very sinews of the soul. Not a club stroke from a hostile critic, not an acid stab from an enemy. Had he no longer enemies? Had they all been concentrated in the person of Fulbert, this Fulbert who was dead and cremated? He pondered the idea. His own careless words, like curses, were coming home to roost in his skull. Without an enemy, he had often said, a man of talent is like soil unploughed. What an infernal paradox. An enemy—why, he had them by the score. Yet not such a master-hand as Fulbert. Fulbert it was who had eagerly awaited his first book and with a devilishness almost feminine had praised it, pouring into every phrase a double-distilled, corrosive flattery that withered all it touched. The poor little volume of verse quietly shriveled up and died. In the face of such diabolic appreciation all friendly criticism must, perforce, pale or seem fatuous. It had been a favorite method of the dead man. He alone had possessed the subtle syllabic tact for such critical assassinations. And the first novel. That had succumbed to the trumpet blasts of laughter; laughter consumedly Rabelaisian, ventral laughter permeated by false good-humor. Focusing the strong light of ridicule upon his ideas, perverting his every intention, caricaturing his heroics. Fulbert had slaughtered Sanchon's book, withal so merrily that no suspicion attached to the butcher; the butchery itself had been irresistibly comical.

So it had gone on for years; book

after book had been attacked, and always in some surprisingly cruel and original fashion. The ingenuity of Fulbert was satanic. He always bowed pleasantly to his victim, who could have shot him. Once they met at a friendly board. Mrs. Fulbert was present, and, as if to show off his critical paces, her husband called across the table to Sanchon: "Ah! My old friend, the writer. Are you going to give us your usual improvisation this evening?" Mrs. Fulbert turned her head away so as not to laugh in his face while Sanchon, white with rage, though keeping his peace, swallowed a glass of water.

No wonder he smiled when the news reached him. For the widow he, of course, felt sorry. The critic had died without leaving a penny, after the manner of most critics, and the poor lady was forced to leave the city and earn her living elsewhere. This he had heard. Did it concern him? He tried to gloat over his enemy's death. He could not. Fulbert was dead. Ay, and by the same token Sanchon would follow him not many years later; perhaps sooner than he expected. He gazed across the East River. The new bridge with its gaunt frame-work recalled the image of some heaven-storming archaic machine, some impious Tower of Babel full of rebellious, God-hating men eager to capture the secret of the skies. Without knowing why, he sighed. Life seemed empty. His hands relaxed and from them his ambition slipped away. Why had he not married for love as—again he thought of Fulbert. Would he have been happier? Wouldn't he have been a better hater? Wasn't it all a matter of surface irritation, an author's lacerated vanity? Hadn't Fulbert's attacks stung his sensitive epidermis, forcing him to fight on, urging him to finer work, to wider conquests? Would praise have accomplished a like result? In a grim mood he turned to the window and launched his gaze toward Long Island.

Over there, over at Fresh Pond, what was once Fulbert now lay enclosed in an urn. He had been cremated. San-

chon could not tear his thoughts away from that urn. In it were the burned bones of his adversary. He picked up his hat mechanically and went down into the street. Presently he found himself riding across Williamsburg Bridge.

The approach was like the road to any cemetery. Little houses of one story, with gaping black entrances, displayed mortuary ornaments, metallic wreaths, hideous emblems, banners of supreme ugliness, shafts of marble pointing dirty white digits to the sky, botched carved angels perched on shapeless lumps of granite—all invited the sentimental poor to purchase. The road was muddy and opposite the cemetery was a huge hostelry for man, beast and mourners where funeral parties frequented there to enjoy the greasy food and the copious refreshment. Oh! The desperate jollity of those gatherings, at which the bereaved were inwardly strengthened and helped to bear their burden of woe in an unfeeling world. No matter the doleful faces coming, on going they were flushed and wore an expression of specious comfort. Every day there was a sepulchral comminglement of black-robed women, children and men, hurrying to and fro, gabbling, excitedly swallowing any food before them; while the waiters, accustomed to this bedlam of grief and glut-tony, rushed in and around the groups, seated or standing, frantic because of the conflicting orders, glad to pitch anything on the tables and hardly thanking the guests for their fees.

Sanchon hastily passed this melancholy rout of sorrow and baked meats, and soon found himself in the Columbarium of the Crematory. It was an impressive chamber. No hint of the furnace; the architecture with its calm classic touch was thrown into relief by the severe, solemn tones of an organ

hidden from view. A service had just been concluded. Some persons lingered to see their precious dead consigned to the purifying flame; almost reverently Sanchon watched the end of a human, all the while contrasting this antique mode with the ghastly open grave, the clods of earth and gravel falling dully upon a coffin. The music ceased. He questioned an attendant and was directed to an upper gallery. Here, after a short search, he found a compartment in which lodged a new urn. It bore the name of his enemy, Fulbert. A great loneliness invaded his spirit. There laid Fulbert dead and forever dead. No one had so hated him. No one had taken such an interest in him. When he had felt the critical surgeon's knife in his innermost fibre he realized that the surgeon had performed his task with a sort of loving hatred—he knew every line of Sanchon's works. He had read Sanchon, studied Sanchon, gloried in Sanchon as a means to display his wit and skill. What if he did wound the victim. Does the life-saver who scientifically carves your leg from your body hate you? Are you not merely a subject for his technical talent? Did Fulbert ever hate Sanchon? Was not Sanchon merely a field whereon the critic displayed his pen-prowess? Who had so faithfully kept his name before the public, who would again take the same interest in Sanchon? Fulbert, Sanchon, Sanchon, Fulbert—these two men were made for each other by the ironical gods on high who mock the destinies of suffering mankind.

With blurred eyes he spied upon the urn; he read the inscription: "Henry Fulbert. Aged 48 years." Nothing more. And then heavily leaning against the enclosure his cheeks feverish he spoke as in a dream: "I feel lonely without him. After all he was my best friend." . . .



THE BALLAD OF SHIPS IN HARBOR

*CLATTER of sheers and derrick,
Rattle of box and bale;
The ships of the earth are at their docks,
Back from the world-round trail;
Back from the wild waste northward,
Back from the wind and the lea,
Back from the ports of East and West,
Back from the under sea.*

Here is a bark from Rio,
Back, and away she steals!
Here from her trip is a clipper ship
That showed the sea her heels:
South to the Gallapagos,
Down, due South, to the Horn,
And up, by the Windward Passage way,
On the breath of the balm-winds borne.

There, standing down the channel,
With a smoke-wake o'er her rail,
Is a ship that goes to Zanzibar
Along the world-round trail;
Ere seven suns have kissed her
She may pound on Quoddy Head,
A surf-tossed speck of melting wreck,
Deep-freighted with her dead.

And see that gaunt Norwegian,
Greasy, grimy and black:
She sails today for Yeddo Bay;
Who knows but she comes not back?
And there is a tramp from Bristol,
And yonder a white-winged Dane—
Oh, a song for the ships that put to sea
And come not back again!

*Clatter of sheers and derrick,
Rattle of box and bale;
The ships of the earth are home today,
Tomorrow they shall sail;
Cleared for the dawn and the sunset,
Cleared for the wind and the lea;
World-round and back by the olden track—
Playthings of the sea!*

POEMS AFTER THE CHINESE

By Harcourt Mountain

I

THE plum blossoms tremble softly in the moonlight. They seem like a thousand silver butterflies asleep, with delicate stirring wings fanned by the cool night breeze.

Only their perfume reaches me in the still breathings of the darkness, like the vague wafture borne at twilight over the summer sea. I dream amidst invisible odors.

In my vision of enchantment there are strange flowers that flutter like the butterflies, and strange butterflies that are fragrant like the flowers.

II

There is stillness this afternoon in the garden.

The lotos flowers dream languorously on the lagoon, and the jeweled dragon-fly hovers poised over one great lily.

Here in the deep shadow of the orange trees I nod drowsily over the books of the poets. They are very beautiful, these songs of my poets: but sweeter is the stillness in the garden.

All the afternoon in the blue above the pearly junks have sailed slowly past, and with them my soul has drifted far away over heavenly seas.

III

In the golden morning I went down by the river-side, and walked among the rushes. Tall and green they stand and luscious with the springtime.

The bees were noisily humming over the yellow water flowers, and these lilies received the musicians with laughter and opened their creamy petals with shy delight.

I brought forth my flute, and the slumbering melodies of my soul were blown over the marshes by the morning winds. A glad joy swelled in my heart, and the rushes shimmered with bright happiness.

In the spring my home is among the green rushes. There in the solitude I stand listening; the placid water whispers to me, and the rushes thrill with the delicate promise of the summer. There lingering apart with springtime in my soul I hear the bees hum by the river.

IV

In the cool of the evening I wandered disconsolately by the lake in the gardens of the palace. The stars had come out and shone pale in the violet sky, yet I regarded them not but gazed on the shadowy images of the willows reflected in the still water.

The darkness was calm and peaceful, yet the plaintive crooning of the crickets left me sad. The air was sweet with the perfume of the spring evening, but it

seemed to me that the drowsy censers of the Emperor made the night languid and mournful. In the dark trees the birds were all silent, and in vain I listened for my nightingale: but I thought I heard the bats flapping secretly in the gloom of the peach orchard.

Afar off came the voices of the flower girls singing in delight: but one whom I sought was not here and I wandered disconsolately under the water willows.



A PRAYER FOR PURITANS

HELP us, O Lord, to be the servants and the weapons of Thy vengeance, that evil-doers may fear Thy Holy Name in this, Thy world! Teach us to smell them out and track them down, to search out their fastnesses when they flee, to seize them and hale them up for judgment. Give us strength that we may overcome them when they struggle against Thy righteous wrath; give us cunning to match and overmatch the cunning of their evil-doing. Lead us into their secret paths; make us to know their private offending; grant us sight and talent at the knot-hole and the key-hole; give us the gift of seeing around corners. We pray Thee that none may elude us, that none may go unwhipped of our holy zeal. We beseech Thee to deliver multitudes into our hands, that we may have our reward for keeping Thy Commandments.

Especially, O Lord, we pray Thee for that heavenly guidance which will send us unerringly to the hidden haunt of the Scarlet Woman, that we drag her out into the light of Thy blessed sun, and expose to all men the spectacle of her disgrace. Suffer us to punish her shame with more shame, to cover her obloquy with more obloquy, to pile misery upon her misery, to degrade her further in her just and unescapable degradation. Suffer us to pursue her with whips and dark lanterns, with warrants and policemen's clubs, with horse, foot and dragoons. Give her unto us that we may cage her, and punish her, and torture her, and burn her, to the glory of Thy Omnipotent Name, Amen!



WOMEN never really trust their husbands. They merely trust their own foxiness.



VICE is often nothing but virtue made pleasant.



ACELEBRATED man is one who is well known to hundreds of persons he is glad he doesn't know.

THE TENTS OF THE ARABS

By Lord Dunsany

Dramatis Personæ

THE KING
BEL-NARB } *Camel-drivers*
AOOB }
THE CHAMBERLAIN
ZABRA (*a notable*)
EZNARZA (*a gypsy of the desert*)

SCENE: *Outside the gate of the city of Thalanna* TIME: *Uncertain*

ACT I

BEL-NARB

By evening we shall be in the desert again.

AOOB

Yes.

BEL-NARB

Then no more city for us for many weeks.

AOOB

Ah!

BEL-NARB

We shall see the lights come out, looking back from the camel-track; that is the last we shall see of it.

AOOB

We shall be in the desert then.

BEL-NARB

The old angry desert.

AOOB

How cunningly the Desert hides his wells! You would say he had an enmity with man. He does not welcome you as the cities do.

BEL-NARB

He has an enmity. I hate the desert.

AOOB

I think there is nothing in the world so beautiful as cities.

BEL-NARB

Cities are beautiful things.

AOOB

I think they are loveliest a little after dawn when night falls off from the houses. They draw it away from them slowly and let it fall like a cloak and stand quite naked in their beauty to shine in some broad river, and the light comes up and kisses them on the forehead. I think they are loveliest then. The voices of men and women begin to arise in the streets, scarce audible, one by one, till a slow, loud murmur arises and all the voices are one. I often think the city speaks to me then: she says in that voice of hers, "Aoob, Aoob, who one of these days shall die, I am earthly, I have been always, I shall not die."

BEL-NARB

I do not think that cities are loveliest at dawn. We can see dawn in the desert any day. I think they are loveliest just when the sun is set and a dusk steals along the narrower streets, a dusk that

is not of the night yet not of the day, a kind of mystery in which we can see cloaked figures and yet not quite discern whose figures they be. And just when it would be dark, and out in the desert there would be nothing to see but a black horizon and a black sky on top of it, just then the swinging lanterns are lighted up and lights come out in windows one by one and all the colours of the raiments change. Then a woman, perhaps, will slip from a little door and go away up the street into the night, and a man, perhaps, will steal by with a dagger for some old quarrel's sake, and Skarmi will light up his house to sell brandy all night long, and men will sit on benches outside his door playing skabash by the glare of a small green lantern, while they light great bubbling pipes and smoke nargroob. O it is all very good to watch! And I like to think as I smoke and see these things that somewhere, far away, the desert has put up a huge red cloud like a wing so that all the Arabs know that next day the Siroc will blow, the accursed breath of Eblis, the father of Satan.

AOOB

Yes, it is pleasant to think of the Siroc when one is safe in a city, but I do not like to think about it now, for before the day is out we will be taking pilgrims to Mecca, and who ever prophesied or knew by wit what the desert had in store? Going into the desert is like throwing bone after bone to a dog, some he will catch and some of them he will drop. He may catch our bones, or we may go by and come to gleaming Mecca. O-ho, I would I were a merchant with a little booth in a frequented street to sit all day and barter.

BEL-NARB

Aye, it is easier to cheat some lord coming to buy silk and ornaments in a city than to cheat death in the desert. Oh, the desert, the desert, I love the beautiful cities and I hate the desert.

AOOB (*pointing off L.*)

Who is that?

BEL-NARB

What? There by the desert's edge where the camels are?

AOOB

Yes, who is it?

BEL-NARB

He is staring across the desert the way that the camels go. They say that the King goes down to the edge of the desert and often stares across it. He stands there for a long time of an evening, looking towards Mecca.

AOOB

Of what use is it to the King to look towards Mecca? He cannot go to Mecca. He cannot go into the desert for one day. Messengers would run after him and cry his name and bring him back to the council-hall or to the chamber of judgment. If they could not find him their heads would be struck off and put high up upon some windy roof: the judges would point at them and say "They see better there!"

BEL-NARB

No, the King cannot go away into the desert. If God were to make me King I would go down to the edge of the desert once, and I would shake the sand out of my turban and out of my beard and then I would never look at the desert again. Greedy and parched old parent of thousands of devils! He might cover the wells with sand, and blow with his Siroc, year after year and century after century, and never earn one of my curses—if God made me King.

AOOB

They say you are like the King.

BEL-NARB

Yes, I am like the King. Because his father disguised himself as a camel-driver and came through our villages. I often say to myself "God is just. And if I could disguise myself as the King and drive him out to be a camel-driver, that would please God, for He is just."

AOOB

If you did this God would say "Look at Bel-Narb, whom I made to be a camel-driver and who has forgotten this." And then He would forget you, Bel-Narb.

BEL-NARB

Who knows what God would say?

AOOB

Who knows? His ways are wonderful.

BEL-NARB

I would not do this thing, Aob. I would not do it. It is only what I say to myself as I smoke, or at night out in the desert. I say to myself "Bel-Narb is King in Thalanna." And then I say, "Chamberlain, bring Skarmi here with his brandy and his lanterns and boards to play skabash, and let all the town come and drink before the palace and magnify my name.

PILGRIMS (*Calling off L.*)

Bel-Narb! Bel-Narb! Child of two dogs. Come and untether your camels. Come and start for holy Mecca.

BEL-NARB

A curse on the desert.

AOOB

The camels are rising. The caravan starts for Mecca. Farewell, beautiful city.

(PILGRIMS' voices off: "Bel-Narb! Bel-Narb!")

BEL-NARB

I come, children of sin.

(*Exeunt BEL-NARB and AOB.*)

(*The KING enters through the great door, crowned. He sits upon the step.*)

KING

A crown should not be worn upon the head. A sceptre should not be carried in Kings' hands. But a crown should be wrought into a golden chain, and a sceptre driven stake-wise into the ground so that a King may be chained

to it by the ankle. Then he would know that he might not stray away into the beautiful desert and might never see the palm trees by the wells. O Thalanna, Thalanna, how I hate this city with its narrow, narrow ways, and evening after evening drunken men playing skabash in the scandalous gambling house of that old scoundrel Skarmi. O that I might marry the child of some unkingly house that generation to generation had never known a city, and that we might ride from here down the long track through the desert, always we two alone, till we came to the tents of the Arabs. And the crown—some foolish, greedy man should be given it to his sorrow. And all this may not be, for a King is yet a King.

(*Enter CHAMBERLAIN through door.*)

CHAMBERLAIN

Your Majesty!

KING

Well, my lord Chamberlain, have you more work for me to do?

CHAMBERLAIN

Yes, there is much to do.

KING

I had hoped for freedom for this evening, for the faces of the camels are towards Mecca, and I would see the caravans move off into the desert, where I may not go.

CHAMBERLAIN

There is very much for your Majesty to do. Iktra has revolted.

KING

Where is Iktra?

CHAMBERLAIN

It is a little country tributary to your Majesty beyond Zebdarlon, up among the hills.

KING

Almost, had it not been for this, almost I had asked you to let me go away among the camel-drivers to golden

THE TENTS OF THE ARABS

Mecca. I have done the work of a King now for five years and listened to my councillors, and all the while the Desert called to me; he said, "Come to the tents of my children, to the tents of my children!" And all the while I dwelt among these walls.

CHAMBERLAIN

If your Majesty left the city now—

KING

I will not; we must raise an army to punish the men of Iktra.

CHAMBERLAIN

Your Majesty will appoint the commanders by name. A tribe of your Majesty's fighting men must be summoned from Agrarva and another from Coloono, the jungle city, as well as one from Misk. This must be done by warrants sealed by your hand. Your Majesty's advisers await you in the council-hall.

KING

The sun is very low. Why have the caravans not started yet?

CHAMBERLAIN

I do not know. And then your Majesty—

KING (*laying his hand on the CHAMBERLAIN'S arm*)

Look, look! It is the shadows of the camels moving towards Mecca. How silently they slip over the ground, beautiful shadows! Soon they are out in the desert flat on the golden sands. And then the sun will set and they will be one with night.

CHAMBERLAIN

If your Majesty has time for such things there are the camels themselves.

KING

No, no, I do not wish to watch the camels. They can never take me out to the beautiful desert to be free forever from cities. Here I must stay to do the work of a king. Only my dreams can go and the shadows of the

camels carry them to find peace by the tents of the Arabs.

CHAMBERLAIN

Will your Majesty now come to the council-hall?

KING

Yes, yes, I come.

(*Voices off: "Ho Yo! Ho Yé! . . . Ho Yo. Ho Yé!"*)

Now the whole caravan has started. Hark to the drivers of the baggage camels. They will run behind them for the first ten miles, and tomorrow they will mount them. They will be out of sight of Thalanna then, and the desert will lie all round them with sunlight falling on its golden smiles. And a new look will come into their faces. I am sure that the desert whispers to them by night saying, "Be at peace, my children, at peace, my children."

(*Meanwhile the CHAMBERLAIN has opened the door for the KING and is waiting there bowing, with his hand resolutely on the opened door.*)

CHAMBERLAIN

Your Majesty will come to the council-hall.

KING

Yes, I will come. Had it not been for Iktra I might have gone away and lived in the golden desert for a year, and seen holy Mecca.

CHAMBERLAIN

Perhaps your Majesty might have gone had it not been for Iktra.

KING

My curse upon Iktra! (*He goes through the doorway.*)

(*As they stand in doorway enter ZABRA R.*)

ZABRA

Your Majesty.

KING

O-ho. More work for an unhappy King.

ZABRA

Iktra is pacified.

KING

Is pacified?

ZABRA

It happened suddenly. The men of Iktra met with a few of your Majesty's fighting men and an arrow chanced to kill the leader of the revolt, and therefore the mob fled away, although they were many, and they have all cried for three hours, "Great is the King!"

KING

I will even yet see Mecca and the dreamed-of tents of the Arabs. I will go down now into the golden sands, I—

CHAMBERLAIN

Your Majesty—

KING

In a few years I will return to you.

CHAMBERLAIN

Your Majesty, it cannot be. We could not govern the people for more than a year. They would say, "The King is dead, the King—"

KING

Then I will return in a year. In one year only.

CHAMBERLAIN

It is a long time, your Majesty.

KING

I will return at noon a year from today.

CHAMBERLAIN

But, your Majesty, a princess is being sent for from Tharba.

KING

I thought one was coming from Karshish.

CHAMBERLAIN

It has been thought more advisable that your Majesty should wed in Tharba. The passes across the mountains belong to the King of Tharba and

he has great traffic with Sharan and the Isles.

KING

Let it be as you will.

CHAMBERLAIN

But, your Majesty, the ambassadors start this week; the princess will be here in three months' time.

KING

Let her come in a year and a day.

CHAMBERLAIN

Your Majesty!

KING

Farewell, I am in haste. I go to make ready for the desert. (*Exit through door, still speaking.*) The olden, golden mother of happy men.

CHAMBERLAIN (*to ZABRA*)

One from whom God had not withheld all wisdom would not have given that message to our crazy young King.

ZABRA

But it must be known. Many things might happen if it were not known at once.

CHAMBERLAIN

I knew it this morning. He is off to the desert now.

ZABRA

That is evil indeed; but we can lure him back.

CHAMBERLAIN

Perhaps not for many days.

ZABRA

The King's favor is like gold.

CHAMBERLAIN

It is like much gold. Who are the Arabs that the King's favor should be cast among them? The walls of their houses are canvas. Even the common snail has a finer wall to his house.

ZABRA

O it is most evil. Alas that I told him this! We shall be poor men.

CHAMBERLAIN

No—one will give us gold for many days.

ZABRA

Yet you will govern Thalanna while he is away. You can increase the taxes of the merchants and the tribute of the men that till the fields.

CHAMBERLAIN

They will only pay taxes and tribute to the King who gives of his bounty to just and upright men when he is in Thalanna. But while he is away the surfeit of his wealth will go to unjust men and to men whose beards are unclean and who fear not God.

ZABRA

We shall indeed be poor.

CHAMBERLAIN

A little gold perhaps from evil-doers for justice. Or a little money to decide the dispute of some righteous wealthy man; but no more till the King returns, whom God prosper.

ZABRA

God increase him. Will you yet try to detain him?

CHAMBERLAIN

No. When he comes by with his retinue and escort I will walk beside his horse and tell him that a progress through the desert will well impress the Arabs with his splendor and turn their hearts towards him. And I will speak privily to some captain at the rear of the escort and he shall afterwards speak to the chief commander that he may lose the camel-track in a few days' time and take the King and his followers to wander in the desert and so return by chance to Thalanna again. And it may yet be well with us. We will wait here till they come by.

ZABRA

Will the chief commander do this thing certainly?

CHAMBERLAIN

Yes, he will be one Thakbar, a poor man and a righteous.

ZABRA

But if he be not Thakbar but some greedy man who demands more gold than we would give to Thakbar?

CHAMBERLAIN

Why, then we must give him even what he demands, and God will punish his greed.

ZABRA

He must come past us here.

CHAMBERLAIN

Yes, he must come this way. He will summon the cavalry from the Sa-loia Samang.

ZABRA

It will be nearly dark before they can come.

CHAMBERLAIN

No, he is in great haste. He will pass before sunset. He will make them mount at once.

ZABRA (*looking off R.*)

I do not see any stir at the Saolia.

CHAMBERLAIN (*looking, too*)

No—no. I do not see. He will make a stir.

(*As they look a man comes through the doorway wearing a coarse brown cloak which falls over his forehead. He exits furtively L.*)

What man is that? He has gone down to the camels.

ZABRA

He has given a piece of money to one of the camel-drivers.

CHAMBERLAIN

See, he has mounted.

ZABRA

Can it have been the King?
(*Voice off L.: "Ho-Yo. Ho-Yé!"*)

CHAMBERLAIN

It is only some camel-driver going into the desert. How glad his voice sounds!

ZABRA

The siroc will swallow him.

CHAMBERLAIN

What—if it *were* the King!

ZABRA

Why, if it were the King we should starve for a year.

(One year elapses between the first and second acts.)

ACT II

The same scene.

(The KING, wrapped in a camel-driver's cloak, sits by EZNARZA, a gypsy of the desert.)

KING

Now I have known the desert and dwelt in the tents of the Arabs.

EZNARZA

There is no land like the desert and like the Arabs no people.

KING

It is all over and done, I return to the walls of my fathers.

EZNARZA

Time cannot put it away, I go back to the desert that nursed me.

KING

Did you think in those days on the sands, or among the tents in the mornings, that my year would ever end, and I be brought away by strength of my word to the prisoning of my palace?

EZNARZA

I knew that Time would do it, for my people have learned the way of him.

KING

Is it then Time that has mocked our futile prayers? Is he greater than God that he has laughed at our praying?

EZNARZA

We may not say that he is greater than God. Yet we prayed that our own

year might not pass away. God could not save it.

KING

Yes, yes. We prayed that prayer. All men would laugh at it.

EZNARZA

The prayer was not laughable. Only he that is lord of the years is obdurate. If a man prayed for life to a furious, merciless Sultan well might the Sultan's slaves laugh. Yet it is not laughable to pray for life.

KING

Yes, we are slaves of Time. Tomorrow brings the princess who comes from Tharba. We must bow our heads.

EZNARZA

My people say that Time lives in the desert. He lies there in the sun.

KING

No, no, not in the desert. Nothing alters there.

EZNARZA

My people say that the desert is his country. He smites not his own country, my people say. But he overwhelms all other lands of the world.

KING

Yes, the desert is always the same, ev'n the littlest rocks of it.

EZNARZA

They say that he loves the Sphinx and does not harm her. They say that he does not dare to harm the Sphinx. She has borne him many gods whom the infidels worship.

KING

Their father is more terrible than all the false gods.

EZNARZA

O that he had but spared our little year!

KING

He destroys all things utterly.

EZRARZA

There is a little child of man that is mightier than he, and who saves the world from Time.

KING

Who is this little child that is mightier than Time? Is it Love that is mightier?

EZRARZA

No, not Love.

KING

If he conquer even Love, then none is mightier.

EZRARZA

He scares Love away with weak, white hairs and with wrinkles. Poor little love. Poor Love, Time scares him away.

KING

What is this child of man that can conquer Time and that is braver than Love?

EZRARZA

Even Memory.

KING

Yes. I will call to him when the wind is from the desert and the locusts are beaten against my obdurate walls. I will call to him more when I cannot see the desert and cannot hear the wind of it.

EZRARZA

He shall bring back our year to us that Time cannot destroy. Time cannot slaughter it if Memory says no. It is reprieved, though banished. We shall often see it though a little far off, and all its hours and days shall dance to us and go by one by one and come back and dance again.

KING

Why, that is true. They shall come back to us. I had thought that they that work miracles, whether in Heaven or Earth, were unable to do one thing. I thought that they could not bring back

days again when once they had fallen into the hands of Time.

EZRARZA

It is a trick that Memory can do. He comes up softly in the town or the desert, wherever a few men are, like the strange dark conjurers who sing to snakes, and he does his trick before them, and does it again and again.

KING

We will often make him bring the old days back when you are gone to your people and I am miserably wedded to the princess coming from Tharba.

EZRARZA

They will come with sand on their feet from the golden, beautiful desert; they will come with a long-gone sunset each one over his head. Their lips will laugh with the olden evening voices.

KING

It is nearly noon. It is nearly noon. It is nearly noon.

EZRARZA

Why, we part then.

KING

O come into the city and be Queen there. I will send its princess back again to Tharba. You shall be Queen in Thalanna.

EZRARZA

I go now back to my people. You will wed the princess from Tharba on the morrow. You have said it. I have said it.

KING

O that I had not given my word to return!

EZRARZA

A King's word is like a King's crown and a King's sceptre and a King's throne. It is, in fact, a foolish thing, like a city.

KING

I cannot break my word. But you can be queen in Thalanna.

EZNARZA

Thalanna will not have a gypsy for a queen.

KING

I will make Thalanna have her for a queen.

EZNARZA

You cannot make a gypsy live for a year in a city.

KING

I knew of a gypsy that lived once in a city.

EZNARZA

Not such a gypsy as I . . . come back to the tents of the Arabs.

KING

I cannot. I gave my word.

EZNARZA

Kings have broken their words.

KING

Not such a King as I.

EZNARZA

We have only that little child of man whose name is Memory.

KING

Come. He shall bring back to us, before we part, one of those days that were banished.

EZNARZA

Let it be the first day. The day we met by the well when the camels came to El-Lolith.

KING

Our year lacked some few days. For my year began here. The camels were some days out.

EZNARZA

You were riding a little wide of the caravan, upon the side of the sunset. Your camel was swinging on with easy strides. But you were tired.

KING

You had come to the well for water.

At first I could see your eyes, then the stars came out, and it grew dark and I only saw your shape, and there was a little light about your hair: I do not know if it was the light of the stars, I only knew that it shone.

EZNARZA

And then you spoke to me about the camels.

KING

Then I heard your voice. You did not say the things you would say now.

EZNARZA

Of course I did not.

KING

You did not say things in the same way even.

EZNARZA

How the hours come dancing back!

KING

No, no. Only their shadows. We went together then to holy Mecca. We dwelt alone in tents in the golden desert. We heard the wild, free Day sing songs in his freedom; we heard the beautiful night wind. Nothing remains of our year but desolate shadows. Memory whips them and they will not dance.

(EZNARZA *does not answer.*)

We made our farewells where the desert was. The city shall not hear them.

(EZNARZA *covers her face. The KING rises softly and walks up the steps. Enter L., the CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA, only noticing each other.*)

CHAMBERLAIN

He will come. He will come.

ZABRA

But it is noon now. Our fatness has left us. Our enemies mock at us. If he does not come God has forgotten us and our friends will pity us.

(*Enter BEL-NARB and AOOB.*)

CHAMBERLAIN

If he is alive he will come.

ZABRA

I fear that it is past noon.

CHAMBERLAIN

Then he is dead or robbers have way-laid him.

*(CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA put dust upon their heads.)*BEL-NARB *(to AOOB)*

God is just!

(To CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA):

I am the King.

(The KING's hand is on the door. When BEL-NARB says this he goes down the steps again and sits beside the gypsy. She raises her head from her hands and looks at him fixedly. He watches BEL-NARB, and the CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA. He partially cover his face, Arab fashion.)

CHAMBERLAIN

Are you indeed the King?

BEL-NARB

I am the King.

CHAMBERLAIN

Your Majesty has altered much since a year ago.

BEL-NARB

Men alter in the desert. And alter much.

AOOB

Indeed, your Excellency, he is the King. When the King went into the desert disguised I fed his camel. Indeed he is the King.

ZABRA

He is the King. I know the King when I see him.

CHAMBERLAIN

You have seen the King seldom.

ZABRA

I have often seen the King.

BEL-NARB

Yes, we have often met, often and often.

CHAMBERLAIN

If someone could recognize your Majesty, someone besides this man who came with you, then we should all be certain.

BEL-NARB

There is no need of it. I am the King.

(The KING rises and stretches out his hand, palm downwards.)

KING

In holy Mecca, in green-roofed Mecca of the many gates, we knew him for the King.

BEL-NARB

Yes, that is true. I saw this man in Mecca.

CHAMBERLAIN *(bowing low)*

Pardon, your Majesty. The desert had altered you.

ZABRA

I knew your Majesty.

AOOB

As well as I do.

BEL-NARB *(pointing to the KING)*

Let this man be rewarded suitably. Give him some post in the palace.

CHAMBERLAIN

Yes, your Majesty.

KING

I am a camel-driver and we go back to our camels.

CHAMBERLAIN

As you wish.

(Exeunt BEL-NARB, AOOB, CHAMBERLAIN and ZABRA through door.)

EZRARZA

You have done wisely, wisely, and the reward of wisdom is happiness.

KING

They have their king now. But we will turn again to the tents of the Arabs.

EZRARZA

They are foolish people.

KING

They have found a foolish king.

EZNARZA

It is a foolish man that would choose to dwell among walls.

KING

Some are born kings, but this man has chosen to be one.

EZNARZA

Come, let us leave them.

KING

We will go back again.

EZNARZA

Come back to the tents of my people.

KING

We will dwell a little apart in a dear brown tent of our own.

EZNARZA

We shall hear the sand again, whispering low to the dawn wind.

KING

We shall hear the nomads stirring in their camps far off because it is dawn.

EZNARZA

The jackals will patter past us slipping back to the hills.

KING

When at evening the sun is set we shall weep for no day that is gone.

EZNARZA

I will raise up my head of a night time against the sky, and the old, old unbought stars shall twinkle through my hair, and we shall not envy any of the diademed queens of the world.

CURTAIN



THE MASTER MINDS

THE egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg?

—*The Hon. William Jennings Bryan.*

A horse has no troubles of his own. He does not pour into your ear a sad tale of woe.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

War is man's business.—*Miss Jane Addams.*

Of course, peace must inevitably follow war

—*The Hon. Andrew Carnegie, LL.D.*

Not even Jefferson could make the Russian peasant a democrat.

—*The Hon. Thomas R. Marshall.*

Rough seas prove the good sailor. Anybody can hold his own in a calm.

—*Herbert Kaufman.*

I have never known a man who was born without an imagination.

—*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

The millennium is a good way off yet.—*The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.*



BEETHOVEN

OUT of the mists of the years that colossal figure emerges: towering, solitary, incomparable. Not all the meticulous industry of biographers, the hollow pedantry of commentators, the childish gabble of anecdote-mongers can make a mere man of him. One imagines him inevitably as a creature of some lordlier rank, a lonely wanderer from some fallen Olympus. In the first movement of the Fifth Symphony he is Mosaic, Asiatic, a rebel prophet parleying with Jahvel. In the scherzo of the Eighth he is a faun, a satyr, kicking up his heels on a Greek hillside. In the Sixth he is a Pan of Arcadia, piping his sheep through endless valleys of clover and asphodel. And in the raging tumults of the Ninth he is Orestes, Prometheus, Zarathustra.

Put the other giants beside him, and how swiftly they become dwarfs! Handel? A talented fellow, a sound writer for the voice, a clever pilferer of other men's ideas, one who mistook bombast for dignity and screeching for the worship of God. Haydn? A beery and genial old rascal, naif, shallow, lovable, industrious. Schubert? A sentimental and heavenly plow-boy, a god condemned to the Gadarene swine. Schumann? The schoolmaster turned artist. Mendelssohn? The exquisite, the dandy, the fop. Chopin? The whimperer, the soul in E minor, the lady in pantaloons. Tschaiakowsky, Grieg, the Italians, Berlioz, Liszt, Strauss, all the modern pack of posturers and tear-squeezers? Dealers in false pathos, false tragedy, mob-music. Wagner? Four-fifths genius—but one-fifth fraud, snob, hypocrite, actor, mountebank, pig. Brahms? Bach? Well, let us compromise by making it Beethoven, Bach, Brahms. Ludwig, *über alles!* * * * *

There he stands upon his mountain top, the voice of all the ages, the heir of all the great captains and heroes of the race, the messenger of the gods. There he stands in his supreme and tragic loneliness, his agonies turned into beauty by the alchemy of his incomparable art, his soul laid bare by his immortal eloquence, his greatness shining into the eyes of all of us. Nearly a century dead, he speaks forever as one living and near and much loved. In his epic thunderings there is the deafening battle-cry of Olympian warriors; in his gentlest whisperings there is the dignity, the self-respect, the stateliness of a rare and noble soul. . . .



NOTHING so disagreeable that it has to be preached can ever be made agreeable enough to be practised.



THE man who laughs at his troubles is seldom popular. Too many of his friends resent the loss of their prerogative.



ANY man is rich who makes fifty dollars more a year than his wife's sister's husband.

HER LADYSHIP'S LITTLE WAY

By Charles Saxby

"Marriages are made in Heaven."

—JOE MILLER.

"THERE is the bally book, Lady Barton," said young Redcar, and he laid it on the table with a sternly disapproving air.

Lady Barton's eyes were sapphire wells of any emotion she chose them to express. As she looked up at Redcar they were full of gratitude, trust, pain tempered with amusement, the consciousness of innocence, and a flicker of something else that Redcar couldn't quite gauge, but that made him feel as though he had just got a mild electric shock.

"Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Redcar," she breathed. She always spoke softly to very young men, and with always just the right emphasis on the right word. "You are always so *good*."

Redcar flushed brick red from sheer ecstasy, then asked anxiously: "You aren't going to *read* it, are you, Lady B.?"

"I must," she said mournfully. "The position is so peculiar—I simply *have* to know."

"Oh, da—ash it!" exclaimed Redcar, walking agitatedly about. "Look here, Lady B. You just give the word, and there's a dozen of us would be only too glad to go over to Felicidad and pound some sense into that blighter."

Lady Barton sighed and adjusted her fluffy golden fringe, incidentally displaying a frail, exquisite wrist adorned with clashing Hindoo bangles. Then she shot a little glance of reproach that made young Redcar feel a perfect brute for having suggested anything so gross to one so delicate. Which was pre-

cisely what Her Ladyship had intended, and was also very good for Redcar.

Lady Barton, be it said, was the wife of Sir Charles Barton, K. M. G., who was Governor of Tabuga, which is one of that chain of enchanted islands known as the British West Indies. What her age was I don't know, and if I did I shouldn't tell. She was tiny and fluffy and naturally blonde, and Redcar, who was twenty-three, thought she was a little younger than himself. I, who was then thirty-four, thought exactly the same—*pro rata*. We were both of us members of Her Ladyship's troupe of trained bachelors, who hung on her footsteps, fetched and carried, and were doomed to be married off in due time to some nice girl of whom Her Ladyship approved. Redcar was the youngest, the latest and the most devoted, and his pink, well scrubbed young soul hung at her chatelaine for all the world to see.

"Good-by, Mr. Redcar," said Lady Barton. "You are coming to tennis this afternoon—of course? Come early—I may want to talk to you."

Redcar departed, treading on air, and the instant he was gone she seized the book, skimmed through it—it was a limp little thing—and all the appeal faded from her eyes, leaving them as blank as the tropic sky outside.

"Oh—the pig!" she muttered viciously. "I wonder who *told* him? This has simply got to be *stopped*."

Then she sat down at her desk, pondered a while, nibbled the end of her pen and finally drew out a sheet of perfumed paper, embossed with a gold crown, and indited a very private little note to the manager of the Imperial

Steamship Company's branch over in Felicidad.

Now over in Felicidad there also lived a young man called Lathrop—Edgar Lucient Lathrop, to give him his full name, which he rather insisted on.

He held a good position with the steamship company, was twenty-five years old and unmarried, which, as he was drawing three hundred pounds a year, was a sin and a shame. He was rather a nice-looking young man, too, though a bit thin about the legs and neck, but with a pair of soulful brown eyes that could gaze meltingly or emit a steely flash as occasion required. He was great on that steely flash; we rather suspected him of practising it before the glass.

After living harmlessly for a quarter of a century, he had been suddenly struck with the frenzy to write a book, that same limp little object that lay on Her Ladyship's desk. It was called, "Tall Tales from the Antilles"—or something like that—and it proved conclusively that Edgar Lucien Lathrop had drained the cup of life to the dregs.

It also proved that he had a retentive memory, and had recently read the works of an obscure author by the name of R. Kipling.

Now when he wrote it Lathrop forgot—or had never heard of—two important points: First, that the slaves of the Imperial S. S. Co. are liable to be transferred from island to island; second, that the only real people it is safe for a young author to put in his books are his own poor relations.

The aforesaid R. Kipling seemed to get away with quite an amount of scandal concerning viceroys and other howling swells, and Lathrop did not see why he should not do the same. So in his book he fearlessly "went for" the seats of the mighty—mainly, I believe, because he wished the world to know how familiar he was with those high places.

His principal character was a "Lady Carton, wife of the Governor of Trabago," and everybody who was anybody, that is, anybody who was on a

Government House list anywhere from Felicidad to Singapore, knew at once who was really meant. He painted her as a lurid combination of Semiramis and the French doll, which was a libel, for Lady Barton was as nice a little woman as ever stepped in small twos. Some people said she was "catty," but she was not—at least, not more so than any pretty woman with a good-natured husband has to be, for her own protection. As a rule, even the other women liked her, while the wives of the ex-bachelors blessed her name six times a day and ten on Sundays for the training she had given their husbands. You could always tell those ex-bachelors by the way they stood around, waited, picked up things, never, never contradicted and looked as if they liked it.

Now for the Bartons the publication of Lathrop's "Cribbed Contes from Kipling"—I believe that was the title—was little short of a calamity, and Lathrop had known that when he wrote it. The road to Tabuga had been long and thorny, for the Bartons lacked that mysterious thing called "influence." And now, just when they had attained the coveted haven of a Government House all their own, came this pestilent book. That it was mainly untrue made no difference. The wife of a colonial governor simply must not be written about, and there had already been a caustic little note of inquiry from the powers that be, hinting that there must be no more of it if more governorships were desired. But then again, in their official position, the Bartons could take no action. It was a case for diplomacy alone, and that meant, for Lady Barton. Sir Charles was about as capable of diplomacy as a collie dog is of handling a knife and fork.

So Lady Barton wrote a note to that manager.

The manager read it, burnt it and forbore to mention it to his wife. (He was an ex-bachelor, by the way). Then he wrote a private little note of his own to a special friend in the head office in London.

A month later it was announced that Edgar Lucien Lathrop, Esqr., of the Imperial Steamship Company service had been transferred from Felicidad to the Tabuga branch. Then the whole West Indies sat down and laughed, waiting for the thunderbolts that should distribute Lathrop's bleeding remnants from St. Thomas to Trinidad.

But, strange to say, nothing in particular happened. Lathrop, I believe, would have been better pleased if it had, for he spent many lonely hours over in Tabuga. He had the nerve to drive up to the Government House and write his name in the visitors' book, but it did no good, though I rather admired him for it. When he came to Lathrop's name, the private secretary seemed afflicted with a sudden attack of astigmatism, and no white and gold cards of invitation ever came Lathrop's way.

This forgetfulness was contagious, as distempers that originate at the Government House are apt to be. No woman showed hospitality to Lathrop, and the men contented themselves with putting him up at the club and being always strictly civil to him, which is about the nastiest thing men can do. So he mooned about by himself, and we all hoped it was doing him good, by which we meant bringing him round to our own way of thinking.

But his literary temperament, thus deprived of its natural outlet of talking about itself, fermented. Out of the stew came plans for another book, a literal transcription of "real life," beside which the first should be as breakfast food to West Indian pepper pot.

He told me all about it one evening when I asked him up to dinner, partly from curiosity, partly from pity and partly because it had been indirectly conveyed to me that I might do so—and afterward report.

It was that evening that I first learned to appreciate the artistic temperament, as Lathrop stamped about the gallery, waving a manuscript and a coffee cup. Considering his youth, the number of things that young man knew was really surprising; the only trouble was that

none of them happened to be true. For instance, he confided to me that he knew women, knew them through and through.

News of the projected book reached Lady Barton at ten next morning via young Redcar, who had happened to drop into breakfast with me.

"The fellow really ought to be kicked," he said, with his youthful impetuosity. "Of course, Sir Charles can't do anything; his position ties him all up. But you just tip me the wink, Lady B., and I'll—"

Lady Barton sighed a pensive negation, looked up, caught sight of her reflection in a mirror, smiled, patted her back hair and spoke.

"I think perhaps I had better *meet* this Mr. Lathrop—please arrange it for me."

Redcar stood up and saluted. "Right-o, Lady B.—you have spoken," which was precisely what he would have said had she asked for the moon with a frill around it.

Then Lady Barton shut herself up and did some thinking. Like all intelligent people, she never troubled her head about consistency; if ostracism failed to tame this pestilent young man, then she would see what propinquity would do. If that failed, there were other things. For instance, she could get him transferred again. There were some exceedingly unpleasant stations on the Central American coast. But then, in Central America Lathrop would have a great deal too much leisure and solitude, and she feared their effect upon his already inflamed genius. What she really wanted was to put his book factory out of commission for good and all. So she wrapped herself in meditation and—and right here is where my author's omniscience comes to a full stop.

I am telling this from what I saw, from the outside only, and at every attempt to fathom the mysteries of Lady Barton's mind I fall back, baffled. Was she really a feminine Machiavelli? Or was she a mere opportunist, her main asset the daring with which she seized

on chance? I wait, my pen poised in air, and she looks out at me with a little mocking twinkle in those sapphire eyes that says: "You don't know—not really—and you never will."

Anyway, Lathrop was presented to her; it happened at the races, under the assembled eyes of three islands. With his steely flash working overtime, and the general air of a young Christian martyr going to the dogs for the sake of his principles, he was marched up to the Governor's box, with young Redcar acting as attendant Roman soldiery.

He haughtily lifted his chin; then his bessemer brown gaze met Lady Barton's appealing blue ones, in which there sparkled, for an instant, a sort of "It was naughty—but—well, *you* are rather nice" sort of flash. From that moment Lathrop, like all the rest of the unattached males of the island, dangled at the end of Her Ladyship's silken rope—but with this difference; he thought that the noose was at the other end.

By some quirk of his essentially conceited mind, he imagined that he had made himself feared by the force of his genius, that he had brought Government House to its knees. He also thought that—well, he was rather good-looking, and other men have thought the same thing, Lord help them!

I happen to know all this because my dinner seemed to have won his heart, and I suddenly found myself established in his bosom, which was most exciting. Some of his confidences I passed on to young Redcar, who was, officially and *pro tem.*, established as the rightful occupant of my bosom. If he chose to betray my confidences at Government House, that was none of my business and I knew nothing of it.

He was of a different stamp, Lathrop informed me, from these other tamed bachelors who danced so willingly to Lady Barton's capricious tunes. He was an author, a public man, and she must learn that intellect was not to be dazzled by the shows of rank and position or deluded by the fascinations of sex.

So he began to indulge in little tricks

of boredom and the privileged bluntness of the acknowledged great. Also in little feminine arts, such as flirting openly with other women whenever Lady Barton was present; all of which she bore with a surprising meekness. He had not yet learned that for a man to use feminine tricks against a woman is merely to invite disaster; they understand those things so much better than we ever will.

Probably he himself, in the blindness of his egotism, was the only person who did not notice how frequently these countermining flirtations were conducted with the same woman.

She was a Mrs. Blantyre, who had been out from home only three years, and in that time had rapidly progressed through the stages of bride and widow into that of a problem. Blantyre had been captain of the port, and had married her on his last leave. She was now twenty-six, pretty in a rather slack, untidy sort of way, and just sufficiently not a lady to merit the term of "lady-like."

When Blantyre died it was, of course, expected that she would go home; later on it was plainly suggested to her. Lonely widows are not encouraged in the West Indies. For one thing, they spoil the girl's chances; for another, they are apt to get talked about.

But Mrs. Blantyre, with all the stubbornness of a weak nature, refused to go. In England she would have merely kept furnished lodgings and cultivated a pick-up set of acquaintances. In Tabuga she had a cottage on the Moriscal Road, a couple of impudent niggers that she fondly imagined were really "devoted" to her, and on top of her card basket were always some bits of pasteboard, embellished with those high-sounding titles that the empire hands out so lavishly to its exiles.

Then, too, she was an especial protégée of Lady Barton's—a fact which Lathrop rather spitefully noted when he singled her out for his attentions.

We had all been rather surprised when Lady Barton took Mrs. Blantyre

so much under her wing. Though, like the ladies in the plays, Mrs. Blantyre was emphatically "not a bad woman—no, not a *bad* woman." She was what is far more irritating to have around, an indiscreet one.

There was nothing to lay one's hand upon, nothing definite, but her name was to be heard at the club, which is not a good sign. A certain type of men began to wink and pull their mustaches and talk about "going down some day to call on the little widow," and the black women in the market began to sneer as she passed.

There was no real reason for it all, understand that. She had been a good wife to Blantyre, and would make a good wife to any man who married her. It was simply that she did not know how to enforce respect, that she absolutely needed the protection of a husband.

So she became a problem, a sort of weaker vessel to be propped and stayed, since it simply would not be sent away. On Lady Barton, as head of society, fell most of the burden, and that, we decided, was her reason for keeping Mrs. Blantyre so much at her side, especially since the Lathrop affair began to make headway.

We had not then learned Her Ladyship's little way of dealing with her problems, which was—as we found out later—to gather all her bad eggs in one basket and then quietly bury the basket.

But for a time she lost something of her popularity. The women resented so much Mrs. Blantyre, for, if mere equivocalness was to be made the title to the inner circle, then where was the advantage of rectitude and unassailable position?

The bachelors, seeing the freedom accorded to Lathrop, grew restive; there was a tendency to talk and wonder if, after all, there might not be something back of it. Lathrop's attentions to Mrs. Blantyre grew more marked and more obviously pointed at Lady Barton, who allowed herself to seem a trifle worried, which only spurred him on.

And meanwhile his new book was progressing apace; he favored me with some author's readings, and I lent him some volumes of Kipling that he hadn't read yet.

Then, just before the rains, when everyone who could get leave and the price of a ticket was packing up, the chief justice's wife gave a moonlight picnic over at Cocorite, a small islet off our coast.

We rank and file were to row ourselves over in boats. The host and hostess went in the port captain's launch, with a selected party that included the Bartons and, by Lady Barton's request, Mrs. Blantyre.

It was the usual end-of-the-season, now-or-never affair. There were the inevitable lantern-lit dinner tables under the palms, the inevitable young man who drank too much and had to be suppressed, the inevitable *bêtes-rouges* that lunched luxuriously off our ankles. The moon came up like a great Dutch cheese over the purple Caribbean, and under the influence of its glamour and their host's champagne, four masculine heads fell to the matrimonial block. Four blushing girls flew to "tell mamma" without wasting an instant, and four proud mothers swelled the tropic tides with their tears of joy.

But that was all just scenery, mere setting for the central drama of "The Eternal Triangle," as played by Lathrop, Lady Barton and Mrs. Blantyre; and the strange thing to us was the way in which Her Ladyship seemed to be allowing herself to be drawn.

In a charmingly affectionate way she kept Mrs. Blantyre at her side, on one pretext or another, checkmating all Lathrop's attempts to detach the lady and bear her off to some secluded nook. It was beautifully done, but at the same time there was an openness about it that puzzled us. You would almost have said that she was drawing our attention to it. Lathrop was positively drunk with triumph, and as for Mrs. Blantyre, she reminded me of nothing so much as a piece of rubber, alternately pulled two ways.

The men turned sulky; the women's lips grew thin and they flashed each other wireless messages; Sir Charles was too heavily unconscious for real belief; and the only person who seemed at his ease was young Redcar. His inanely cheerful grin was at once a relief and an insult.

Then, all at once, it was time to go. There is a bad tiderip between Cocorite and the main island that has to be taken at just the right time or it means a hard struggle for rowboats. The confusion of leaving was intensified by a thundercloud that swept over the moon, obscuring its light. Everybody was looking for somebody and trying not to be found by somebody else. Men were shamelessly stalking innocent maidens or ruthlessly planting dowagers in other men's boats—and then swearing under their breaths because they found a purple-faced lady already gasping in their own.

It was all the usual game, but what I could never understand was why young Redcar chose that moment for a quiet smoke. I stumbled over him stretched out behind a wild guava bush, and he grabbed my leg and said: "I say, old man, keep bally mouth shut about seeing me here, will you?" I descried my own intended boat freight making signals of distress in the middle distance, sputtered out, "Eh? What? All right—lemmego, you fool!" and thought no more of it.

Then the launch left, rather suddenly, and somebody said somebody had been left behind.

We strung into the wharf at carefully graduated distances; I was nearly the last, and when I got in the Government House party was just driving off. I heard Lady Barton telling the chief justice's wife that it was "*really* very strange." She had sent Mr. Redcar to tell Mrs. Blantyre, but "he couldn't find her." She had on her "Queen's representative" air, too, which was usually kept in moth balls and produced only for the Birthday Ball.

Somebody said that Mrs. Blantyre was missing, and, looking round and

counting the men, we saw that Lathrop was not there, either.

Now at a picnic there is always a couple who turn up about half an hour after the rest, but they are generally people who can afford to do that sort of thing. Mrs. Blantyre was emphatically not of that number, and the women's lips grew thinner than ever. They all went home, rather ostentatiously, and only a few bachelors remained to wait for the missing ones.

It was two hours before they turned up; Mrs. Blantyre huddled in the stern, white, sullen and defiant. It is such moments as those that search out the mysterious difference between the lady and the merely ladylike.

Lathrop, wilted to a rag from his tussle with that tide rip, hauled her unceremoniously out upon the wharf and profanely demanded why we hadn't told him about it. We replied, sweetly, that the hour of departure had been specially arranged to escape it and we had had no trouble.

Mrs. Blantyre laughed hysterically and tried to tell us what a joke it was, but her knees shook as she looked at the deserted wharf. Then young Redcar, looking studiously over Lathrop's head, took her off to his dog cart and bundled her home.

Next morning Mrs. Blantyre hired a buggy and drove up to Government House, but was informed that Her Ladyship was not at home. Coming back, she cried publicly all the way down George Street, and was deliberately cut six times.

Lathrop received a chilly reception at the office. Later in the morning the chief justice called upon him. They were closeted together in the manager's private room, and it is inferred that the chief justice spoke his mind. After that Lathrop was summoned to Government House, and went, expecting to meet sympathy and be told how ill used he was. Instead, he met a different Lady Barton from any he had ever seen before—he had not been invited to the last Birthday Ball—and received the talking-to of his life. Lady Barton

had been saving up for that interview for three long months, and she never let an opportunity slide.

Lathrop came back to my bungalow, his eyes suspiciously red, sat about the gallery looking miserable, took several drinks, used some very improper language and then, having been a gentleman before he became an author, he drove off to the Moriscal Road to do his obvious duty.

Next morning it was announced, in the *Tabuga Gazette*, that a marriage had been arranged between Mrs. John Blantyre, widow of the late, etc., etc., and Edgar Lucien Lathrop, Esq., of the Imperial Steamship Company service.

The Lathrops are back in Felicidad now. He has been promoted over the heads of several seniors, and is drawing five hundred a year. His promo-

tion, I am told, was a rank job, and explicable only on the score of inside influence. Knowing Lady Barton, I have sometimes wondered if any more perfumed white and gold notes found their way to that manager's desk.

Lathrop seems quite as happy as the average man. He has written no more books, though; there is nothing like the responsibilities of married life for nipping literary aspirations in the bud—and Lathrop has three of those responsibilities now.

Mrs. Lathrop seems very happy, too. She makes him an excellent wife, as she would any man who happened to marry her. Strange to say, she has taken a violent dislike to Lady Barton. I consider that rank ingratitude, but a woman to whom I told the story said she quite understood and it was all right.



A MAN tells the truth; a woman says what will please. A man is moral; a woman is civilized.



WHEN times are hard, the Chinese kill a few of their children. Nevertheless, no Chinaman was ever cruel enough to have his baby photographed naked.



THE wise woman does not protest against infidelity: her way of punishing it is to remain faithful to the man.



IT is easy to get a reputation for refined and tender feelings. Always listen sympathetically when men boast of their wives and when women complain of their husbands.

THE VOICES

By W. H. Trimball

*God made men in His image and He gave them of His speech,
(The gentle voice wind-whispered and the angry thunder roll)
That all may make their prayers to Him, and each may speak to each;
And love may pass from heart to heart and hate from soul to soul.*

So men have learned the speech of Him and hold it for their own,
(Full many are the voices that He taught them at His knee),
And psalms shall rise forever to exalt Him on His throne:
Glad anthems of thanksgiving and laments in agony.

The silent voice of stone and scroll, of testament and tome,
(The centuries hear its echo when its maker's lust is air!)
The voice that roused old Carthage, lifted Athens, conquered Rome,
That struck the tyrant from his throne and put the cowerd there;

The voice that steals the depths along, the ghostly weeds between,
(And over the hill and valley, like a flash of glory speeds),
The lowly voice of dot and dash that startles pope and queen—
Oh, swift it bears its story and a million ears it feeds;

The voice of pike and pennant, of the ensign and the plume,
(Where yet have men of women born refused to heed its call?)
Of flashing, gaudy panoply, of reds that strike the gloom,
Like music of a thousand drums it holds the world in thrall;

The voice of powder, shot and steel, of crash and clash and blow,
(Oh, puny seem the lesser tongues to this of fighting man!)
Of big guns double-shotted hurling thunder at the foe,
Of needle guns in chorus working out the Father's plan;

And over all, and greatest far, the fateful voice of steam,
(Grim, certain, deep, immodulate, its whisper gives command),
Yea, go among the busy docks when donkey engines scream,
And hearken to the Master Voice that fetters sea and land;

Loud sounds it when the dynamos cry shrilly at their bonds,
(Oh, louder, louder, louder, that the universe may know!)
Loud sounds it when the shafting to the straining crank responds,
And cross-heads rattle in the slides and tumult reigns below;

Loud pounds its crashing harmony o'er valley, hill and plain,
(Oh, land and sea are all as one when boilers glow and gleam!)
In foundry, mill and battleship the safety-valves complain,
And king of all the voices is the croaking voice of steam.

*God made men in His image and He gave them of His speech,
(Oh, many are the voices, but the One is all supreme!)
Shrill echoes of the Master Voice to all the sky-rim reach:
Hail, Heaven and Earth and Lesser Worlds, the god-like voice of steam!*

THE RESURRECTION OF A CONSCIENCE

By John Winwood

HE was a man who had wrested the pleasure from life as a child squeezes the juice from an orange. At twenty-one he had been turned loose on the world, with a fortune in the foreground and no God in the background but his valet. His conscience he had buried some years before, as one buries the body of a stranger whom one is sorry for and yet a trifle glad to get out of the house. He had walked the beaten path of dissipation and folly for twenty years, and was tired of its monotony. Wine and song palled upon a jaded palate and a dulled ear, and women to him were divided into two classes, those who were respectable and did not love him and those who were not respectable and did, and neither class was interesting.

It was just at this point in his career that he met a woman who was not commonplace. She was beautiful as a sunset after a stormy July day, tall, with strong, white fingers, and a mouth as red as if she had bitten some living thing and stained it; and her gowns usually needed braid at the bottom and dragged slightly as she walked.

She was the wife of a novelist and poet, who had married her because she admired his verses and, incidentally, because she was good to look at. For a month after their marriage he loved her rapturously, and wrote her sonnets, and remembered to bring her roses; then he became engrossed in his latest novel, and remembered her as one remembers a familiar bit of furniture that one is not conscious of until it is missed.

She married him because she was

dimly aware of just what rung of the social ladder he occupied; and to escape from her dreary, gray-hued life in a windy, Western town she would have married the Devil in all his scriptural regalia, if he had appeared before her with the promise on his lips of a New York habitation.

In the beginning she was ferociously happy, and she reveled in tapestries and Chinese gods and blue jars and the society of the many men and women, of more or less repute, whom her husband knew. Then he forgot her; and she scorned to remember him, and would replace without reading the loose leaves of his manuscript when she picked them up from his desk. As he was chained as securely to this desk as Prometheus to his rock, she fell into the habit of going about by herself to studio receptions and recitals and great people's "at homes"; and many men followed her, and made love to her, but appealed to her never, though many were eager to kiss the hem of the skirt that needed braid. And she would laugh out of her uncommonplace, dark eyes and go home to her piano to sing the songs of a Guilbert with the voice of an angel.

And then the baby came, and was not welcome. There was no place for him in the apartment, among the dragons and books and Chinese gods, and she had not the passion and adoration for the scent of violet powder and the feel of the long, little garments, as delicate as the petals of a white rose, that women have who possess strong, healthy, animal souls of their own.

They gave him a fanciful old English name because the poet fancied it, and he grew into a sturdy, magnificent creature, who, being a hot-house flower, had no right to so closely resemble a vigorous wild rose; and, because at an early age he wept when he was not happy, he was handed over to the care of a nurse, with whom he lived and slept, and by whom he was loved and punished, as occasion and mood prompted.

When he was three years old his mother came upon him one day asleep on the rug, with a huge Angora beside him, and decided that he was undoubtedly picturesque; and thereafter he was permitted in the drawing-room when callers came, in his best frock, in which he was miserable, and the guests fed him goodies that made him happy first and ill afterward, and all paid him the attention they might have given to a pet dog with a pink ribbon about its neck.

Among others, one night, came the man who was tired of things. He was brought there by a friend who admired the poet and had cast covetous eyes upon the woman. The man went because he had nothing better to do, because his partner at the whist-table was a fool, and because a certain lady, who had been imported from France to sing *risqué* songs that all applauded and not one in a hundred understood, and who had been wearing his diamonds for a month, had made him a scene the night before that had bored him and made him long for a change of mental atmosphere.

As they passed into the little hall of the apartment the sound of laughter and of many voices came out to them. The woman was at home and happy, surrounded by people whom she did not dislike and whom she knew admired her. A moment before the child had spilled the contents of a wine-glass upon her esthetic gown, and had been sent from the room a trifle sharply, in spite of the guests. In a moment they had forgotten the affair, and she had set them all laughing with a careless

jest, but in the hall a small figure in a red frock was sobbing softly, with his face toward the wall.

The man who was tired almost fell over the object before he realized what it was.

"Well, well, what have we here?" he said.

He stooped and lifted the child awkwardly in his strong arms. He was a large man. The little fellow sobbed brokenly on the shoulder of his dress-coat.

It gave him a strange feeling, this touch of a child in his arms. He was not given to noticing children, regarding them usually in the light of troublesome animals; but this one was so small, so trusting, so pathetic! For some reason he never could explain a strange feeling of sorrow for himself and not for the child took possession of him.

The man with the covetous eyes explained hurriedly, and besought him to put the "brat down and come along"; but the man who was tired hesitated.

"You go on," he said; "I'll follow in a minute."

His friend went on into the room whence the laughter came, and the man who was tired sat down on a Turkish divan with red cushions and put the crumpled little creature on his knee. In time he extracted the information that the tears were on account of being sent away before the "cakies" arrived; that he had not gone to Margaret as he had been told, because he wished to cry, and Margaret "spatted" him when he cried; that his red frock was his best; that he was three years old and a man—all which proved as strangely delightful to his auditor as the odor of a beautiful, strange flower to a horticulturist.

Then came the white-capped nurse, reproof in her eye, to lead him backward; and the child, being usually philosophic, went meekly enough. Though he was unused to kisses, because perhaps his baby heart was grateful, he lifted a chubby, wistful face to the man, who started as if he had been stung, and, after a slight hesitation,

kissed him lightly, as if he feared his lips would burn.

Then he went into the drawing-room, under the red shades and antique tapestries, and did not like his hostess, who looked upon him with favor and smiled upon him through her dark lashes. He was bored again, and a trifle disgusted with himself for the feeling he carried away from the hall. His conscience might have been turning in its grave, perhaps.

Then the woman who was not commonplace did a commonplace thing. She fell in love with a man who had no love to give her, and behaved badly in consequence. The man did not notice it for a long time, because, when he called again, his attention was drawn from her to a small creature in a red frock who crawled from behind a chair when he entered and demanded good-bies, shrieked when he was torn away from him, and smiled in rainbow fashion when the man expostulated and sat him on his knee as on a throne. And the woman, who was wise in her generation, although she had committed the foolish sin of falling in love like a milkmaid, saw the attraction the man and the child had for one another, and traded largely upon it. She used the child, as she would wear a ribbon or a bewitching gown, to attract the man. She made much of the child when the man who was tired called, and would ask his advice concerning him with pathetic, uplifted eyes. A Phryne endeavoring to assume the expression of a Madonna!

But the man believed. The little apartment began to have a strange attraction for him. His steps turned unconsciously toward it in the evening a half hour or so before the child's bedtime. He would catch himself watching the queer, crawling toys with which the fakirs encumber the earth, and buying them, moreover—which fact caused passersby who knew him to regard him with both amusement and suspicion. He scarcely realized the hold the little smiling creature had taken upon him. There have been prisoners, snatched

red-handed from their crimes, who have watched and guarded and loved a wildflower springing from a crevice in their cell. So for half a year affairs slipped by in an uneventful train, and the woman in the background grew impatient.

This man seemed deaf to her voice, that dropped into the minor tone of tenderness when he entered, and to the unveiled glance that said: "Be bold and—be rewarded." Because of these things she held her life and her heart in her open hands, saying: "Take." Moreover, she was jealous of the child—so jealous that when he came to say good-night one certain evening, with red, uplifted lips and happy, sleepy eyes, she could have tightened her slender fingers about his throat and laughed to see him strangle in her grasp because the man had kissed him, not her.

After the boy had gone she walked to the window restlessly and threw back the curtain. Outside the snow was falling, and the dizzy wind drove the flakes here and there until they appeared to hold the world in a great white net. Inside the red lamps were lighted and the fire glowed brightly in the grate. The novelist was absent in a peppery Southern climate, cabling war news to a journal that would print his name in large type and his information in small.

They were alone. The woman was dressed for conquest. There was a red rose on her naked shoulder, and the green leaves shone against her breast like live emeralds and held the eyes like stars, and about her, too, that night, clung the vague, intangible something the devil puts about a woman as a garment when he spreads her as a net to catch the senses of man.

But this man sat looking into the fire thoughtfully, an unlighted cigarette held carelessly between his fingers. He looked at the woman by the window and smiled.

"The little chap was happy tonight, wasn't he?" he said. "I daresay you'll laugh, but I couldn't manage to tell

him what I came to do. I go West with Van Sittart in the morning—some nonsense of his about railroads—and I declare, I found it hard to say good-bye to the little fellow. You'll do it for me in the morning, perhaps; women are better than men at these things."

The woman turned sharply from the window and made a sudden step toward him.

"You are going away?" she said; "going away?"

"For a month or so," said the man. "You will tell the child?"

The woman did not answer. She came close to him, in the red light of the fire, and laying her hands upon his arm, lifted her face slowly.

"Do not go," she said.

He looked at her in surprise.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I love you," she said, "and—because you love me."

The room, with its antique tapestries and grinning Chinese gods, swam before his eyes, and an almost overwhelming impulse seized him to draw her to his arms and keep her there. It was so easy for a man to do whose conscience was dead and who had no God in the background. But he stood very still, and, being a gentleman, lied bravely.

"So you have found it out?" he said. "I am not clever. I thought that by going away—I did not know you cared—"

She threw her arms about his neck and drew herself into his unwilling embrace.

"I love you!" she whispered; "I love you!"

Some sweet, bewilting perfume seemed to emanate from her; she acted upon his senses as a draught of intoxicating wine bewilders the brain. Still he made no sign, but the muscles of his mouth were strained and tense.

"And your husband?" he said.

She laughed a cruel, happy laugh. "We are nothing to each other," she said. "I owe him no debt that was not paid long ago, and—I love you."

From the nursery came the sleepy

cry of a dream-awakened child. The man started violently and half withdrew his arms. "And the child?" he said.

The woman frowned. "Why, nothing of the child!" she said. "He is so young; he notices nothing. Oh, beloved, let us be happy!"

Still the man hesitated. "But you are his mother," he said. "For God's sake, you realize that! You are his mother, and you love him."

"I loathe him!" said the woman who was not commonplace.

The man stared at her in silence, surprised, unbelieving; and she endeavored to cover her mistake. She threw herself at his knees; she covered his hands with kisses; she brought the beauty men had worshipped to bear upon him; by turns she was a Delilah, a Marguerite, pathetic, alluring.

The perspiration stood in drops upon the man's forehead. He did not look at the woman, but stared over her head at the wall.

"Tonight," he said, "I held him in my arms; I kissed him when he left us. I am not a good man, and, in my time, I have betrayed many who trusted me; but this thing I cannot do. I cannot wrong the child."

He drew a long breath; the color came back to his face. He raised the woman gently to her feet. "Good-bye," he said; "I am going. Some day you will thank me for this."

The woman stared at him in amazement, anger and grief strangely mingled in her face. "And for the sake of that child, that baby," she said, "you are leaving me?"

The man said nothing, but walked slowly toward the door. If the woman had been an ordinary person she would have become a beautiful Fury at this time; not being commonplace, she laughed long and bitterly.

"All of his life," she said, "I have never loved him—from the time he was laid, a little, crying animal, in my arms. Think how I must love him now!"

She turned proudly and swept from the room. In a moment she entered again, still with that mocking smile on

her red mouth, while in her arms she held the child, dazed and bewildered at being snatched from his sleep, with his fair hair tumbled and his cheeks flushed.

She placed him roughly on the broad divan and drew back a pace.

"Since you love him so," she said, slowly, "say good-bye to him. A month is a long time!"

"What do you mean?" said the man. She frowned at him under the heavy lashes of her angry eyes.

"I said I never loved him," she answered. "Now for him the only person I have ever loved has humbled me in the dust, and—I do not intend to be reminded of it."

The child had gone back to sleep as peacefully as on the breast of a mother who loved him. To the man's excited fancy the long nightrobe appeared like a little shroud. A dozen confused thoughts whirled through his brain, and, as if revealed in a lightning flash, shone the consciousness that the world for him held nothing dearer than this one small, sleeping figure.

The overwhelming, manly desire to protect possessed him. The child was so small, so innocent, so helpless!

"You mean to send him away?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Anywhere out of my sight. People will do anything for money, and I do not care where he goes, only let it be out of my sight and life."

"His father?" said the man.

The woman smiled bitterly. "Will neither know nor care," she said. "If

the child is nothing to me, it is less to him."

The man stooped suddenly and took the small figure in his arms. His face was white, but there was the light of a great purpose in his eyes.

"Give him to me," he said. "I do not ask, I demand!"

"As well you as another," she said; but her eyes were on fire.

The man laid his face over the child and woke him gently.

"Will you go with me, dear?" he said. "Are you willing to go away from your home, a great way from here, and stay with me forever?"

The child regarded him curiously with wide, startled eyes. Then he laid his head gently on the man's shoulder with a little sigh of content. "Yes," he said, simply, "me go wif you."

The man wrapped him in his overcoat, and, without another look at the woman, went down the steps and out into the snow.

A great peace had settled on the earth. The moon, through a lattice of jagged clouds, checkered the world with silver stars. Into their light he walked with his burden, as into the light celestial.

The woman who was not commonplace sat and gazed into the dead coals with eyes that seemed able to relight them, and her mouth more than ever was as red, as if she had bitten some living thing and stained it.

For an hour or so she stared into the gray heart of the ashes. Then she yawned and went to bed.



A MAN'S troubles usually wear petticoats. And even when they don't they should.



SUNSHINE OVER YUMA

By Henry Herbert Knibbs

SUN down the road and gentle kine
Shuffling along a homeward lane
Where once the cowboy rode the line,
Captain of herd and hill and plain;

But now in his dim Valhalla he
Flings past the milling phantom steers
Chanting in ghostly revelry
The sprightly spirit of his years:

"Come my little cayuse and lope along, lope along,
Don't you go to start a little row!
You mustn't go to buckin' or to bitin' or to kickin',
You mustn't scare the angels while their little harps they're pickin',
For we got to keep the rules or both of us'll get a lickin',
We are ridin' on the Big Range, now."

And there's not a single echo as you lope along, lope along,
Not a single friend to answer "How!"
But there's sunshine over Yuma where the little owls are cryin';
Red across the 'dobes strings of chilis are a-dryin',
But we're cinched to ride in Heaven and that's what we get for dyin',
Got to ride across the Big Range, now.

So come my little cayuse and lope along, lope along,
We're headed for the grand Pow-wow.
But down in Arizona there's a Chola girl a-waitin';
There's sunshine over Yuma where the mockin'-birds are matin';
Oh, glory is a mighty lonely trail—this navagatin'
Out across the Big Range, now.

Whoa, Chico! Guess we'll swing around and lope along, lope along
Guess we got in wrong, somehow.
Don't exactly fancy just the way the folks are starin';
Can't exactly cotton to the funny clothes they're wearin';
Oh it's Heaven, but it's lonely and we've had our little airin'
So we'll fan it back to Arizona, now.



THE WEDDING

A Stage Direction

By Robert W. Woodruff

THE scene is a church in an American city of about half a million population, and the time is about eleven o'clock of a fine morning in early spring. The neighborhood is well-to-do, but not quite fashionable. That is to say, most of the families of the vicinage keep two servants (alas, more or less intermittently!), and eat dinner at half-past six, and about one in every four boasts a colored butler (who also attends to the fires, washes windows and helps with the sweeping) and a last year's automobile. The heads of these families are merchandise brokers, jobbers in notions, hardware and drugs, manufacturers of candy, hats, badges, office furniture, blank books, picture frames, wire goods and patent medicines, managers of steamboat lines, district agents of insurance companies, owners of commercial printing offices, and other such business men of substance—and the prosperous lawyers and popular family doctors who keep them out of trouble. In one block live a Congressman and two college professors, one of whom has written an unimportant textbook and got himself into "Who's Who in America." In the block above lives a man who once ran for Mayor of the city, and came near being elected.

The wives of these householders wear good clothes and have a liking for a reasonable gayety, but very few of them can pretend to what is vaguely called social standing, and, to do them justice, not many of them waste any time lamenting it. They have, taking one with another, about three children apiece, and are good mothers. A few of them belong to women's clubs or flirt with the suffragettes, but the majority can get all of the intellectual stimulation they crave in the "Ladies' Home Journal" and the "Saturday Evening Post," with the "Delineator" added for its fashions. Most of them, deep down in their hearts, suspect their husbands of secret frivolity, and about ten per cent. have the proofs, but it is rare for them to make rows about it, and the divorce rate among them is thus very low. Themselves indifferent cooks, they are unable to teach their servants the art, and so the food they set before their husbands and children is often such as would make a Frenchman cut his throat. But they are diligent housewives otherwise: they see to it that the windows are kept washed, that no one tracks mud into the hall, that the servants do not waste coal, sugar, soap and gas, and that the family but-

tons are always sewed on. In religion these estimable wives are pious in habit but somewhat nebulous in faith. That is to say, they regard any person who specifically refuses to go to church as a heathen, but they themselves are by no means regular in attendance, and not one in ten of them could tell you whether transubstantiation is a Roman Catholic or a Dunkard doctrine. About two per cent. have dallied more or less gingerly with Christian Science, their average period of belief being one year.

The church we are in is like the neighborhood and its people: well-to-do but not fashionable. It is Protestant in faith and probably Episcopalian. The pews are of thick, yellow-brown oak, severe in pattern and hideous in color. In each there is a long, removable cushion of a dark, purplish, dirty hue, with here and there some of its hair stuffing showing. The stained-glass windows, which were all bought ready-made and depict scenes from the New Testament, commemorate the virtues of departed worthies of the neighborhood, whose names appear, in illegible black letter, in the lower panels. The floor is covered with a carpet of some tough, fibrous material, apparently a sort of grass, and along the center aisle it is much worn. The normal smell of the place is rather less unpleasant than that of most other halls, for on the one day when it is regularly crowded practically all of the persons gathered together have been very recently bathed.

On this fine morning, however, it is full of heavy, mortuary perfumes, for a couple of florist's men have just finished decorating the chancel with flowers and potted palms. Just behind the chancel rail, facing the center aisle, there is a "prie-dieu," and to either side of it are great banks of lilies, carnations, gardenias and roses. Three or four feet behind the "prie-dieu," and completely concealing the high altar, there is a dense jungle of palms. Those in the front rank are authentically growing in pots, but behind them the florist's men have artfully placed some more durable, and hence more profitable, sophistications. Anon the rev. clergyman, emerging from the vestry-room to the right, will pass along the front of this jungle to the "prie-dieu," and so, framed in flowers, face the congregation with his saponaceous smile.

The florist's men, having completed their labors, are preparing to depart. The older of the two, a man in the fifties, shows the ease of an experienced hand by taking out a large plug of tobacco, and gnawing off a substantial chew. The desire to spit seizing him shortly, he proceeds to gratify it by a trick long practised by gas-fitters, musicians, caterer's helpers, piano movers and other such alien invaders of the domestic hearth. That is to say, he hunts for a place where the carpet is loose along the chancel rail, finds it where two lengths join, deftly turns up a flap, spits upon the bare floor, and then lets the flap fall back, finally giving it a pat with the sole of his foot. This done, he and his assistant leave the church to the sexton, who

has been sweeping the vestibule, and, after passing the time of day with the two men who are putting up a striped awning from the door to the curb, disappear into a nearby saloon, there to wait and refresh themselves until the wedding is over, and it is time to take away their lilies, their carnations and their palms.

It is now a quarter past eleven, and two flappers of the neighborhood, giggling and arm-in-arm, approach the sexton and inquire of him if they may enter. He asks them if they have tickets, and when they say they haven't, he tells them that he ain't got no right to let them in, and don't know nothing about what the rule is going to be. At some weddings, he goes on, hardly nobody ain't allowed in, but then again, sometimes they don't scarcely look at the tickets at all. The two flappers retire abashed, and as the sexton finishes his sweeping, there enters the organist.

The organist is a tall, thin man of melancholy uremic aspect, wearing a black slouch hat with a wide brim and a yellow overcoat that barely reaches to his knees. A pupil, in his youth, of a man who had once studied (irregularly and briefly) with Charles-Marie Widor, he acquired thereby the artistic temperament, and with it a vast fondness for malt liquor. His mood this morning is acidulous and depressed, for he spent yesterday evening in a Pilsner "auschank" with two former members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it was 3 A. M. before they finally agreed that Johann Sebastian Bach, all things considered, was a greater man than Beethoven, and so parted amicably. Sourness is the precise sensation that wells within him. He feels vinegary; his blood runs cold; he wishes he could immerse himself in bicarbonate of soda. But the call of his art is more potent than the protest of his poisoned and quaking liver, and so he manfully climbs the spiral stairway to his organ-loft.

Once there, he takes off his hat and overcoat, stoops down to blow the dust off the organ keys, throws the electrical switch which sets the bellows going, and then proceeds to take off his shoes. This done, he takes his seat, reaches for the pedals with his stockinged feet, tries an experimental 32-foot CCC, and then wanders gently into a Bach toccata. It is his limbering-up piece: he always plays it as a prelude to a wedding job. It thus goes very smoothly and even brilliantly, but when he comes to the end of it and tackles the ensuing fugue he is quickly in difficulties, and after four or five stumbling repetitions of the subject he hurriedly improvises a crude coda and has done. Peering down into the church to see if his flounderings have had an audience, he sees two old maids enter, the one very tall and thin and the other somewhat brisk and bunched.

They constitute the vanguard of the nuptial throng, and as they proceed hesitatingly up the center aisle, eager for good seats but afraid to go too far, the organist wipes his palms upon his trousers legs, squares his shoulders, and plunges into the program that he has played at all weddings

for fifteen years past. It begins with Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" "*pianissimo*." Then comes Rubinstein's "Melody in F," with a touch of "forte" toward the close, and then Nevin's "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," and then the Chopin waltz in A flat, Opus 69, No. 1, and then the "Spring Song" again, and then a free fantasia upon "The Rosary," and then a Moszkowski mazurka, and then the Dvorák "Humoresque" (with its heart-rending cry in the middle), and then some vague and turbulent thing (apparently the "*disjecta membra*" of another fugue), and then Tchaikowsky's "Autumn," and then Elgar's "Salut d'Amour," and then the "Spring Song" a third time, and then something or other from one of the "Peer Gynt" suites, and then an hurrah or two from the "Hallelujah" chorus, and then Chopin again, and Nevin, and Elgar, and—

But meanwhile, there is growing activity below. First comes a closed automobile bearing the six ushers and soon after it another automobile bearing the bridegroom and his best man. The bridegroom and the best man disembark before the side entrance of the church and make their way into the vestry room, where they remove their hats and coats, and proceed to struggle with their cravats and collars before a mirror which hangs on one wall. The room is very dingy. A baize-covered table is in the center of it, and around the table stand six or eight chairs of assorted designs. One wall is completely covered by a bookcase, through the glass doors of which one may discern piles of cheap Bibles, hymn-books and back numbers of the parish magazine. In one corner is a small washstand. The best man takes a flat flask of whiskey from his pocket, looks about him for a glass, finds it on the washstand, rinses it at the tap, fills it with a policeman's drink, and hands it to the bridegroom. The latter downs it at a gulp. Then the best man pours out one for himself.

The ushers, reaching the vestibule of the church, have handed their silk hats to the sexton, and entered the sacred edifice. There was a rehearsal of the wedding last night, but after it was over the bride ordered certain incomprehensible changes in the plan, and the ushers are now completely at sea. All they know clearly is that the relatives of the bride are to be seated on one side and the relatives of the bridegroom on the other. But which side for one and which for the other? They discuss it heatedly for three minutes and then find that they stand three for putting the bride's relatives on the left side and three for putting them on the right side. The debate, though instructive, is interrupted by the sudden entrance of seven women in a group. They are headed by a truculent old battleship, possibly an aunt or something of the sort, who fixes the nearest usher with a knowing, suspicious glance, and motions to him to show her the way.

He offers her his right arm and they start up the center aisle, with the six other women following in irregular

order, and the five other ushers scattered among the women. The leading usher is tortured damnably by doubts as to where the party should go. If they are aunts, to which house do they belong, and on which side are the members of that house to be seated? What if they are not aunts, but merely neighbors? Or perhaps an association of former cooks, parlor maids, nurse girls? Or strangers? The sufferings of the usher are relieved by the battleship, who halts majestically about twenty feet from the altar, and motions her followers into a pew to the left. They file in silently, and she seats herself next the aisle. All seven settle back and wriggle for room. It is a tight fit.

(Who, in point of fact, are these ladies? Don't ask the question! The ushers never find out. No one ever finds out. They remain a joint mystery for all time. In the end they become a sort of tradition, and years hence, when two of the ushers meet, they will cackle over Old Dreadnaught and her six cruisers. The bride, grown old and fat, will tell the tale to her daughter, and then to her grand-daughter. It will grow more and more strange, marvelous, incredible. Variorum versions will spring up. It will be adapted to other weddings. The Dreadnaught will become an apparition, a witch, the Devil in skirts. And as the years pass, the date of the episode will be pushed back. By 1990 it will be dated 1550. By 2475 it will take on a sort of sacred character, and there will be a footnote referring to it in the latest Revised Version of the New Testament.)

It is now a quarter to twelve, and of a sudden the vestibule fills with wedding guests. Nine-tenths of them, perhaps even nineteen-twentieths, are women, and most of them are beyond twenty-five. Scattered among them, hanging on to their skirts, are about a dozen little girls—one of them a youngster of eight or thereabout, with spindle shanks and shining morning face, entranced by her first wedding. Here and there lurks a man. Usually he wears a hurried, unwilling, protesting look. He has been dragged from his office on a busy morning, forced to rush home and get into his cutaway coat, and then marched to the church by his wife. One of these men, much hustled, has forgotten to have his shoes shined. He is intensely conscious of them, and tries to hide them behind his wife's skirt as they walk up the aisle. Accidentally he steps upon it, and gets a look over the shoulder which lifts his diaphragm an inch and turns his liver to water. This man will be court-martialed when he reaches home, and he knows it. He wishes that some foreign power would invade the United States and burn down all the churches in the country, and that the bride, the bridegroom and all the other persons interested in the present wedding were dead and in hell.

The ushers do their best to seat these wedding guests in some sort of order, but after a few minutes the crowd at the doors becomes so large that they have to give it up, and thereafter all they can do is to hold out their right arms ingratiatingly and trust to luck. One of them steps on a fat

woman's skirt, tearing it very badly, and she has to be helped back to the vestibule. There she seeks refuge in a corner, under a stairway leading up to the steeple, and essays to repair the damage with pins produced from various nooks and crevices of her person. Meanwhile the guilty usher stands in front of her, mumbling apologies and trying to look helpful. When she finishes her work and emerges from her improvised dry-dock, he again offers her his arm, but she sweeps past him without noticing him, and proceeds grandly to a seat far forward. She is a cousin to the bride's mother, and will make a report to every branch of the family that all six ushers disgraced the ceremony by appearing at it far gone in liquor.

Fifteen minutes are consumed by such episodes and diversions. By the time the clock in the steeple strikes twelve the church is well filled. The music of the organist, who has now reached Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" for the third and last time, is accompanied by a huge buzz of whispers, and there is much craning of necks and long-distance nodding and smiling. Here and there an unusually gorgeous hat is the target of many converging glances, and of as many more or less satirical criticisms. To the damp, funereal smell of the flowers at the altar there has been added the cacophonous scents of forty or fifty different brands of talcum and rice powder. It begins to grow warm in the church, and a number of women open their vanity bags and duck down for stealthy dabs at their noses. Others, more reverent, suffer the agony of augmenting shines. One, a trickster, has concealed powder in her pocket handkerchief, and applies it dexterously while pretending to blow her nose.

The bridegroom in the vestry-room, entering upon the second year (or is it the third?) of his long and ghastly wait, grows increasingly nervous, and when he hears the organist pass from the "Spring Song" into some more sonorous and stately thing he mistakes it for the wedding march from "Lohengrin," and is hot for marching upon the altar at once. The best man, an old hand, restrains him gently, and administers another sedative from the bottle. The bridegroom's thoughts turn to gloomy things. He remembers sadly that he will never be able to laugh at benedicts again; that his days of low, rabelaisian wit and care-free scoffing are over; that he is now the very thing he mocked so gaily but yesteryear. Like a drowning man, he passes his whole life in review—not, however, that part which is past, but that part which is to come. Odd fancies throng upon him. He wonders what his honeymoon will cost him, what there will be to drink at the wedding breakfast, what a certain girl in Chicago will say when she hears of his marriage. Will there be any children? He rather hopes not, for all those he knows appear so greasy and noisy, but he decides that he might conceivably compromise on a boy. But how is he going to make sure that it will not be a girl? The thing, as yet, is a medical impossibility—but medicine is making rapid strides. Why not wait until the secret is dis-

covered? This sapient compromise pleases the bridegroom, and he proceeds to a consideration of various problems of finance. And then, of a sudden, the organist swings unmistakably into "Lohengrin," and the best man grabs him by the arm.

There is now great excitement in the church. The bride's mother, two sisters, three brothers and three sisters-in-law have just marched up the center aisle and taken seats in the front pew, and all the women in the place are craning their necks toward the door. The usual electrical delay ensues. There is something the matter with the bride's train, and the two bridesmaids have a deuce of a time fixing it. Meanwhile the bride's father, in tight pantaloons and tighter gloves, fidgets and fumes in the vestibule, the six ushers crowd about him in vain, and the sexton rushes to and fro like a rat in a trap. Finally, all being ready, with the ushers formed two abreast, the sexton pushes a button, a small buzzer sounds in the organ loft, and the organist, as has been said, plunges magnificently into the fanfare of the "Lohengrin" march. Simultaneously the sexton opens the door at the bottom of the main aisle, and the wedding procession gets under way.

The bride and her father march first. Their step is so slow (about one beat to two measures) that the father has some difficulty in maintaining his equilibrium, but the bride herself moves steadily and erectly, almost seeming to float. Her face is thickly encrusted with talcum in its various forms, so that she is almost a dead white. She keeps her eyelids lowered modestly, but is still acutely aware of every glance fastened upon her—not in the mass, but every glance individually. For example, she sees clearly, even through her eyelids, the still, cold smile of a girl in Pew 8-R—a girl who once made an unwomanly attempt upon the bridegroom's affections, and was routed and put to flight by superior strategy. And her ears are open, too: she hears every "How sweet!" and "Oh, lovely!" and "Ain't she pale!" from the latitude of the last pew to the very glacies of the altar of God.

While she has thus made her progress up the hymeneal chute, the bridegroom and his best man have emerged from the vestry-room and begun the short march to the "prie-dieu." They walk haltingly, clumsily, uncertainly, stealing occasional glances at the advancing bridal party. The bridegroom feels of his lower right-hand waistcoat pocket: the ring is still there. The best man wriggles his cuffs. No one, however, pays any heed to them. They are not even seen, indeed, until the bride and her father reach the open space in front of the altar. There the bride and the bridegroom find themselves standing side by side, but not a word is exchanged between them, nor even a look of recognition. They stand motionless, contemplating the ornate cushion at their feet, until the bride's father and the bridesmaids file to the left of the bride and the ushers, now wholly disorganized and imbecile, drape themselves in an irregular file along the altar rail. Then, the music having died down to a faint mur-

THE WEDDING

mur and a hush having fallen upon the assemblage, they look up.

Before them, framed by foliage, stands the reverend gentleman of God who will presently link them in indissoluble chains—the estimable rector of the parish. He has got there just in time: it was, indeed, a close shave. But no trace of haste or of anything else of a disturbing character is now visible upon his smooth, glistening, somewhat feverish face. That face is wholly occupied by his official smile—a thing of oil and honey all compact—a balmy, unctuous illumination—the secret of his success in life. Slowly his cheeks puff out, gleaming like soap-bubbles. Slowly he lifts his prayer-book from the “prie-dieu” and holds it droopingly. Slowly his soft, caressing eyes engage it. There is an almost imperceptible stiffening of his frame. His mouth opens with a faint click. He begins to read.

The Ceremony of Marriage has begun.



THE WINGED PART

By Charlotte Porter

O THOU the wingèd part of me,
Thou liftest me aloft.
Thy song, the happy heart of me
In secret singeth soft.

Then like a world far under me
Lie toil, and loss and gain,
Thy wings of song far sunder me
From earthly fret or pain.



WHENEVER a girl looks at a man she measures him for his wedding coat.



A MAN has a good chance to test his friends when he is caught with the goods. Nine-tenths of them will be frankly tickled. The others will hate him because they were caught with him.

THE LIQUEUR GLASS

By Phyllis Bottome

MRS. HENRY WATKINS loved going to church. She could not have told you why she loved it. It had perhaps less to do with religious motives than most people's reasons for attending Divine Service; and she took no interest in other people's clothes.

She gazed long and fixedly at the stained glass window in which St. Peter, in a loose magenta blouse, was ladling salmon-colored sardines out of a grass-green sea; but she did not really see St. Peter or notice his sleight-of-hand preoccupation with the fish. She was simply having a nice, quiet time.

She always sat where she could most easily escape seeing the back of Henry Watkins' head. She had never liked the back of his head and twenty years' married life had only deepened her distaste for it.

Hetty and Paul sat between her and their father and once or twice it had occurred to Mrs. Watkins as strange that she should owe the life of these two beloved beings to the man she hated.

It was no use pretending at this time of the day that she didn't hate Henry Watkins. She hated him with all the slow, quiet force of a slow, quiet nature.

She had hated him for some time before she discovered that she no longer loved him.

Mrs. Watkins took a long time before she arrived at the recognition of a new truth; she would go on provisionally for years with a worn-out platitude, but when she once dropped it, she never returned to pick it up again; and she acted upon her discoveries.

The choir began to sing "Oh, God, Our Help in Ages Past." Mrs. Watkins

disliked this hymn; and she had never found God much of a help. She thought the verse that compared men's lives to the flight of leaves was nonsense. Nobody could imagine Henry Watkins flying like a leaf.

The first lesson was more attractive. Mrs. Watkins enjoyed Jael's reception of Sisera. "She brought him butter in a lordly dish," boomed the curate. Henry Watkins ate a lot of butter, though he insisted, from motives of economy, upon its being Danish. Sisera, worn out with battle, slumbered. Jael took up the nail and carried out with efficiency and dispatch her inhospitable deed. Mrs. Watkins thought the nails in those days must have been larger than they are now and probably sharper at the end.

The curate cleared his throat a little over the story; it seemed to him to savor of brutality.

"Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" cried Sisera's mother.

Mrs. Watkins leaned back in her seat and smiled. Sisera was done for, his mother would never hear the sound of those returning chariot wheels.

Jael had permanently recouped herself for the butter.

A little later on the Vicar swept out of his stall and up to the pulpit covered by the prolonged "Amen" of the accompanying hymn. Henry looked at his watch and shut it with a click. Then his hard blue eyes closed suddenly—he had no eyelashes. Mrs. Watkins folded her hands in her lap and fixed her attention upon St. Peter.

This was her nice, quiet time, and she spent it in considering how she could most easily kill Henry Watkins.

She was not in the least touched by the sight of her wedding ring. Her marriage had been an accident, one of those accidents that happened frequently twenty years ago, and which happen, though more seldom, now. An unhappy blunder of ignorance, inexperience and family pressure.

She had liked making Henry Watkins jump and her mother had explained to her that the tendency to jump on Henry's part was ardent, manly love, and that her own amused contemplation of the performance was deep womanly inclination.

It was then that Mrs. Watkins urged that she did not like the back of Henry's head. She had been told that it was immodest to notice it. His means were excellent and her own parents were poor. Twenty years ago Mrs. Watkins had known very little about life, and what she did know she was tempted to enjoy. She knew a good deal about it now, and she had long ago outgrown the temptation to enjoy it.

Still, that in itself wouldn't have given her any idea of killing her husband. She was a just woman and she knew that her husband had not invented the universe; if he had she thought it would have been more unpleasant still.

Henry's idea of marriage was very direct; he knew that he had done his wife an enormous favor. She was penniless and he had the money; she was to come to him for every penny and all she had was his as a matter of course. She could do him no favors, she had no rights, and her preferences were silly.

It had occurred to Mrs. Watkins in one awful moment of early resentment that she would rather be bought by a great many men than by one. There would be more variety and some of them, at least, wouldn't be like Henry.

Then her children came; she aged very rapidly. Nothing is so bad for the personal appearance as the complete abrogation of self-respect. Henry continually threw her birthdays in her

teeth. "A woman of your age," he would say with deep contempt.

He was a man of favorite phrases. Mrs. Watkins was not constitutionally averse to repetition, but the repetition of a phrase that means to hurt can be curiously unpleasant. Still, as her mother had pointed out to her long years ago, you can get used to the unpleasant.

She never complained and her father and mother were gratefully conscious of how soon she had settled down.

But there was a strange fallacy that lingered deep in Mrs. Watkins' heart.

She had given up her rights as a woman, since presumably her marriage necessitated the sacrifice. But she believed that she would be allowed the rights of a mother. This, of course, was where she made her mistake.

Henry Watkins meant to be master in his own house. The house was his own, so was his wife, so were his children.

There is no division of property where there is one master. This was a great religious truth to Henry, so that when his son displeased him, he thrashed him, and when his daughter got in his way he bullied her.

Mrs. Watkins disputed this right not once but many times, till she found the results were worse for the children. Then she dropped her opposition. Henry Watkins saw that she had learnt her lesson. It taught the children a lesson, too; they saw that it made no difference what mother said to father.

Nothing happened to alter either her attitude or Henry's.

They went to the same church twice every Sunday, except when it rained; and they ate roast beef afterwards.

In spite of Henry, Hetty had grown into a charming, sympathetic, slightly nervous young woman, and in spite of Henry, Paul had become a clever, highly strung, regrettably artistic young man.

But if Henry couldn't help their temperaments he could put his foot down about their future.

Paul should go into the bank and learn to be a man. (By learning to be

a man, Henry meant learning to care more for money than for anything else); and Hetty should receive no assistance towards marrying an impecunious young architect to whom she had taken a fancy.

Hetty could do as she chose; she could marry Henry's old friend Baddeley, who had a decent income, or she could stay at home and pretend to be ill; but she certainly shouldn't throw herself away on a young fool who hadn't the means (rather fortunately, as it happened) to support her.

Henry looked at his watch, the sermon had already lasted twenty minutes.

Mrs. Watkins went over once more in her mind how she had better do it. "And now to God the Father," said the vicar. The sermon had lasted twenty-seven minutes and Henry meant to put it out to the vicar in the vestry. "Oh, what the joy and the glory must be!" sang the choir. "And if I am hanged," said Mrs. Watkins to herself, "they'll get the money just the same, I shall try not to be, because it would be so upsetting for them, poor young things; still it's wonderful what you can get over when you're young."

"Keep the beef hot!" whispered Henry, as he set off for the vestry.

At lunch Henry made Hetty cry and leave the room.

Paul flashed out in his sister's defense. "You're unbearable, Sir—why can't you leave us alone?"

His mother strangely interposed.

"Never mind, Paul," she said. "Let father have his own way."

Paul looked at her in astonishment, and Henry was extremely annoyed. He was perfectly capable of taking his own way without his wife's interference, and he told her so.

It was the cook's evening out, and the house parlor-maid—a flighty creature—was upstairs in her room, trimming a new hat. There was no one downstairs in the kitchen after supper.

Paul went out to smoke in the garden, and Hetty had gone to finish her tears in her own room. That was some-

thing Mrs. Watkins hadn't got; but she needed no place for finishing her tears, because she had never yet begun them. She did not see the use of tears.

Mrs. Watkins stood and looked at her husband as he sprawled at his ease in the most comfortable of the drawing-room chairs.

"Henry," she said, "would you like some of that sloe gin your brother sent you? You haven't tried it yet."

"I don't mind trying a glass," said Henry good-naturedly, yawning in her face.

His wife paused at the door. She came back a step or two. "You've not changed your mind," she asked, "about the children's futures?"

"No! Why should I change my mind?" said Henry. "Do I ever change my mind? They can make as much fuss as they like, but the man who pays the piper calls the tune!"

"I've heard you say that before," said his wife reflectively.

"I daresay you'll hear me say it again!" said Henry with a laugh.

Mrs. Watkins' hand went towards the handle of the door, she did not think she would ever hear Henry say this favorite maxim again; but still she lingered.

"Hurry up with that liquor!" said her husband.

Mrs. Watkins went into the pantry and took out a liquor-glass. She poured a little sloe gin into it, then she put down the bottle and left the pantry. She went into the children's dark-room—they were allowed that for their photography.

She still had the glass in her hand. There was a bottle on the highest shelf. She took it down and measured it carefully with her eye. The children's manual of photography and the medical dictionary in Henry's dressing-room had been a great help to her.

She poured out into the deep red of the sloe gin some of the contents of the bottle; it looked very white and harmless and hardly smelt at all. She wondered if it was enough, and she tipped up the bottle a little to make sure.

She used a good deal more than the medical dictionary said was necessary, but the medical dictionary might have underestimated Henry's constitution. She put the bottle back where she found it, and returned to the pantry. There she filled up the liquor-glass with more sloe gin.

She saw Paul on a garden seat through the window. "I wish you'd come out, Mother," he said impatiently.

"I will in a minute, dear," she answered quietly. Then she went back to her husband. "Here it is, Henry," she said. "What a slow woman you are!" he grumbled. "Still I must say you have a steady hand."

She held the full glass towards him and watched him drink it in a gulp.

"It tastes damned odd," said Henry thoughtfully. "I don't think I shall take any more of it."

Mrs. Watkins did not answer; she took up the liquor-glass and went back into the pantry.

She took out another glass, filled it with sloe gin, drank it, and put it on the pantry table.

The first glass she slipped up her long sleeve and went out into the garden.

"I thought you were never coming, Mother!" Paul exclaimed. "Oh, I do feel so sick about everything! If this kind of thing goes on, I shall do something desperate! I know I shall. I sometimes think I should like to kill Father."

Mrs. Watkins drew a long breath of relief. Once or twice lately it had occurred to her while she was thinking things over in church that Paul might get desperate and attack his father. He couldn't now.

"Don't talk like that, dear," she said gently. "I sometimes think your father can't help himself. Besides, it's very natural he should want you and Hetty to have money; he values money."

"He doesn't want us to have it!" Paul exclaimed savagely. "He only wants to keep us in his power because we haven't got it, and can't get away! What money has he ever given you—

or ever let us have for our own freedom?"

Mrs. Watkins looked up at the substantial house and around the well-stocked garden. Henry had gone in especially for cabbages. She looked as if she were listening for something.

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Paul," she said at last. "I want you to go up to Hetty's room and bring her out into the garden. She ought to have some air. The evenings are beginning to draw in. It'll be church time presently."

"But if I bring her down, won't *he* come out and upset her?" Paul demanded.

"I don't think he is coming out again," said Mrs. Watkins. She watched her son disappear into the house, and then walked on into the thick shrubbery at the end of the garden. She slipped the liquor-glass out of her sleeve and broke it into fragments against the garden wall, then she covered the pieces with loose earth.

She had hardly finished before she heard a cry from the house. "Mother! Mother! Oh, Mother!"

"I've done the best I can," she said suddenly, between the kitchen garden and the house.

There was an inquest the following week, and Mrs. Watkins, dressed in decent black, gave her evidence with methodical carefulness.

Her husband had been quite well before dinner, she explained. At dinner he had been a little disturbed with one of the children, but nothing out of the ordinary at all. He had merely said a few sharp words. After dinner he had gone to sit in the drawing-room, and at his request she had brought him a glass of sloe gin sent him by his brother, when he had finished it she had carried the glass back into the pantry. She did not see him again. The maids were not downstairs at the time. The glass was examined, the pantry was examined, the whole household was examined. The parlor maid had hysterics, and the cook gave notice to the coroner for asking her if she kept her pans

clean. The verdict was death through misadventure, though a medical officer declared that poison was evidently the cause.

It was considered possible that Henry had privately procured it and taken it himself.

It is true he had no motive for suicide, but there was still less motive for murder. Nobody wished ardently that Henry might live, but on the other hand, nobody benefited by his interesting and mysterious death—that is to say, nobody but Henry's family; and it is not considered probable that well-dressed, respectable people benefit by a parent's death.

Mrs. Watkins was never tempted to confession; and she continued to gaze just as fixedly at St. Peter and the sardines every Sunday. She thought about quite different subjects now; but she still had a nice quiet time.

It was the day before Hetty's wedding to the young architect that Mrs. Watkins made her final approach to the question of her husband's death. She never referred to it afterwards.

"Do you know, Mummy darling,"

Hetty said, "I was sure there were a dozen liquor-glasses in the cupboard. I always looked after them myself. Father was so particular about them; and they put back the horrid inquest one, I know, and yet I can only find eleven."

Mrs. Watkins looked at her daughter with a curious expression, then she asked abruptly, "Are you very happy, child?" Hetty assented radiantly. Her mother nodded. "And Paul," said Mrs. Watkins thoughtfully, "he seems very contented in his painting. He wants me to go with him to Paris. He always did want to go to Paris."

"Paul can't be as happy as I am," Hetty triumphantly assured her, "because he hasn't got Dick—but it does seem as if both our wildest dreams had come true in the most extraordinary way, doesn't it, Mummy?"

Mrs. Watkins did not answer her daughter at once. She turned towards the cupboard. She seemed to be counting the broken set over again.

"Well, I don't think it matters about that liquor-glass," she said finally. "I'm not as particular as your father."



ON the one hand the authors of copy-book maxims urge us to speak no evil, and on the other hand they forbid us to talk of ourselves. Surely there is a contradiction here.



WHEN a woman begins apologizing for her clothes, it is a sign that you haven't admired them enough.



NOTHING is so dangerous in appearance as a woman who storms and denounces; nothing is so dangerous in fact as a woman who forgives.



HASHEESH

By Constance Skinner

THE heavens bow down before me,
I tread the prostrate stars,
To the inner mystic archway
God guards with opal bars ;
I grasp the lightning scepter
Of the fiend of carmine wars.

I sway the world from its moorings
And whirl it against the wall
Of meteored, thundrous ether,
That rears, majestic, tall,
About creation's temple,
Till the maddened plants fall.

I am king of the hurtling chaos,
I am God : erect, supreme,
Eternal and self sufficing,
In my glorious popped dream ;
Till the awful gray of surfeit
Comes streaking its golden gleam.

Then pale grow the saffron towers,
The lambent pools at their base,
Rise, leprous-hued and fearsome,
And flood thro' the purple space ;
And I flee in a sickened frenzy
From the stark, blue, eyeless face,

That swims on the slimy billows,
And pillows itself on my breast ;
I feel its strangling tresses,
I hear its murderous jest.
As we sink to the far abysses,
Of sleepless, ashen rest.



THE one thing to be careful of is that you are on with the new love before
you are off with the old.



THERE is only one justification for having sinned, and that is to be glad of it.



THE fool pursued folly—and caught wisdom by the tail.

WOMAN

By Stepán Boecklin

"**A**ND Jehovah God said, *It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help-meet for him. . . . And Jehovah God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept. . . .*"—Genesis.

Arrière-pensée:

"*. . . . and Jehovah God marvelled at the slumbers of the man which He had made*"

I

Woman is an open book—written in cipher.

II

Of a man it is possible to say that he *grows*; but of a woman it is correct only to say that she *develops*.

III

Amongst themselves women are excessively fond of discussing man with an air of philosophical bravado, in which there is evident also a kind of pathetic cynicism, as though it were perpetually necessary to warn one another of a destiny none of them can or desires to avoid. . . . They find a morbid consolation for their frailty in respect of men by assembling in groups here and there and by making a pool of their essentially impotent moral bravery and feminine intuitions, and from this heap of indiscriminate virtue each one draws a temporary sustenance and a yet more temporary wisdom. For so soon as the group breaks up into its component parts, each woman goes forth again with her own fixed quantity of strength and weakness. And, what is

most strange in this process is the fact that each one substitutes for the unstable compassion aroused for her sisters under the influence of the group emotions a species of quite private and instinctive rancour for the other members of her sex—who present themselves in imagination as potential rivals for the attentions of the very creature—man—upon whom, *inter se*, they had declared everlasting war. . . .

IV

Woman knows herself to be necessary to the furthering of civilization—even if only in an animal way. But she utterly lacks the sense of personal responsibility until she is conscious of having become an absolute necessity to the life of some individual. And even then, so marked is her individualistic faculty, unless this individual becomes in turn an absolute necessity to herself she never exhibits that peculiar form of heroism which leads her to transform her feminine egoism into an utter submersion of her own destiny and happiness in the happiness and destiny of another.

V

Theorem of Feminine Logic.—In judging man, woman thinks of herself; in judging herself she thinks of man.

VI

It is only when a woman has thoroughly gratified her erotic instincts; has, as it were, assured herself of her sexual character, that she begins to have a maternal inclination. The *mother* always

follows upon the *woman*. Therein perhaps we comprehend the dearth of true motherhood: in association with women men are compelled to act as *males*—as instruments for the satisfaction of *female* cruelty.

VII

There is something of sordidness in every woman who flaunts the happiness others have failed to attain. She then becomes like a spoiled child, playing with her toys in full view of her impoverished playmates.

VIII

The most commonplace of women are capable of becoming exceptional when loved by exceptional men.

IX

In general a woman's reason is most effective and most in evidence under the stimulus of her feelings. She requires to be conscious of an emotional bias one way or another before she can disprove Plato's theory that of the three souls of man she has but two—is lacking in the *reasonable* soul.

X

It is difficult for even the noblest-minded of women to deny a feeling of subtle pleasure when they profit by the inconstancy of their friends' lovers.

XI

A pretty woman always desires her inanimate surroundings to be beautiful—but she selects her female intimates with a view to emphasizing her own beauty. In both cases she wishes to see herself as she expects others to see her.

XII

The mind of a pretty woman, like her clothes, like her perfumes, like her boudoir, is full of hints and suggestions

of her secret charms. This becomes most evident when she expresses a "regret" that she has aroused a "hopeless passion" in one without whose adoration she would eat herself up with irritation.

XIII

The pretty woman is incapable of understanding or appreciating any love in which there is not a marked element of infatuation. The reason for this is, she is more or less infatuated with herself.

XIV

Openly women always deplore the cynical attitude of men of the Don Juan and Lovelace type towards their own sex. But in private they are immensely pleased with it—knowing it to be a great tribute to their power and their capacity for creating intellectual and emotional disturbances.

bis. Few women can feel quite pleased with themselves unless they can nurse the memory of having been the "unfortunate" cause of a former lover's misogyny. Without this fundamentally savage instinct for perverting a man's ideas of their women would begin seriously to doubt their *raison d'être*—it is so necessary for them to feel *indispensable* to man.

XV

Howsoever great her pleasure at being thought "immoral" (and therefore "piquant") by men, a woman never wishes to fall into disrepute with her own sex, in whom, as she intuitively knows, resides the grim power of making her an outcast from society. The more a woman acts in opposition to the laws of feminine propriety (which are at bottom laws of self-preservation) the more vigilant must she become in her endeavors to enjoy their protection. In this also we find much cause for smiling at Christian ethics—at all ethics.

XVI

The height of a woman's ambition is to be at once the most "immoral" and

the most "respectable" member of the community. But this is a truth she never admits—even when finally she is led to the altar.

XVII

A certain "piquancy" is always cultivated by the most hopelessly prudish of women.

XVIII

A woman's idea of magnanimity is to provide a suitable lover for her best friend—after she is thoroughly sure of possessing a suitable one herself.

XIX

The "intellectual woman" is at bottom a monstrosity: she has transferred her womb to her head and, like the mountain in labor, gives birth to a tribe of rodents which appear to her of marvellous beauty but which in point of fact excite more laughter than respect. . . .

XX

Perhaps, after all, it is because women are beginning to resent the ungenerous superiority of men that they are so persistent in their claims of "equality" with him. As a result men are commencing to scratch their heads in perplexity and wonder whether it is not time to cease respecting a creature who has ceased respecting *herself*. . . .

XXI

The "modern woman" has substituted the "sex novel" for the beribboned box of bon-bons. She is, nevertheless, still very fond of sweetmeats. . . .

XXII

It is possible that the "higher education of women" may permit them to set up an erotic barometer in their hearts. It is quite possible . . . but how will it be possible for this barometer to

regulate as well as merely *indicate* the tempestuous storms of primitive instinct.

XXIII

Woman has made the originally beautiful erotic passion increasingly vulgar by introducing into it the element of a perverted and over-scrupulous "intellectualism." . . . She can no longer indulge her passion as a "thing-in-itself," being constantly on the watch for its resemblances to this or that theory of love, this or that fictitious character in some novel; or, worst of all, this or that hazy conception of the sexual life which she has pieced out from the sufficiently inadequate conceptions formulated by the psychological school most in vogue. . . . And in the midst of it all man is wondering why it has become so difficult to bestow his reverent love upon her! . . .

XXIV

It would appear that women are still less desirous of being understood by men than hitherto: they have instituted amongst themselves a kind of obscurantist sect which they call "feminism"—this enables them to become more mysterious to others and hence more "important" in the general scheme of things.

bis. As with men, so among women: an exaggerated consciousness of self results in an excess of confusion (spiritual and intellectual) of the individual. Precisely as we find it difficult to articulate our words intelligibly when, for some reason or other we are acutely aware of the existence of our tongues and our lips: so we find ourselves on all sides embarrassed in the *articulation of our personalities* when the instruments thereof become the subject of a too extreme mental introspection. . . . This moral embarrassment is much more pronounced in the case of women than of men: the former are essentially creatures of temperament, of uncontrollable feelings and impulses; a more or less inchoate mass of nerves, susceptibilities, superstitions and instincts: to all of

which is superadded that mysterious quality of sex; the subtle and evasive physical charms by which woman knows herself to be distinguished from all other animals and from whose ever-present potentialities she must perforce derive so much of her sustenance and maintain her unique position in the scheme of life. . . . Now, if we must admit that the happiness of a normal man depends in large part upon the ability to remain unconscious of himself (that is to say, upon an absence of too much morbid reflection) with how much more truth does this apply to women, in whom the capacity for brooding, the power of being self-secure in solitude, is so much less! All her manifold and contradictory forces depend for their harmonious interplay upon a certain *obliviousness of mind*, a natural equilibrium of disposition, operating in her secret life very much as the digestive functions operate in the physical system of a healthy person: that is to say, with smoothness and regularity, quite in *rerum naturae*, independent from the conscious self and its alluring yet perilous stimuli, whose only results in most cases would be to make their operations more labored, more *evident*: and therefore less efficient. For the imagination (which in women is even less tempered with reason than in men) would instantly seize upon the least casual aberration in their movements as signifying a possible breakdown or decay of the entire mechanism of personality. . . . And, so terrible are the retro-active effects of a so-called "free" imagination (freedom in this case meaning a destructive anarchy) that, under its oppressive sway everything in the external world would assume the nature of something sinister and hostile; the mental faculties would be enormously over-developed on the side of susceptibility to impressions and in equal degree under-developed on the side of moral perspective. The grim shibboleth of the witches in Macbeth would become the theme-motif in the distorted symphony of the victim's life: all fair things would acquire a foulness of something evil,

something antagonistic to happiness; all that was foul would seem a promise of "sweetness and light." How few of us, lacking the balance-wheel of those who can face themselves without a tremor, are able to come out of this gloomy "cave of the winds" with a brighter eye and a firmer step! And especially is this so among women: those pre-eminently social creatures, who wish to see a reflection of anything but their own soft, timorous features when they gaze into the mirror of their souls; who are immeasurably distressed when their silent meditations cannot affix themselves upon some external object—lover, child, picture; something reminiscent of rapture or agony—building all around it, as from a center, a spider-like web of memories, aspirations, fears and regrets.

To conclude: The essentially modern ferment which bears the names, "Feminism," "The Woman Movement," is but the expression of an en masse confusion in the sex. It is a new "problem" resulting from an increased complexity in the ways and means of human existence, with no corresponding increase of capacity to be secure in one's self from all its manifestations. Women have seized upon with hysterical alacrity the new notion that they are "psychical entities" who have, through long ages, endured the greatest contumely from men: they propose therefore to make themselves so evident that there will be nothing for it but to give them what they demand—very much as parents give their spoiled children all manner of toys in order to silence their cries. In point of fact, that growing disturbance among women is less an acknowledgment of the individual woman's right to live her own life as she may best determine as a kind of gigantic system of inter-feminine flattery, with just as many formulae, just as many tenets and doctrines as Protestantism itself. Its adherents are expected to underscore all the feminine personal pronouns in the "problem novels"; to concentrate their emotional attentions upon the suffer-

ings their sisters take from the hands of "contemptible" villains—and on top of it all, with most humorous effect, comes this insistent and peevish assertion of "equality" with the very brute against whom they have declared everlasting war! . . .

XXV

In solitude a woman is always afraid of coming into too close a contact with herself. This, more than anything else, explains why she is so much of a disappointment to men of the introspective type—to all profound thinkers, who, nevertheless, cannot free themselves of the uncanny spells and allurements by which she binds them to herself. . . . When she is alone woman becomes drowsy, an apprehensiveness creeps into her mind, she is fearful of what she will meet if she plunges too deep into those wonder-working forests all about her. . . . Her exquisite emotional susceptibilities act as a deterrent to the understanding of herself, and this in turn makes her more acutely susceptible to all impressions which demand self-examination and analysis. She is incapable, in Nietzsche's expressive phrase, of "going for a walk in herself"—hence she can seldom stumble on a new truth or be visited with a new revelation without being victimized by hysteria. . . . Always woman is something more and something less than rational; this is why, without lifting a little finger or saying a single word she can create more disturbance in the world (in *her* particular world) than a hostile army in peaceful lands.

XXVI

Misogyny or. . . . Most women cannot avoid a tendency to *rehearse* before themselves certain effective gestures, attitudes and expressions—even when their cue is to be *quite natural*. This also explains why they find such acute pleasure in being *loved* and in loving: therein repose most of their histrionic opportunities (even if we concede that they are divinely unconscious of being

anything but "womanly" under such conditions). And these opportunities, the search for which consumes so much thought on her part, are deemed by her lacking in glamour, in self-nourished vanity if men did not seem more or less unappreciative of the talent displayed in them. . . . Am I too subtle for you, oh, divine creatures? or *not subtle enough?* . . .

XXVII

A woman is never quite satisfied with herself unless she is misunderstood—unless many of her honest motives are given an ever so little unjust interpretation. . . . She must have cause for commiserating herself; must frequently appear in heroic roles—that she is both actor and audience is of small consequence—the chief thing is that she should feel herself superior to other women through having endured some outrage upon her sensibilities. . . .

bis. Many women find it difficult—nay, impossible—to adore men in whose love there is too much perspicacity and too little inconsiderateness.

XXVIII

A woman wishes to be absolutely "free" with respect to her affections for an individual of the opposite sex. But in most cases this "freedom," like that of a petty despot, is attained only through the slavery, more or less compulsory (and, from the view-point of society, quite "legitimate") of her victim. She cannot tolerate anything which will reflect upon her vanity of complete possession: full ownership rights in the house are demanded by her if she is to live in it peaceably—and this right implies in her subtle mind the privilege of taking up her residence elsewhere whenever caprice or vexation bids her. . . . It is only the exceptional woman, the type exemplified by Madame de Stael's Corinne, and so richly fulfilled by Rahel Varnhagen in Germany and Mary Wollstonecraft in England, to whom love-freedom signifies a total absence of all crude jealousies

(that state of mind which *compels* a suspicion of her in man); an amplex and warmth of spirit which chooses rather to suffer nobly from love's inevitable cruelties than to be herself the cause of ignoble suffering in her lover.

XXIX

Women who are capable of a profound passion, whenever their hearts become attached to some individual, demand so much of themselves that all the shortcomings in the objects of their love appear as virtues more noble than their own—until that crucial point is reached in which these defects are revealed, not only as incurable (this alone might be passed over), but as deliberately persisted in, as a means of wounding a too pure and unquestioning spirit.

bis. Too often, that which men call "love," is by women known as the valley of the shadow. . . .

XXX

Feminine distress: This is perhaps most marked in women who have not sufficient power to distress others—unless we except those who, having once tasted the honeyed fruits of this power, have then lost it irretrievably. . . .

bis. A shrewd lover will not be deceived or cast-down by the inexplicable caprices of a woman whom he knows to be lacking in spiritual gifts: when he sees her distracted by powerful emotions or filled with a venomous irritation towards himself he merely shrugs his shoulders and says, "She is trying to retain my love, and is torturing herself because she is incapable of sufficiently *agonizing* me." He knows full well that women who lack the charm of personal character; women who have only lived on one side of themselves, if one may employ the term, have no other resource in matters of the heart but that of trying to make themselves "pathetic," of appealing to the weak sense of *pity* in man—in short, of *distressing* him by assuming a rôle of womanly heroism in the face of masculine brutality. What a pity this crea-

ture succeeds so well with men destined to better things—to things whose achievement is impossible in the arms of the "adoring woman" as Nietzsche succinctly characterized her! . . .

XXXI

An element of vexation always enters into the feelings of a woman who discovers herself quite lacking in *pathos* in the thoughts of her intimates—if she be young and ingenuous, this means her admirers. The pathetic is with her a refuge from that excessive baldness of view in which everything is so clearly outlined that little or no opportunity is presented for an attitude of wonderment, of mist-like idealism, of humidity of eye and gentleness of touch when in her presence. She does not wish to be one of those phenomena whose every secret and charm is easily visible to the naked eye—knowing perhaps too well that even under the microscope of analysis her "mystery" will dissolve into nothingness. . . . Pathos affords her the capacity of seeming larger and deeper than she really is; it gives her the privilege of thinking very tenderly about herself, and this privilege becomes invaluable when associated with tender thoughts in others. Reasonably enough her feminine subtlety comes to her aid: in order to facilitate this pathetic impression she instinctively emphasizes the pathetic in others; exhibits a flattering appreciation of the vague heroisms and nobilities of character she finds reflected in the mirror of herself—if she be young and "impressionable" again in her admirers. . . .

XXXII

Women do not wish—and in most cases are unable—to form any other conception of "the naked truth" than that which is both physical and personal. They are the victims of their own moral casuistry in this respect: to discover that they are *beautiful* rather than *good* is the chief labor of their hearts and the central point about which

their ethics revolve; to construct a system of morals in which the most questionable pleasures are justified on the score of the "sincerity" with which they are indulged, and the tactical skill manifested in beating a retreat to virtue under the convenient banner of "Chastity." In women the capacity of absorbing new sensations, the need of pleasurable stimuli, has so intimately aligned itself with the moral sense that we are not surprised when La Bruyère says, "La plupart des femmes n'ont guère de principes, elles se conduisent par le coeur, et dépendent pour leurs moeurs de ceux qu'elles aiment." . . . It is in her morality that a woman most nearly approaches the nature of God; therein she is at once the most inflexible and capricious of beings. Like God, she insists upon everyone conducting themselves in accordance with theories so perfect that they never descend below the abstract; but, like God also, she reserves the right to be "incalculable" whenever she encounters a case not provided for in the tables of the law.

XXXIII

Feminine jealousy is revealed with its greatest intensity in two types of woman: those who, possessing in a high degree, every quality which exalts them above others, are kept in a state of constant suspense through the fear of being excelled: and those who, lacking almost every charm, express through jealousy a virulent consciousness of their own insignificance and a scorn equally virulent of the richer endowments of others. In both cases jealousy is the result of an undue self-humiliation, through excessive comparison with others.

XXXIV

Feminine Morality: The astute misogynist will find an intimate connection between the unreflective impetuosity of women and their jealousy: he will say to himself, "It is when passing judg-

ment upon one another that women, the divine sin of man, most resemble lavez, who dictated the ten tables of law out of spleen at his own impotence." . . . But one must be very astute indeed: especially when one has seen of what sacrifices a woman is capable when her passions must be divided between her lover and her rival. . . .

bis. Women who have never suffered any resistance to their desires and have maintained a respectable position in society, are capable of extraordinary generosity towards their less fortunate sisters. It is only necessary that the jealousy the former arouse should not succeed in harsh punitive measures.

XXXV

Respectable women find the coquette odious because that which is "shameless" in herself is not "shameful" in others. That is why women find it so difficult to forgive those who do not share their own "bad conscience" respecting others' morality. They are like judges who sentence the criminal, not for her crime (wherein they themselves are worthy of trial), but for her attitude towards it.

XXXVI

Men can forgive anything in their mistresses, but immodesty and sophistication: the first is a sin against good taste; the latter an error of judgment. They have the same corruptive influence upon love as mediocrity upon art—are, in short, the symbols of mediocrity in women.

bis. A wise lover will not be anxious to secretly observe the conduct and conversation of his "ideal" in the exclusive company of her own sex. . . . But if he intends to marry her his wisdom will not only permit but insist upon such an anxiety, the satisfaction of which may forestall many sleepless nights. . . .

XXXVII

Modesty makes an ugly woman ludicrous and a beautiful woman adorable:

in the first case it proves nothing but virtue; in the second, virtue plus voluptuousness. Which in turn proves that even the most virtuous of women would be inconsolable without the possession of beauty sufficient to give their modesty the power of exciting irreligious desires. . . .

Young girls and old maids resemble one another in this respect: when musing over the loneliness of their hearts they console themselves with dreams of being loved for their *modesty* . . . which is undoubtedly a final and conclusive proof of the importance of *virtue* in human affairs—and in “affairs.” . . .

XXXVIII

It is of woman one thinks when reflecting on the words of the Sicilian philosopher, Empedocles, “love we perceive by means of love and hate by means of dismal hate.” . . . For we perceive the purest forms of each through woman, who is incapable of being lukewarm or moderate in anything which relates to her own happiness. And since feminine happiness is so largely a matter of giving and receiving pleasure, her love and her hatred are likewise strongly influenced by whatever aids or obstructs her instinct for pleasure—whether this instinct be a question of God or devil, saint or sinner, wisdom or folly, matters not. . . . She must *enjoy* something, somehow, and in her enjoyments she is always extreme—incredibly loving or astoundingly hateful.

XXXIX

Every woman is a proposition of which the converse is equally true—and equally false. She is like those Grecian oracles, in whose cryptic phrases every mind may read a different meaning—sinister, beautiful, or trivial; like that misanthropic philosopher of whose words Socrates said “they require a Delian oracle to get at their meaning.” . . . And in point of fact, women are in general so ignorant of themselves

that they will acknowledge gratefully any truth which proves them exceptions to the general rule. . . .

The accomplished misogynist, in drawing up his opinions about women (and be it remembered, they are only “opinions”), takes as his formula a very subtle and yet very convenient truth, which may be thus expressed: “Every woman is her own double and her own opposite; truths which seem peculiar to herself apply also to others, and those which seem contrary to her own nature will gain her approbation if rightly expressed.” . . . In a word, to understand women, it is only necessary to learn that she is a medal, of which one face is very commonplace and the reverse very extraordinary. . . .

XL

It is when confessing her sins that woman is most conscious of her virtue. That is why the Catholic faith is so popular with the fair sex in all countries. Would Gustav Flaubert have been hailed into court as an “immoralist” had he not depicted with intrepid realism the ecstatic religious sensualism of the young Emma Bovary in the confessional? Women are so fascinated by the idea of a religion founded upon virgin birth that they cannot avoid dreaming of the raptures through which the Madonna must have passed in conceiving a God. Their logic is so daring and so merciless as to make them find in sin the *ne plus ultra* of godliness. . . . Hence their pleasure in humiliating themselves before the representatives of the Most High on earth. . . .

XLI

It is a question whether, in all ages, the “saint” has not made his strongest appeal to the sex in whom all the sins of mankind—even that of “repentance”—are made manifest; and whether the appeal of his “odor of sanctity” does not come chiefly from qualities which would make Satan rather than God smile. . . .

At bottom, the instincts which impel a prude to visit the shrine of a saint are the same as those of a courtesan—that is to say, they are both “women.” . . .

Women comprehend the psychology of “innocence”: they know that virtue—their own and others’—is not proved save through temptation. Hence her distinctly religious significance in the “Legend of Saint Anthony” and the “Lives of the Saints.”

XLII

The knowledge of giving pleasure almost exclusively through the possession and bestowal of her favors leads a pretty woman to believe herself immune from the ravages of time and passion. Because of the emphasis laid by men upon charms which it is impossible to conceive of as intrinsically permanent she is driven in self-defence to imagine that her beauty, like the strength of Antæu, becomes more irresistible with every “touch of nature” and every caress of love. She has but one God—Time—and she regards herself as the special favorite of this god, beneath whose foot others alone are crushed into ugliness and decay.

Time is nothing to a pretty woman until its scarifying effects are observable by others. Then, in her terrified imagination, every day is an eternity, and she broods herself into a premature old age.

XLIII

It is only the beautiful woman who is thoroughly pleased at the compliment of being loved “for herself alone” as the saying goes. She finds in the eyes of those who utter this commonplace a silent tribute, which is at once intoxicating and unconscious—that homage to her beauty in which alone women can be quite reconciled to love and suffering.

XLIV

It is not flattery which a woman dislikes, but the flatterer. She judges

“honeyed words,” not by their essential truth or falsity, but by her love or detestation of the lips from which they come. Towards praise no woman can be quite indifferent: she listens, either to heed or scorn.

XLV

It is as impossible for women to make us happy as it is for God to make us good. Like God, woman offers herself to us, and as with God our pride makes us monsters, so with her our desires make us beasts and we exhaust our capacities for happiness on the very brink of attainment.

XLVI

From the Garden of Epicurus: Woman is the most ironical of creatures: with her lips she gives us pleasure and with her eyes she makes us wretched. . . . Victim of her own nobility and loneliness she delivers herself over to the sins of men, and asks of us only that she be allowed to make us happy and, though suffering, find her happiness in us. But man has not yet learned that woman is a being whom every lover creates anew out of his own passion, as the poet, in the grim travail of his soul, projects upon eternity a new heaven and a new earth, while others shake their heads and fall again into that torpor which seeks a God where God is not. Out of his own passion every lover creates woman anew, bringing her ever more near to the divine, permitting her to teach him what he thought he knew, and teaching her in turn what she knew of old but from him learns again, never weary of the words which come from his loved lips. . . . But we—we who call ourselves men and hate one another; in our love, sombered over with a morality of which licentiousness and asceticism are the twin gods, we seek in woman, who can give us anything, only that which she is, what we have conceived her to be in our drunkenness or in our sleep: something which is neither dream nor

reality; a plaything, a bauble, an adventure of the night, an amusement for the idle hours of libertine and cynic; an inspiration for the tirades of saint and evangelist and for the music of a ballroom; hearing her name spoken, now in a discourse on salvation, now in the ribaldry of sensualists—always and everywhere she is attached, reviled, adored, idealized by those who eternally seek her lips and ponder on the ironical sorrow in her eyes. . . .

We have wished to honor woman by setting her on the right-hand of God: but she knows Him not, for the God which we worship in our temples is a God, not of life, not of joy, not of the harmony between happiness and virtue, but of negation, of jealousy, of fear and trembling, of spiritual pride and malignancy, of the closing of eyes before beauty and of the lacerating of the flesh. . . . We have forgotten how to make a song of life "a song for the generations of men yet unborn"—for we no longer have ears for the glorious music of a woman's body, nor eyes for the eternal twilight of her passion. . . .

XLVII

Unless she is already inspired with a passion for another, it is dangerous to become intimate with a woman whom we do not and cannot love. For we permit her to think that she makes us happy, and it is through the impregnating of another with happiness that woman finds the primitive inspiration of her love: she reasons thus, "Man desires to find happiness in this life, and whatever affords him this supreme gift, whatever causes him to forget the sorrows and disappointments he has endured will necessarily obtain his gratitude, his reverence—his love." . . . And so, naïve and credulous, the woman who brings a smile and peace into a man's heart indulges beautiful dreams of seeing him fall upon his knees before her, and kissing her hands, her brow, her lips, while whispering those words of troubled pain and desires which form so large a part of her life among

men. . . . But how little she thinks that the happiness she gives to him would not be possible if he desired her! how little she understands that in a man's love there are two periods: one of lust, before she gives herself, and another of ennui, when she has no more to give him and is just commencing to expect a paradise. . . . In the simplicity or subtlety of her heart (therein lies the tragedy) she believes that the seed of happiness she has thus sown will blossom forth into a harvest of passionate love, which she can gather into herself, as in the Orient the flaming poppies are gathered into the arms of the reaper. . . .

Still another explanation: The "double standard" considered as the perpetual conflict between the feminine concept of happiness: possession, and the masculine concept: desire. Conflict, stern, inhuman and revengeful, between two illusions, two chimeras: desire which does not understand possession and possession which can still desire. Based upon the greatest illusion, the most universal chimera of all: happiness.

Men are rarely honest with themselves when they thank a woman for not resisting their desires. When they do so it is from a feeling of embarrassed shame, of insincere satisfaction, as though, like children, they found more pleasure in crying for the moon than they would if suddenly transported thither. Masculine philosophy is essentially inadequate when confronted with the eternal feminine.

XLVIII

There is only one truth that can be affirmed of woman boldly and without fear of refutation: that she *exists* and that it is no one's fault but God's.

XLIX

Suggestion for a new philosophy of history: Our attitude towards woman (and therefore towards life) itself has always and everywhere been strongly influenced by our conception of the idea of pleasure.

THE DREAM MAN

By Helen Woljeska

COMING from the broad terrace, Wynne entered the wide, sun flooded drawing-room. She seemed the spirit of summer personified, standing there with a huge bunch of roses in her arms, redlipped and brilliant eyed, against a background of splendid summer sky and summer foliage. One swift, scrutinizing glance she threw about her, then with quick elastic step walked towards the cluster of low seats in an alcove at the further end of the room. "Here I am, darling—they are all for you!" And she threw the flowers in one riotous perfumed heap upon the sofa before her.

Her eyes, still blinded by the dazzling sun outside, refused to accurately record their impressions in the subdued light of this part of the room. She could not coherently see the face she loved. But the paleness of the blue-veined forehead framed by a wave of deep black hair, the weariness of the large gray eyes under their heavily fringed lashes, were clearly apparent to her. And the radiance of her own healthful splendor immediately became overcast with the gentle shadows of a passionate tenderness. "Dearest—you are sad—" She bent over him, eager to comfort, to cheer, to charm. . . . There was a knock at the door. When the maid entered, Wynne stood in the centre of the room, lazily fastening a rose to her white dress.

The maid brought a card. And a few moments later Ethel Thornton made her vivacious entrée. Sweeping down upon Wynne, she enveloped her in the embrace of a matchless Paris gown, hovered over her with the bewildering orchid beauty of an exquisite picture hat.

"Wynne! Old Chum! How glad I am to see you again!" Then, holding her at arm's length: "And you look fine—more beautiful than ever!"

Wynne laughed a mysterious little laugh. "But you," she said, "you look like a queen of fairy-land! Poor Bill Thornton! The duty he must have had to pay!"

"Pooh!" Ethel's baby face hardened. "Don't waste any sympathy in that direction. Not all women are blessed with husbands like yours was—" then, following her own train of thoughts—"oh Wynne—when I left last year I feared you never would be able to smile again. Thank God you look so well and happy!" and in genuine, warmblooded affection the picture hat swooped down once more.

Wynne sat very still. "Do not let us speak of last year, Ethel, please—" she said quietly.

Ethel gave a quick look of surprise. Then her volubility returned. "Not if it hurts you!" she readily assented. "We will speak of today—and of tomorrow. Now that I am back, dear, you can't go on burying yourself alive. You must return into the world, meet old and new friends, in a word *live* again! You are young, beautiful, independent—all sorts of happiness is in store for you!"

The enigmatic smile returned to Wynne's eyes and lips. "I am happy—" she said fervently.

Ethel, suddenly scenting an unexpectedly possibility: "A new love?" But when Wynne gravely shook her head: "Of course not! How should you! Everybody tells me you live shut up here like a nun ever since Burt's death. Now, Wynne, this is not right.

Solitude makes people queer. It is not good for you. And it is not good for us—for we miss you—I do!” And then came plans for the summer, fall, and winter, in all of which Wynne was included. . . .

After Ethel's departure, Wynne returned to the alcove. But the one she looked for was not there. Mournfully she gathered up her drooping roses, when suddenly she caught sight of him at the further end of the room. “Darling, darling—” she called in a soft, low voice. Then, running up to him: “They want to estrange us—” she whispered hurriedly—“but never fear! They shall not—they never shall. . . .”

She reached for his delicately transparent hand. But he had passed out into the sunlight.

II

Drip, drip, drip. It was a rainy November morning. Wynne sat in the lace and silk nest she called “bed,” lazily leaning against piled up pillows. The maid had placed the silver tray upon her mistress' knees, tucked the mail between napkin and chocolate pot, switched on an electric lamp to supplement the pale daylight—and quietly left the room as was her wont.

Wynne loved rainy autumn days. She was keenly alive to their misty atmosphere's drowsy charm. The pleasantly artificial warmth of her bedroom seemed to caress her bare shoulders and arms. The delicate flavor of the chocolate agreeably stimulated her languid appetite. “Is not this cozy. . . .” she smiled, beaming into the eyes she loved. Those eyes seemed less weary lately, more boyish and spirited. “Soon you'll be yourself again!” she nodded, scrutinizing him with satisfaction as he sat in the large arm chair besides her bed, wrapped into his favorite Chinese dressing-gown of gorgeous embroideries. He looked strangely sumptuous in the shifting golden haze that vaguely seemed to blur all his contours. . . .

“Want a little chocolate?” she asked teasingly, as she began to pour the

fragrant beverage. . . . “Awfully nice!” She laughed—always careful not to raise her voice, lest the servants might hear her. They could not possibly have understood!

The breakfast was a delicate creation, perfect in its union of quality and simplicity. Wynne quite appreciated its every detail, happy in the presence that glorified each phase of her days and nights. It was not until she had done justice to her repast, that she finally remembered the mail. From the little package of letters she chose two or three that emphatically were neither invitations nor bills, and from among these instinctively singled out an envelope bearing the address of the University Club. “That must be from Mr. Gelett,” she wondered. She had met the young Boston man at Ethel's occasionally—for she had indeed yielded to her chum's entreaties and, from time to time, spent an afternoon or evening in the Thornton's hospitable suburban home, not far from her own. Naturally the young widow, just emerging from her mournful seclusion, was much fêted and sought after. But not one of her admirers was able to make an impression upon her. She seemed strangely detached from the gay set of which, apparently, she formed part. And, although appreciative of the friendship and affection offered, quite unable to give any in return.

The sheet of heavy white paper which she now unfolded bore only a few lines. In them Mr. Gelett asked to be allowed the honor of escorting her to Mrs. Thornton's tango tea—the “affair” with which Ethel was to reopen her New York apartment. How well the sturdy, terse hand-writing expressed the young man's personality. It seemed to Wynne that the square face with its keen hazel eyes looked straight at her from the written page. And with a little thrill almost of pleasure she recalled the admiration—self-contained but uncontestable—she was used to read in his face. She leaned back on her pillows. Yes—perhaps she would accept. She would not dance, of course. But

she promised Ethel to be there anyway. . . . Having an escort would make the long monotonous trip to and from town less long and monotonous! Wynne smiled. And began to debate with herself as to which frock she would wear—the white velvet one—or the black lace with its broad belt of lapis lazuli satin—or perhaps that queer yellow Paul Poiret thing. . . .

She did not notice that the large chair besides her bed was vacant.

III

It was three a.m. one cold January morning. The machine had drawn up before the gate and, rather sleepily, Wynne's maid emerged from the illuminated front door to meet her mistress. "Come in and have a cup of tea before you start on your trip back"—urged Wynne. "Laurie will then take you to the station for the 3:30 train."

"I will be happy to come in"—said Gelett's low rumbling voice—"but, as for Laurie, no, I can easily walk those few blocks to the station."

While the much relieved chauffeur made for the garage, the three turned and entered the house. The warmth and light that greeted them was grateful and homelike indeed. The wide brilliantly lit hall with its dark panelings and deep red rugs presented a most hospitable look. And in the cozy corner, on daintily set table, a large shimmering brass samovar was busily puffing away.

"You see—" smiled Wynne—"everything is ready for my tea. Bring another cup, Lena, and then go to bed. You need not wait for me."

She let the heavy evening coat slip from her regal shoulders, and Gelett was sure he never in his life had seen a more dazzling picture of loveliness.

"Here"—she told him—"take this chair." And with wifely grace her white hands prepared the tea and offered the dainty wafers, while her black eyes danced and her red lips laughed. She felt gloriously alive! The opera had

been like wine. Her every nerve was stimulated into activity and joy. She could not have borne to be alone just then! And Gelett was a companion to her taste. He understood her so well, in spite of the difference in temperament. Indeed, his manful reserve offered just the needed counterpart to balance her high strung, emotional nature. . . . Wynne felt herself carried away on a wave of irresistible happiness. "Do you know—" she said, putting her hand on his with sudden impulse—"we are getting to be the very best of friends!"

Gelett was quick to seize that caressing little hand and carry it to his lips. "Not friends—" he said, looking straight into her eyes.

She drew back in sudden alarm. A deep sigh had seemed to breathe past them. . . . She did not realize it had come from her own breast. And a cold dread chilled her.

But his keen, clear eyes did not waver. "Not friends—" he repeated, pulling her closer, until their lips were very near each other. "Lovers," he whispered. And his mouth covered hers. "Lovers"—she answered in a sob. . . .

It was past four o'clock when Gelett finally left the house. Wynne, suddenly conscious of intense fatigue and depression, wearily went upstairs. She had switched off the large center lamp and now only one side light illumined the vast hall and dark monumental stairs. How weirdly the shadows closed in upon her. In spite of her lassitude she hurried her steps. The upper hall also was but dimly lit. The door to her bedroom stood ajar. Had someone just passed in? Anxiously she peered before her, frightfully conscious of some shadow noiselessly gliding presence. Then she went in.

The amber shaded veilleuse seemed unable to dispel the shifting gloom. Vapory, unsubstantial, the room appeared to be. In the tall mirror opposite Wynne saw her reflected image, a vague and ghastly vision with haunted eyes. And who. . . . Was she not alone? Somebody stood behind her. Above

her shoulder she discerned a face, drawn with suffering, livid, stricken to death . . . the face she once had loved—she still loved! And in a flash she realized herself—hideously guilty! This night, all these last weeks, now appeared as one continuous chain of disloyalty, deceit and treason—treason of a love, that had outlasted death itself. . . . “Burt!” she cried out. “Burt.”

She turned, to throw herself at his feet, cling to him, implore his forgiveness, his love. . . . But there was nobody. She stood quite alone. Deep silence. Only the silken window curtains softly swished as in a sudden draught. “Don’t desert me!” she shrieked.

And beside herself, she rushed to the window. With feverish fingers she threw it open. Far out she bent, into the icy night, straining after something that seemed to elude her passionate grasp. “Burt”—“Burt”—The disconsolate, hysterical cry cut the stillness like daggers. Then, just as her maids, terrified and dishevelled, rushed into the room—with a little half suppressed exclamation or bliss, Wynne disappeared in the darkness outside.

The next day’s papers announced with flaring headlines “the tragic death of the beautiful Mrs. Burton Garrison who, in an attack of temporary insanity, had dashed herself from a second story window. . . .”



A SONG IN THE GRASS

By Witter Bynner

SOMETIMES I wish the days might pause
And pass not into night
Or wish the night might have no cause
To interchange with light.

Some nights I wish the day might break,
Some days I crave a star.
But chiefly I have learned to take
The minutes as they are.



WOMEN do not like timid men. Cats do not like prudent rats.



MARRY for money, and you will earn it; marry for love, and you will lose it.

RAMBLES IN ROUGE

By George Jean Nathan

"CHILDREN OF EARTH," the play by Miss Alice Brown which sacked the regal Winthrop Ames prize of two hundred thousand glasses of St. Louis Pilsner or one hundred thousand glasses of the real imported stuff (representing in mere money the sum fiscal of ten thousand dollars), is discovered to be still another labour to invest with sentimental interest the baroque lech of the past middle-age female. In brief, a sort of dramatization of *Harper's Magazine*.

I confess, therefore, at the starting post to a somewhat uncritical prejudice against the piece. To me, the theme is obscene in a foxy way without possessing the more direct advantage of an aggressive vulgarity. Elbert Hubbard once said that whenever a man and a woman meet, there is drama—unless they are too old. What Mr. Hubbard probably meant to infer was that, where the protagonists are too old, what results is burlesque. Thus, when in Miss Brown's play two ancient steam-radiators are brought into juxtaposition, what proceeds is snickerbräu. It is not, however, entirely Miss Brown's fault. I have contemplated many a pen approach the theme valiantly, only to return, alas, unhorsed from the tilt. It is a thesis that cannot well be treated sentimentally. In the first place, it is too blamed dirty. In the second place, sentiment and anything over thirty-four and a half (male) and twenty-three and a half (female) do not harness. And in the third place, I object out of hand to antiques misbehaving.

The gymnasium of slobber, known to the dictionary as "love," is an unpretty medium of occupation at best, even

when practised by the young folk. I myself, a still somewhat youthful and impressionable fellow, have never been able to persuade myself to its exercise save when heavily under the combined influence of Dostoevsky, very dry Sherry and a French maid. Wasn't it Flaubert who criticized the esthetic carelessness of God in having made the most beautiful thing and the ugliest thing in life one and the same?

Again, I repeat, whatever others—older others—may think of a play in which is exposed the vain concupiscence of a wrinkled and warped ex-flapper, I personally cannot stomach it. I have essayed the job often, but have habitually failed. "Years of Discretion," which tickled the baldheads, *maldemer'd* me. In Germany, a play with a similarly senile central damsel and called "Mary's Big Heart," the work of Korfiz Holm, did the same. In Austria, a much better play by Sil Vara, called "A Woman of Forty," did the same. Also in Germany, a play of like nature called "An Education in Love," by Hans Kyser, did the same. And in France, a play carrying the theme through a male central figure, the work of De Flers and the late De Caillavet, did the same. You cannot dramatize seriously the Galula of George Ade's "Sultan of Sulu."

Frankly, I am able to detect, with one exception, small worth in this Pilsner-harvesting opus. And the one exception, I take it, is such that it will bring surprise to Miss Brown when she eyes my view of it. I cannot believe that the lady intended the element for what it has impressed me as being. I refer to the character of the village half-

wit who seems to wander through the play aimlessly, babbling his love for the wife of another man. As I envisage the character, it represents the maudlin half-wittedness and the incoherent vanity of love itself. A symbol, shall we say? As such, it is excellent. But, honestly now, Miss Brown, did you mean it for any such thing? Did you not see the character merely as a low Shakespearian clown flirting in a left-handed way with a feeling of compassion?

The exhibit purports to be and represents itself to be "a play of New England." The designation is malapropos. The exhibit is no more of New England than it is of Norway. The names of the characters, true, are names familiar to New England—but there the geographical quality halts. The language used by the characters is a cross between Lottie Blair Parker and Algernon Swinburne. The play is "well written" in the sense that the writing in it is well done, but there is, obviously, a spacious difference twixt a well-written play and a play containing good writing. The basic idea of Miss Brown's play—to wit, the smiling yet sinister tragedy of middle age—with the objectionable features removed, has been handled admirably in a short play which I have several times in these pages remarked on, the "Over the Hills" of John Palmer. Where, too, a happier oblique treatment of the topic than Bahr's "Concert"? Or, for that matter, "Rosemary"?

Mr. Ames' scenic embellishment of the manuscript is in his characteristic excellent taste and this gentleman further reveals himself, in the manipulation of the stage, to be a producing director of a very high adroitness. But from his casting of the play, it would appear that all New England farmers are English actors.

I have mentioned "Rosemary," currently in revival as a medium for Mr. Drew. The reproduction of the play, after a lapse of eighteen years, has naturally provided several of my colleagues with their opportunity to re-

flect as usual upon the "creakiness," the soliloquies and the "transparent machinery" of this specimen of the dramatic yesterday. Whenever a revival of this order is instituted, a capacious condescension stalks the critical columns, and the play is given a fatherly tap upon the head and waved gently off the premises. On many such occasions, it follows as patent that the head-tappers are in the right—on such occasions, for example, as when Mr. Michael Morton presents one of his Sardou revivals under a new title. But on other occasions, such, for example, as the present occasion, the practice is as full of pathos as a little negro child's eyes.

"Rosemary," with all its technical cobwebs, is still a human romance and still a crisp pathological romance. It is a better and a sounder play, as it stands, than "Children of Earth." Although I believe with Chesterton that the ridiculing of the soliloquy is more often than not a mere ridiculing on the unanalyzed and unfounded ground of tradition: that the soliloquy is often a perfectly natural thing—that you at times hold verbal communion with yourself and that I do the same; in brief, that we all at times talk to ourselves when taking a shower bath or dressing or when in a mood of high happiness,—I shall not defend the soliloquy here. But it remains that, as go most of the plays we see to-day on the Broadway stage, a soliloquy is *ipso facto* just half as bad as a dialogue. Although, further, I believe that a story as true and as tender as that of "Rosemary," however crudely spun to these, our later eyes, is worth a hundred ears over such more adept nonsense as the somewhat parallel "Papa" of De Flers and De Caillavet, I shall refrain here from a diagnosis of the patho-psychophysics of amour. Although, to boot, I believe that a good creaky play is worth more than a bad well-greased play, I shall not endeavor to persuade the critical clergy to my side. What I shall do is merely this: offer up a prayer to my beloved

colleagues for God's sake once in a while to try and forget that a well-written play is the desideratum, above every other desideratum supreme, of what we (when anyone's listening) call dramatic criticism. "That's for remembrance."

In pleasant contradistinction to the gentlemen who like to think they take the American theater seriously, we find Mr. James Forbes and his satirical burlesque, "The Show Shop." Forbes has here applied the slapstick to the seat of the pants of the native drama and has done the job up in good shape. Slowly, painstakingly, and with a broad low humor, he has slapped fibre after fibre out of the aforesaid seat of the pants, has worn down to nothingness thread after thread, until at length the native drama is disclosed to the surprised public for just the object it is. With all its crudities and its vaudeville, the Forbes play is as apt a specimen of local burlesque as the stage has revealed in some time. It marks this writer's best effort and demonstrates him to be possessed of an unsuspected talent for acute and tonic buffoonery. There is, indeed, a touch of Hoyt, a touch of Ade, a touch of Cohan, to this work of his.

The Germans and Austrians (to whom I seem lately to have devoted considerable space; justifiably, however, I believe, forasmuch as the American theatrical public is in a blue ignorance as to the large dramatic virtues of these fellows), as I say, the Germans and their neighbors are particularly deft at this form of genial, yet stinging, satire. I have often mentioned plays in this department which have touched upon ground similar to that excavated by Mr. Forbes. For instance, to repeat a few, "The Man In the Prompter's Box," "Hydra," "The Dress Rehearsal" and "The Yellow Nightingale." Although not conceived with the same grace and polish as are inherent to these over-seas products, and although not expiring anything like the imagination of the latter, the Forbes' play is yet farce of a thematic-

ally quick and roguish order. Firstly, it squirts the cocoa juice at the local star system—that arch stratagem by means of which the publikum is cajoled into believing that talent is always spelled with a capital T. Secondly, it syringes the root beer into the art of presenting bad plays successfully and into the coincident art of driving authors to the Palazzo Pecan. And thirdly, it makes gaudy sport of those critics who still amuse themselves by believing the theater to be a place where one goes to see plays and acting worth criticizing.

* * *

This month, Mr. Owen Davis has been reading Maupassant. He calls the result "Sinners." In a recent magazine article, Mr. Davis explained that he always wrote his plays—or we had more accurately say other men's plays—after a strict formula. This formula was to the general effect that (1) in the first act, he got his characters into trouble; (2) in the second act, he got his characters into deeper trouble; and (3) in the last act, he got his characters out of trouble. Mr. Davis thus proved himself to be a more acute critic of Mr. Davis than a professional critic could possibly be. He proved that what was the difficulty with Mr. Davis was the fact that Mr. Davis' characters never got into or out of trouble naturally, logically, of their own natural and logical accord, but were always being involved in trouble and subsequently extricated therefrom by Mr. Davis himself. The characters in an Owen Davis play therefore remind one of nothing quite so much as the figures in Giacosa's beaming marionette satire.

Above all his brother show-breeders of Broadway, Mr. Davis is preëminent in the matter of pulling out the "mother" stop, in the matter of coaxing a repentant tear into a fallen one's retina and causing her to long for a little cottage in the country with red geraniums growing in the window and with chickens in the front yard, and in

the matter of otherwise incorporating the subsidiary companies of banality. He is the von Hindenburg for evoking the pearl of salty dew from the cash girl's duct, the Lantelme for enlarging the heart of the head barber. He is the twelve apostles of the uplifting quality of the pure air of the country, the prince of perunas, the swamp root kino-könig. And, in addition to this staggering and complex forte, he demonstrates a profound—aye, almost an unbelievable—talent for making his bad work seem worse by what amounts to a sedulous and scrupulous carelessness. A couple of illustrations of this latter talent will suffice.

Toward the close of the initial act of his latest monument, he fashions an intermediary climax from a situation which he builds, as the German vaudeville comics have it, from the top down instead of from the down up. A pauperized girl's mother is dying in a distant village. The girl's rural lover, in wrath because he discovers her in the company of metropolitan persons odious to him, declines to listen to her plea to take her back with him to the deathbed. The poor girl's grief is rather awful. And yet Mr. Davis had already clearly indicated in his earlier scenes that the girl might have borrowed from the persons at hand all the money she needed to get back. Certainly there was no climacteric moment (was there, Mr. Davis?) in the inference that the girl would have to sit alone in the Pullman. A second example. Arrived in the remote village, one of the Broadway characters, upon hearing a church bell, inquires where the fire is. Thus the technique of the Davis comic vein. Thus the Davis contrasting of Broadway and the bucolic Main Street. But who, pray, ever on Broadway heard a fire bell? One hears many church bells in New York, Owen, but no fire bells.

The tale of this thoughtful composition is of one Mary Horton, virgin, who comes to New York to earn sufficient moneys to support her poor sick

mother; of the snares and pitfalls interposed in the poor working girl's path; of temptation thwarted; and of the ultimate conversion of Mary's erstwhile tempters through an organ and some hymn-singing in the family parlor back hum. A tidy tidbit. An evening *penseroso*. A moist and mellow audience with Melpomene in a slit skirt.

Should Mr. Davis suddenly die, or write a good play, the American theater would not need necessarily despair. A talented successor appears upon the horizon—indeed, looms already large—to fill his shoes and to provide us with our cherished portions of sentimentality and philosophy au gratin. I take great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, in introducing to you one, too, who weeps lustily when in his hearing some one's mother is mentioned; one, too, who shudders when he thinks of the poor little girls of Syracuse who have to face alone the sinister temptations of the great cities; one, too, who brings in Old Doctor Leibnitz to fix up his final curtains and who believes that God is just and merciful and that He will look out for His children, if they trust all to Him, and that He will always, in His infinite wisdom, see to it that the poor persecuted Berthas and the true and noble Jims will be brought together at five minutes of eleven. I take great pleasure, as I have said, ladies and gents, in introducing to you, Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman.

This author's most recent contribution to the native theater is a play based upon a fiction by Gouverneur Morris and christened in the stage version "The Silent Voice." Having the tricks of the Broadway theater at his finger tips, Mr. Goodman has done his job of dramatization carefully and in the approved workmanlike manner, thus removing any and all traces of possible merit there may have resided in Mr. Morris' story. True, the Morris story was of the passionate futility of most magazine fiction of the moment. Yet Mr. Goodman has gone at his labors so judiciously that he has contrived to

render the tale even more futile than it was originally.

* * *

Can it be that Mr. Ziegfeld's eye is failing him?

Let all of us who have at heart the interests of the American theater pray that it be not so.

Can it be that Mr. Ziegfeld is declining as a discoverer and exploiter of rare talent?

Let all of us who have at heart the interests of the American theater pray that it be not so.

Can it be that Mr. Ziegfeld is no longer to be our most worthy impresario of what is best in the theater?

Let all of us who have at heart the interests of the American theater pray that it be not so.

Let all of us, from Mr. William Winter to Mr. J. R. Towse of the *Evening Post*, tremble in trepidation. In his new "Midnight Follies," atop the New Amsterdam, Mr. Ziegfeld would seem to give us indications that he is no longer a picker, no longer an expert chicken farmer, no longer the jury box on the Venus-verrein. In fact, to be exact, he gives us no less than twenty indications. For not one of the twenty is what, in the terminological mode of the New Thought, may be designated as Up To The Mark or There With The Looks.

Otherwise—if, in truth, there be any otherwise to music shows—this new Ziegfeld entertainment is an apt member of the species; better indeed by far than the things of the sort one encountered at the Réclame in Vienna and at the similar bazaars of the Berlin and the Paris of ante-bellum days. For one thing, the Ziegfeld girl show takes place right in the bosom of the audience (there being no stage), thus bringing it, as they advertise a certain familiar household product, direct from producer to ultimate consumer. The affair is carried off with an air of distinction and the only tedious moments occur when the singing and dancing of the chorus is interrupted by the sing-

ing and dancing of several headliners. The standard of American light music shows of this character is now so far in advance of the European standard, with but few exceptions, that comparisons are stupidly wrought. The hallucination to the contrary still persists among those of our theatrical commentators who have been in the habit of overestimating the virtues of foreign stage traffick because "everybody in the audience has on a dress suit." But the fact lives that the average native girl show is as far ahead of the average foreign girl show as the average American actress is ahead of the average English actress and as the average American actor is a thousand miles behind the average English actor and two hundred thousand behind the average German.

"Hello Broadway," the George Cohan musical revue, has all the acute burlesque wit that the old Weber and Fields revues were supposed to have—and didn't. A definite sense of satire appears, as in the instance of a debate as to whether it is necessary to "plant" the elements of the plot of the revue in order that the audience may be placed in a mood proper to understanding, and in the course of which Mr. Collier observes to Mr. Cohan that it is absolutely necessary because he once heard a college professor declare so positively. As, too, in the instance of a scene burlesquing the current struggle to invent new playwriting forms, a scene in which the characters enact literally the irrelevant episodes that have occurred outside the house wherein previously the audience has witnessed a mock of a Haddon Chambers masque.

In various quarters, following the ancient custom, it has been deplored that the vulgar atmosphere of Broadway has been so rigorously adhered to by Mr. Cohan in the manufacture of the exhibit. This has long been one of the chief pieces of nonsense that Mr. Cohan has been forced to face in the years he has been writing for the American theater. And yet the same

souls who practise this arch gabble are those who most emphatically endorse some British Cohan for sticking to the equally brash, equally "local," equally in itself sordid, commonplace and vulgar Manchester. George Cohan, true enough in a probably lesser and infinitely less literary way, has done for the typical Broadway American what such dramatists as T. C. Murray and Robinson have done for the typical county Irishman, such dramatists as G. I. Hamlen and Moffatt have done for the typical country Scot and such dramatists as Inglis Allen and Houghton have done for the typical inland Britisher. Mr. Cohan's is not the fault for the vulgarity of his dramatic types any more than Robinson's or Moffatt's or Houghton's is the fault for the vulgarity of theirs. One cannot write society comedies of Broadway, nor "Lord and Lady Algy's" of the County Cork and the British hinterlands. Charles Hoyt did not work out the sidestreets of native character in terms of Fifth Avenue. Neither did, nor does, George Ade. So let us have surcease from the lofty humbuggery that is lodged against Cohan. Those who criticize most vociferously what they term his Broadway vulgarity are probably those very persons whom he is most accurately depicting in the characters and in the language they so deplore.

* * *

Two years late, as per usual, our theatergoing public has awakened to the fact that it made a damphool of itself in going into ecstasies over the wonderful quality of Eugène Brieux's "Damaged Goods." Recall the eulogies sounded over this noble masterpiece. Recall the psalms gargled over its "truths," its "great purpose," et cetera. Recall the pell-mell gold-tipped box-office rush that poured the yellow eagles into the coffers of Saint Richard Bennett. Recently, this Messiah appeared afresh in the community with Brieux's "Maternity," on this occasion calling his bank account not "The Medical Uplift Society" (or whatever it was he

called it last season) but—behold, Gustav!—"The Purpose Play Society." Yet this time the goats were sparse. They had, in the low language of the public cafés, got wise. And so Brieux's second and equally bad play was dispatched to the storing chambers.

The perspicacity of my initial speculations as to the bulky financial success of "Damaged Goods" in the local center (printed in *THE SMART SET* in June, 1913, and May, 1914) may, in the light of the recent failure of "Maternity," merit a second quotation. "The reason for the large financial success of such plays as 'Damaged Goods' and the like," went the observation, "is to be found fundamentally in the one psychologic fact that they provide, through the articulation of a word or words generally hushed by the edict of conventionality, the aural stimulus—the ear shock, so to speak—the sound concussion—the ear emotion—with which the public has been unable previously to gratify its auditory sense. That is to say, where the theatergoing public has had its cardiac and ocular sensations and emotions provided for by the managers, where it has been able to find, and in due time to tire of, heart and eye thrills (induced respectively, for example, by such exhibits as 'Madame X' and the Hippodrome shows), it has not until lately been provided with ear thrills. (Music is to be, of course, excepted as, remember, it is only of drama we are here treating.) When, therefore, there is given to the public the performance of a play containing such a tympanum stimulus as is contained in the direction against the ear drum of the hitherto dramatically unspoken word 'syphilis,' the public will rush to the play to receive that sensation as it would, does and has rushed to such exhibits as the 'Follies' to receive new physical stimuli. . . . Why this fuss and fury and cock-a-whoop beating of the kettle drums over 'Damaged Goods,' indeed? The stew over the affair cannot bear upon the play itself, that is, the play as a play—for it is one of Brieux's poorest. Nor can

the pounding of breasts—be it in glee or wrath—be founded upon the theme of the play, a theme that has done valiant service from the ‘Ghosts’ of Ibsen to ‘The Son of Don Juan’ of Echegaray, a theme which was approached ten years before Brioux in almost the precise manner of Brioux by Conan Doyle in ‘The Third Generation,’ with its parallel Dr. Horace Selby and afflicted young Norton who was engaged to marry on the morrow. No, the entire hysterical hoochee-koochee is based upon just one thing—the articulation of the word ‘syphilis’ in public. This and nothing more.”

The articulation of the same word (its aural stimulus having meanwhile through repetition been diminished to nothingness) occurred in “Maternity”—and “Maternity,” as I have pertinently remarked, is already in the storehouse.

* * *

What a retrogression in the case of Henry Arthur Jones, once a figure in the British drama, now a mere shape! What a puncture; what a blow-out! What a gunner of obsolete nihilities this once estimable and meritorious writer has lately become! Where in the recent “Lydia Gilmores” and “We Can’t Be As Bad As All That” and “Mary Goes First” and “The Lies” is the spirit of the apt fellow who did “Michael” and “Rebellious Susan,” “The Liars” and “The Hypocrites,” and all the rest of those respectable pieces of a yesteryear? Where the writing pride of one who permitted such an ancient muzzle-loader, such an infestivity, as “The Goal,” recently to be exhumed? But “The Goal” was not the limit of the Jones bravado. In “Mary Goes First,” which Miss Marie Tempest did in the local proscenium arch a couple of months ago, Jones delivered himself of a labored attempt at light comedy dealing with Union Plot No. 720 of the woman of inferior social status who, by the exercise of a more or less ready wit, puts to rout her superior rival. There was added to No. 720, in the late Jones reincarnation, one of the

conventional tilts at the British yokel’s veneration of titles and the like. The piece as a whole indicated somewhat lucidly that Mr. Jones seems of late to have evinced a fondness for dramatizing—and spoiling—the less worthy plays of his previously inferior colleague, Pinero—this “Mary Goes First,” for example, being a weak distillation of the liquors of “Preserving Mr. Panmure.”

“The Lie” is the name of Mr. Jones’ latest effort. It harks back to the Charlotte M. Braeme school of fiction. Aye, further back than this—as far back, indeed, as the modern school of Henri Bernstein or A. E. W. Mason. It is the dean of the “Mrs. Dane” college. And as reminiscent of the drama of a bygone era as Miss Beulah Dix’s anti-war argument “Across the Border” (not long ago hailed by my colleagues as a “vital arraignment,” a “new and powerful drama”) was reminiscent at each and every point of its philosophy to “The Terrible Meek” of Charles Rann Kennedy. The philosophy of which latter, in turn, was—you will recall—as old as a George Cohan show chorus girl.

Henry Arthur Jones has done so much good work during his day in court; he has done so much in his day to provide the stage of his own country and ours with a drama that sought, in however timid lunges, to fence with the sentiment-soaked fibberies of a dramatist who was knighted for work generally by no means of the Jones quality and worth; he has in his day executed not merely excellent light comedy and drama pointing a finger up the roadway of something Britishly better, but sound dramatic criticism as well, that it seems a nasty trade which to-day perforce must evoke from one like me this thankless, graceless record of the Jones degrading and seeming smash-up. Such the uncompromising unpleasantness, however, of this thing they call criticism, this low art which must, if it would serve an end, deal chiefly with what is to-day and will be to-morrow.

THE BUGABOO OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS

By H. L. Mencken

OF the late Professor Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, Ph.D., of the University of Basel, one hears a lot of startling gabble in these days of war, chiefly from the larynxes of freshwater college professors, prima donna preachers, English novelists, newspaper editorial writers, Chautauqua yap-yankers and other such hawkers of piffle. He is depicted as an intellectual pestilence, a universal fee-faw-fum, a high priest of diabolism. All bowels of compassion are denied him. It is solemnly and indignantly argued, not only that he plotted and hatched the burning of Louvain (as if a special devil were needed to account for so commonplace an act of war!), but also that he left behind him detailed plans and specifications for the blowing up of all the churches of Christendom, the butchery of all their rectors and curates, and the sale into levantine bondage of all their communicants, without regard to age, virtue or sex. It is more than hinted that the Turks have adopted him as their god, vice Allah, resigned in disgust. His hand is seen in the last forty or fifty massacres of Armenians, the pogrom of Kishinev, the *Titanic* disaster, the cruise of the *Emden*, the eruption of Mont Pelée, the Clafin failure, the assassination of King Carlos, the defeat of the Prohibition amendment, the torpedoing of the *Audacious*, the shelling of Rheims and the Italian earthquake. He is credited with advocating a war of extermination upon all right-thinking and forward-looking men, especially his fellow Germans. He is hailed as the patron and apologist of all crimes of violence and chicane, from

mayhem to simony, and from piracy on the high seas to seduction under promise of marriage. And his critics and expositors, as if to prove their easy familiarity with him, spell his name variously Nietshe, Nietzsche, Nittzsche, Neitzsche, Nietzsche, Neatsche, Nietzsche, Nzeitsche, Neitzschy, Nieztskie and Nistskie.

I dare say you have got enough of this windy nonsense, this imbecile Nietzsche legend, and so thirst for no more of it. But an accurate and intelligent account of Nietzsche's ideas, by one who has studied them and understands them, is, as Mawruss Perlmutter would say, yet another thing again. Seek in "WHAT NIETZSCHE TAUGHT," by Willard H. Wright (*Huebsch*), and you will find it. Here, in the midst of the current obfuscation, are the plain facts, set down by one who knows them. Wright has simply taken the eighteen volumes of the Nietzsche canon and reduced each of them to a chapter. All of the steps in Nietzsche's arguments are jumped; there is no report of his frequent disputing with himself; one gets only his conclusions. But Wright has arranged these conclusions so artfully and with so keen a comprehension of all that stands behind them that they fall into logical and ordered chains, and are thus easily intelligible, not only in themselves, but also in their interrelations. The book is incomparably more useful than any other Nietzsche summary that I know. It does not, of course, exhaust Nietzsche, for some of the philosopher's most interesting work appears in his arguments rather than in

his conclusions, but it at least gives a straightforward and coherent account of his principal ideas, and the reader who has gone through it carefully will be quite ready for the Nietzsche books themselves.

These principal ideas all go back to two, the which may be stated as follows:

1. Every system of morality has its origin in an experience of utility. A race, finding that a certain action works for its security and betterment, calls that action good; and, finding that a certain other action works to its peril, it calls that other action bad. Once it has arrived at these valuations it seeks to make them permanent and inviolable by crediting them to its gods.

2. The menace of every moral system lies in the fact that, by reason of the supernatural authority thus put behind it, it tends to remain substantially unchanged long after the conditions which gave rise to it have been supplanted by different, and often diametrically antagonistic conditions.

In other words, systems of morality almost always outlive their usefulness, simply because the gods upon whose authority they are grounded are hard to get rid of. Among gods, as among office-holders, few die and none resign. Thus it happens that the Jews of today, if they remain true to the faith of their fathers, are oppressed by a code of dietary and other sumptuary laws—*i. e.*, a system of domestic morality—which has long since ceased to be of any appreciable value, or even of any appreciable meaning, to them. It was, perhaps, an actual as well as a statutory immorality for a Jew of ancient Palestine to eat shell-fish, for the shell-fish of the region he lived in were scarcely fit for human food, and so he endangered his own life, and worked damage to the community of which he was a part when he ate them. But these considerations do not appear in the United States of today. It is no more imprudent for an American Jew to eat shell-fish than it is for him to eat *süß-und-sauer*. His law, however, remains unchanged, and his immemorial God of Hosts stands behind it, and so, if he would be counted a faithful Jew, he must obey it. It is not until he

definitely abandons his old god for some more modern and intelligible god that he ventures upon disobedience. Find me a Jew eating oyster fritters and I will show you a Jew who has begun to doubt very seriously that the Creator actually held the conversation with Moses described in the nineteenth and subsequent chapters of the Book of Exodus.

It is Nietzsche's chief thesis that most of the so-called Christian morality of today is an inheritance from the Jews, and that it is quite as much out of harmony with the needs of our race and time as the Mosaic law which prohibits the eating of oysters, clams, swine, hares, swans, terrapin and snails, but allows the eating of locusts, beetles and grasshoppers (Leviticus, XI, 4-30). Christianity, true enough, did not take over the Mosaic code *en bloc*. It rejected all these dietary laws, and it also rejected all the laws regarding sacrifices and most of those dealing with the family relations. But it absorbed unchanged the ethical theory that had grown up among the Jews during the period of their decline—the theory, to wit, of humility, of forbearance, of non-resistance. This theory, as Nietzsche shows, was the fruit of that decline. The Jews of David's day were not gentle. On the contrary, they were pugnacious and strong, and the bold assertiveness that seemed their best protection against the relatively weak peoples surrounding them was visualized in a mighty and thunderous Jehovah, a god of wrath and destruction, a divine Kaiser. But as their strength decreased and their enemies grew in power they were gradually forced into a more conciliatory policy. What they couldn't get by force they had to get by a show of complaisance and gentleness—and the result was the renunciatory morality of the century or two preceding the birth of Christ, the turn-the-other-cheek morality which Christ erected into a definite system, the "slave-morality" against which Nietzsche whooped and raged nearly two thousand years afterward.

The whole of Nietzsche's protest may be thus reduced to a single question: Why should a strong nation of to-day continue to give lip service to a system of morality which was devised by a weak race—in his own words, a race of slaves—to conciliate and mollify its masters, and so protect it from wrath and destruction? The cause of that survival is plain enough: it lies in the fact that the supernatural authority behind the system is still accepted. The necessities of life impose upon all healthy peoples and upon all healthy individuals an incessant compromise in morality, but Christianity still remains the general ideal, and every violation of it, however unescapable, is felt to be a wrong. The result is an almost universal hypocrisy. The Germans, on the one hand, argue with a great show of plausibility that their invasion of Belgium was absolutely necessary for their own security, and yet, on the other hand, they admit in so many words that it was wrong. The English, in the same way, argue that they could not avoid taking sides with the Mongolian races against the integrity of the white race, and yet they are plainly full of doubts about the morality of it, and devote all their traditional casuistry to the business of apologizing for it. And here at home we Americans go to church and call upon the Most High to stop the war forthwith—and then proceed to wring a bloody profit from the necessities of the contending nations. The best Christian among us is inevitably the most shameless hypocrite. There is probably no man in America who harbors a more genuine belief in the Christian doctrine of brotherhood and good will than the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, and yet it would be difficult to find a man who has devoted a larger part of his life to furious and merciless combat, or who seeks with greater ardor to rout, cripple and destroy his enemies. The whole uplift is Christian in theory, and yet the whole uplift is inordinately savage and vindictive in practise.

Keep all this in mind, and nine-tenths

of Nietzsche becomes crystal-clear. His objection to Christianity is simply that it is mushy, preposterous, unhealthy, insincere, enervating. It lays its chief stress, not upon the qualities of vigorous and efficient men, but upon the qualities of the weak and parasitical. True enough, the vast majority of men belong to the latter class: they have very little enterprise and very little courage. For these Christianity is good enough. It soothes them and heartens them; it apologizes for their vegetable existence; it fills them with an agreeable sense of virtue. But it holds out nothing to the men of the ruling minority; it is always in direct conflict with their vigor and enterprise; it seeks incessantly to weaken and destroy them. In consequence, Nietzsche urged them to abandon it. For such men he proposed a new morality—in his own phrase, a "transvaluation of values"—with strength as its highest good and renunciation as its chiefest evil. They waste themselves to-day by pulling against the ethical stream. How much faster they would go if the current were with them! But as I have said—and it cannot be repeated too often—Nietzsche by no means proposed a general repeal of the Christian ordinances. He saw that they met the needs of the majority of men, that only a small minority could hope to survive without them. In the theories and faiths of this majority he had little interest. He was content to have them believe whatever was most agreeable to them. His attention was fixed upon the minority. He was a prophet of aristocracy. He planned to strike the shackles from the masters of the world. . . .

The war has awakened interest in Nietzsche. In English his "Beyond Good and Evil" is being sold on the railway book-stalls by the thousand copies; even in the United States, the most backward of all civilized countries, he is being constantly discussed, albeit with almost unbelievable ignorance. The fact that he was a German—which he himself vigorously de-

nied—makes him a very convenient witness against the Germans. To this new pother over him, no doubt, we owe the publication of an English version of "SANINE," by Michael Artzibashef (*Huebsch*), a Russian novel with a pseudo-Nietzschean hero. "SANINE" was printed in Russia so long ago as 1907, and shortly afterward it was translated into German by L. Wiebeck. It at once made an enormous sensation in Germany, and during the next year or two no less than three other translations were offered to the public. In 1910 it was done into French by Jacques Povolozki and repeated its success. But our English and American publishers allowed it to escape their eagle eyes, though an excellent account of it was given by Prof. William Lyon Phelps in his "Essays on Russian Novelists" in 1911. The present belated version is by Percy Pinkerton, and Mr. Huebsch prints with it an excellent preface by Gilbert Cannan, in which the relation of the book to the general trend of revolutionary thinking in Russia is accurately set forth.

The action, which is disjointed and often almost incoherent, revolves around the personality of Vladimir Sanine, a young Russian of the upper middle class. Sanine is one of those rare persons in whom physical health approaches so closely to perfection that it becomes a sort of intoxication. He has the strength, the energy and the ruthlessness of a collie pup, and his mind reflects the youthful vigor and exuberance of his body. Sanine reacts instinctively against all the cramping sentimentalities and artificialities of conventional morality. Anything but vicious, he yet views with the utmost disdain all those restraints and inhibitions which separate the average "respectable" man from the satisfaction of his normal desires, and all those imperative and unintelligible commands which urge him to do what he doesn't want to do, and what he suffers downright injury in doing. Thus, for example, Sanine refuses to proceed to the customary heroics when he discovers

that his sister has been "seduced," as the phrase goes, by one Captain Sarudine, an empty-pated officer. He has no belief in such "seductions"; he knows that his sister was of discreet age and "sound and disposing mind"; his one impulse is to help her out of her trouble and protect her against that hypocrisy which would destroy her. When Sarudine, responding to the conventions, offers him provocation for a duel, he floors the gallant captain with a right hook to the eye, and proceeds light-heartedly upon his way. Later on he "seduces" a girl himself.

The case of Sarudine presents a sort of grim *reductio ad absurdum* of conventional morality. Despite his affair with Lida Sanina he is, at bottom, a highly respectable man, and upon this essential respectability of his there is imposed the complex obligations of an officer. Those obligations force him to offer satisfaction to Sanine by the wager of battle, and so expose him to his supreme humiliation. The last scene of all is piercingly ironic. Sarudine, with a towel around his battered head, sits alone in his room, reviewing his life. He sees clearly, now that it is too late, how he has come to grief. "After all," he asks himself, "have I ever been free? No. That's just why I am here . . . because my life has never been free; because I've never lived it in my own way." It was a senseless convention that threw a cloak of guilt about his quite honest and healthy desire for Lida; it was another convention that made him seek a duel with her brother; it is another that now makes something shameful and intolerable of his black eye. The chains are too strong to be broken; there is but one way out for an officer and a gentleman; he sees that he must take it. . . . Presently a soldier rushes into the nearby Officers' Club, yelling "His Excellency's shot himself." The wall of Sarudine's room "is splashed with blood and brains."

The novel, you will observe, is typically Russian. That is to say, it deals ponderously with insoluble problems;

its people are always close to the borderline of insanity; a vast and suffocating gloom hangs over it. Its divergence from the common run of Russian novels—and its significance for American readers—lies in its underlying philosophy. That philosophy, in large part, is a sharp criticism of the prevailing gabble about equality and brotherhood. Sanine is not only suspicious of the current social canon; he is even more suspicious of that canon which the reformers of all lands propose to erect in place of it. On the one hand he reveals the hollowness of the compound of fictions and vanities which constitutes the "honor" of such fellows as Sarudine, but on the other hand he denounces that maudlin sentimentality which seeks to deny honor altogether, and so make all men brothers. Here he comes into contact with the doctrine of Nietzsche, and perhaps justifies his inclusion in the growing band of Nietzschean heroes. But his kinship with the prophet of the superman is usually a good deal less close than his kinship with Max Stirner, the evangelist of egoism. Nietzsche did not preach a gospel of self-indulgence. His superman was anything but a loose liver. On the contrary, the distinguishing mark of that superman was his great capacity for self-restraint, his eager subordination of the immediate satisfaction to the ultimate power. The first of all the commandments of Zarathustra was, "Be hard!" . . .

The other novels that have reached me of late offer little stimulation. "MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little-Brown*), is a topical shocker of the sort that Mr. Oppenheim manufactures with skill and dispatch—a tale of German intrigues against England, with the stage full of diplomats, millionaires and beautiful women. "THE TURBULENT DUCHESS," by Percy J. Brebner (*Little-Brown*), is the Zendaesque story of a lovely reigning duchess, circa 1650, who falls in love with her court jester. "THE DEMI-GODS," by James Stephens (*Macmillan*), is the fantastic tale of

an Irish tramp, his red-cheeked daughter and three wandering angels—a tale ringing somewhat hollow, for all its humor, after Anatole France's "The Revolt of the Angels." "DAD," by Albert Payson Terhune (*Watt*), is a story of the Civil War, conventional in its plan but cleverly managed in its details. "THE WISDOM OF FATHER BROWN," by Gilbert K. Chesterton (*Lane*), is a collection of twelve detective stories, with a flavor of Chestertonian paradox thrown in for *lag-gniappe*. "A PILLAR OF SALT," by Horace W. C. Newte (*Lane*), is the history of an idle wife who seeks surcease of ennui in adultery, only to find in it a fresh and more horrible boredom. Which brings us (the road is short this month!) to another novel with the self-same theme, but very much better done—to wit, to "THE SECOND BLOOMING," by W. L. George (*Little-Brown*).

This W. L. George made a success of scandal two or three years ago with "A Bed of Roses," a novel which rode upon the crest of the sexual wave then washing the world. Last year he came forward with an infinitely better piece of work, "The Making of an Englishman," reviewed in this place at the time. "THE SECOND BLOOMING" is in his second manner, and though it seems to me to fall below "The Making of an Englishman," I cheerfully testify that it is a story of force and distinction, and that the reading of it has given me civilized joy. The merest glance at it shows the influence of H. G. Wells, and Mr. George acknowledges his debt in a somewhat fulsome dedication, but there is a good deal of writing in it that Wells himself has not matched for four or five years, and will probably never match again. That brilliant clarity of thinking, that air of confidence and assurance which Wells got into "Tono-Bungay" and "Ann Veronica" is in it from end to end. It stands clearly above "Marriage," "The Passionate Friend" and "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," just as "The Making of an Englishman" did before it. It is

the work of a young Englishman who has very rapidly gone ahead of his master.

The second blooming of the title is the spiritual travail which so often comes upon the women of the upper middle class in the early and middle thirties. They have been married, by that time, about ten years; all the children they are to have (or, at least, that they want to have) have been born; the romantic adventure of marriage has passed off into a sort of dull habit. A sudden sense of emptiness, of purposelessness seizes them; they awake one morning to find that life has been purged of all hazard and expectation, and hence of all genuine interest. Those among them who are stupid grow accustomed, perhaps, to the new order of things. They fill their days with almost childish futilities—card-playing, dancing, theater-going, shopping, an endless round of foolishness. But those of a greater intellectual eagerness find no comfort in this program. They do not want mere amusement, they want thrills—and out of that yearning grows all sorts of drama, from screaming farce to staggering tragedy. On the one hand the fair victim of unrest may do no worse than embrace Christian Science, or whoop for the suffrage, or “study” Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, or join the vice crusade, or knit a barrel or two of red socks for the Belgians, but, on the other hand, she may go upon the stage, or set up a one-horse Hull House in a back street, or elope with some scared Don Juan whose only intention was to recruit her for an occasional week-end.

It is with three such women that “THE SECOND BLOOMING” deals. They are the daughters of Mrs. Westfield, a Victorian mother, and their names are Grace Kinnersley, Clara Govan and Mary Stanley. Grace’s husband is a rising barrister, Clara’s is a political baronet, and Mary’s is an honest man of business—all men of substance, all decent Englishmen, all very fond of their pretty wives. Grace has two children; Clara has none;

Mary has one, two, three, four, five, six—another one every two years! Ten years thus pass: we come to the second blooming. How does it “take” the three sisters? In what fashion do they fill the new emptiness in their lives? In so far as Mary is concerned the question is quickly answered: there is no such emptiness. The science of obstetrics engrosses all of her attention; she is either preparing to have another child or getting over having the last one. Clara, childless, is harder to entertain. She seeks her *divertissement* in political society, and finds it by haranguing the great unwashed and being snubbed by duchesses. It is pretty Grace, with two children, who plays with the hottest fire. That fire, as one may guess, is the red, red flame of amour, and the torch-bearer who brings it is one Enoch Fenor, a mining engineer, home from the ends of the earth, with many a feminine scalp hanging at his belt and an extremely cynical philosophy in his heart. This being Nietzsche Day, we may almost call Enoch a Nietzschean. “Decency, I regret to say, is entirely foreign to my nature.” So he states his creed.

Once Enoch is on the scene, the story chiefly concerns Grace, and the other sisters fade into the background, though when they discover what is going on they make a gallant effort to rescue their erring sister. The affair, however, does not yield to their interference. (Mary, in truth, is quickly converted to the humane doctrine that it had better be left alone.) Its termination is concealed in its own terms. It breaks down in the end by its own weight. Enoch and Grace are not exposed and disgraced. They do not even quarrel. They simply come, after three years, to a point which coincides with that point matrimonial whereat Grace was ready to fall into Enoch’s arms. That is to say, they come to the cooling of passion. They are still on the best of terms; they still, after a sedate fashion, love each other; but the old thrill has suddenly gone, the old romance is dead. And when that

time comes, being intelligent folk, they quietly part—not as lovers part in plays, with tears and accusations, but as husband and wife take to separate beds, contentedly, placidly, almost with a sense of relief. Grace goes back to her Edward. They have never, in fact, really parted, and he suspects nothing. And Enoch disappears jauntily down some dim back-alley of the world.

I need not tell you, if you have read "The Making of an Englishman," that Mr. George has written this story very well—that its people have an air of reality, that its situations are splendidly managed, that there is a fine art in its stresses and its reticences, that the English of it is full of life and grace and color. At thirty-two this Franco-Briton has fully mastered the technique of his craft; he knows how to design the structure of a novel and how to give a constant variety to its details. The defects that I observe in this one are two in number. For one thing, he rather fails to make his characters sympathetic. One is interested in them, but one seldom feels any liking for them and one is surely never sorry for them. Even Grace remains somewhat hard, aloof, detached. It is not that she is not human, but that she is not *gemüthlich*. And the second fault lies in the fact that the story stops, as it were, in the middle. Mary, perhaps, is accounted for. She will never run amuck; she cannot even see any excuse for running amuck. But Grace and Clara are still idle, unhappy—and in their middle thirties. Will Clara, recovering from the nervous prostration that we see her enjoying at the close, settle down to a humdrum life, or will she attempt new experiments and come to new disasters. And will Grace, having tasted love, now put the cup away? The closing sensation is one of curiosity. The story ends upon an unresolved discord. Habit clamors for a final hint of C major.

I am not arguing here, of course, for a solution of the problem, but merely for its more elaborate working out.

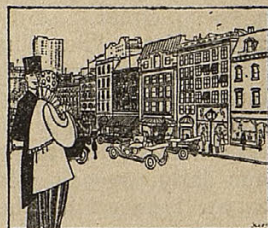
Mr. George is too sound an artist to tuck in all the corners of his story, like a nurse putting a child to bed. Mary stands in sharp opposition to her two sisters from end to end, and as we part from the group the larger share of happiness seems to be hers, but the novelist by no means asks us to believe that her green-grazing contentment is more to be envied than their playing with the fire. He leaves that question to the reader. It is not his purpose to answer it neatly and it is not his business to answer it. The truth is, no doubt, that an accurate answer is quite impossible. The curious thing about life is that all of its major problems are insoluble. We are confronted from birth to the grave by bitter alternatives. No matter which we choose we are sure to regret it. Perhaps happiness, after all, has nothing to do with such choices. It may be an esoteric quality, a congenital capacity, wholly unrelated to experience.

From Mayfair to Piccadilly Circus! In "THE OTHER KIND OF GIRL" (*Huebsch*) we have the story of a prostitute brought to salvation. Whether the book is the composition of an authentic *fille de joie* or merely the confection of some ingenious bookseller's hack is more than I can tell you. But I certify gladly that the chronicle is written with considerable address and plausibility and that it shows vastly more respect for the facts than any other recent publication of its kind. This poor working girl, take notice, is not the pathetic victim of some prowling drummer. She was not snared by a white slave trader with a hypodermic needle. Her fall did not come through immoral moving pictures. She was not betrayed under promise of marriage. No; her carnality goes back to her very infancy, and it was inaugurated amid pastoral scenes. The country, as she honestly points out, is enormously more immoral than the city. And the keepers of bordelloes object very strenuously to virgins. . . . I doubt that the vice crusaders will like this book. There is too much honesty in it.



In the Shops of the Smart Set

By Marion A. Rubincam



The following pages contain advance information as to what articles novel, utilitarian and fashionable will be found in New York's best shops. From month to month you will here find described the season's choicest offerings. We will be very glad to tell you just where any or all of these articles may be found. Simply address your inquiry to The Smart Set Shop Department.

POST-SECESSIONISM has broken forth in a new medium—using neither oils nor crayons—but rich-toned satins and the gauziest of chiffons. And the men know nothing about it—and only the most favored of them ever will.

Feminine worshippers at the photo-secession gallery, who for years adored the creations of Picabia, Matisse, Von Gogh and similar supreme professors whose names I cannot remember, since no one has talked about them for eight months, may carry about with them—are carrying, in fact—art of the most advanced kind, concealed where the rabble may not see it. Less artistic ladies who crowded that celebrated armory show and became ecstatic at the shrine of "The Nude Descending the Staircase," anathema to the true believer, may paradoxically don garments that will make them resemble that same famous nude. Some cynical psychologist will rise at this point and observe that a woman will not trouble to array herself in sensational under-raidment, when she must conceal it, perforce, with the mask of a "punchless" walking suit. I concede this point (though it might be debated) and I counter heavily by calling the attention of my opponent to the words of Doctor Williams, of Los Angeles. Writing in nothing less

lofty than the *Medical Record*, this philosopher from the West remarks that women are adopting startling clothes to remind mankind that business is dull and drab, that the home is infinitely to be preferred to the club, or a bachelor apartment. I trust my opponent will see the point and not make it necessary to prolong the subject, and the paragraph, unduly.

POETIC LINGERIE

Poets of the boudoir, and especially a few "red-ink" Tennysons, who decline to consider any themes fit matter for treatment not dealt with by the gaol-birds of 1891-1895, are invited to write sonnet sequences on these garments. There is the "Argent Set," "The Peach Blow Set," "The Nector Hues Set," "The Melisande Set" and finally "The Mid-Nuit Set," a name which indicates a commendable attempt to introduce more variety into life by making necessary a change of garments at other periods than during the prosaic day and evening. Each set, I hasten to add, includes a nightrobe, a chemise and a garment to which we refer by name only when speaking of a perquisite of bureaus.

A few words more about these masterpieces before we pass on to other

topics. The "Argent Set" is developed from *changeant satin de France*, a silvery green with an iridescent sheen draped and caught by purple velvet roses. The "Peach Blow" Set—"Ah, a mere cloud," said a gasping lady, rather fat. "An illusion in *chiffon peche*, suggesting a full blown spring blossom," says the shop where it is shown. I particularly recommend this combination to the sob-sisterhood of our daily journals who receive queries as to "How shall I hold my husband's love?"

The "Nector Hues" set—"Its substance lies in the deep color tones, rather than in the threads of the tissue," says the shop again—apt description. One wears a color, little else.

The "Mid Nuit" Set—royal purple satin—and only to be described in Alexandrine verse.

Other nightrobes and sets are shown in white satin with black stripes, wide as those seen on awnings—others still have gorgeous flowers clambering the length of them; another set mourns for the frivolity of the rest, and is fashioned of black Pussy Willow Taffeta, with no trimming but flat tailored black bows.

Needless to add, these are simple in cut—a deep, oh, very deep, V neck, back and front; and not a sign of a sleeve; the edges hemstitched and cut, to form a picot finish. Flat bows or vivid flowers catch the shoulders and the point of the front V—and that is all. Truly one cannot speak of their style—for they are but color and daring.

TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

Yet they are not to be regarded lightly, neither should one make jests concerning them. Most of our smartest New York women have bought them or are ordering them done in some one favorite hue—their prices are not by any means forbidding high. To be sure, silk lingerie is not surprisingly new—Pussy Willow Taffeta undergarments came out—or should we say—came in?—over a year ago. But a

nightrobe of deep purple satin, with velvet roses is most decidedly an innovation—and a nightrobe of peach color chiffon, with diamond shaped pieces hemstitched together to outline neck, arms, Empire waist and hem is most decidedly another.

WHEN A WOMAN SMOKES

What, though, would such an one say to the smoking suits, just being introduced by a great Fifth Avenue house? Let us not even trouble to imagine. There are those who condemn the feminine habit of smoking, those who approve, and those who think it "looks cute"—to quote from a few masculine viewpoints. However, in this as in other topics of the day, let us be strictly neutral.

Fancy this though: a charming young woman, reclining luxuriously in her boudoir, one gold slippered foot over the edge of the divan, one knee bent a bit—enough to show that she wears full, straight satin trousers. Her robe is of well—violet satin—the top a long coat not unlike a Mandarin jacket, edged with gold bandings, lined with gold satin, collar of gold cloth finished by golden tassels. Two great Chinese pockets in the front are solid gold embroidery, and large enough to hold several smoker's outfits. Sleeves and trousers are gold fringed. Charming, ah, yes! One wonders—is the smoking habit the excuse for the charming robe? Or is not the charming robe an excuse for any habit?

To be sure, the very modest may have a skirt with this—short and circular and fringed. The prices are \$95, \$195 to \$245—the last a sapphire blue velvet, the trousers held to the ankle by gold cords, finished with gold tassels, with slippers and toque to match—a thing of Oriental beauty, a joy for a time, at least.

One may have copies of these in crepey silk as low in price as \$19.50, without the sumptuous embroidery, of course, but charming as anyone could wish, even in their simplicity. The

colors here are more delicate than in the exotic ornaments that cost \$100 and more.

SPRING FASHION THOUGHTS

Fashionably speaking it is spring! So soon, though there is a month of bluster and a month of rain ahead. But the shops are showing muslin gowns.

So soon, though no paper has yet dared to print a sonnet, though no comic journal has yet come forth with a parody on spring poets' rhapsody. Though the winds still nip our noses to an unbecoming pinkness as we travel from shop to tea room on the Avenue, but we wear our spring hats—tiny affairs of soft-toned satin and straw, with velvet streamers that snap in the wind, and roses so radiant no frost could wither their glory.

For the rest, we bundle in furs, and have only just decided on the cut and color of our spring suit—and only started thinking of springtime dancing frocks. There are all sorts of rumors afloat as to style, but the best openings have not taken place as yet, so we bide our time—and purchase for consolation another flimsy straw bonnet.

Meantime, Paris has resumed her old place as fashion arbiter, and promises many radical changes in gowns. This is really good news, for, while America did admirable work in adapting and executing, still American originations lacked—what could one call it? Temperament, perhaps. The American creations were lovely, original in detail, yes—perfect as far as material and handiwork went—but they were like a beautiful woman without a soul—what they lacked was that much more in evidence.

"— SO PARIS SAYS"

Doubtless Paris will not, in its present subdued spirit, give us anything as startling as it has—the very short skirt is the greatest innovation so far. Indeed, most of the new gowns look like the first cousin to a ballet dancer's costume.

Sleeves are long and tight, with a cuff that reaches back almost to the elbow, and then flares out like a skirt. The waist line is still high, but later in the spring will slip back to what is called its normal position—though why normal, no one knows, since for some time it has been placed anywhere but where nature intended it. And buttons—there is a perfect epidemic of them! For no matter where or how a gown fastens, it carries a straight row of buttons down the back, from the top of the very high collar, sometimes down to the hem.

And skirts fit smoothly over the hips, without wrinkle or pucker, till they start on the flare that carries them swirling some inches above the ankles. For ankles and ears are in great vogue now, while necks are only allowed out in the evenings. And collars—mostly high, at least on afternoon gowns. By the way—there is a new one, sent out with high hopes. It is made of starched or stiffened linen, high to the line of the coiffure in back, and rising as it passes the ears to two points that cover quite all the lower part of one's cheeks. From this achievement it is cut down to pass comfortably beneath the chin. Do you remember some years ago when a collar called Princess or Duchess—or some such royal name—came out? It was boned to stand up behind the ears; it followed methodically the line of the hair, and covered every least bit of one's neck—well, this new collar is the same shape, but turned with its points to the front—where they give a most piquant expression to the face they hedge from the rest of the world.

YOUNGSTERS' DRESSES

Wool embroidered voile is used in a charming little dress for a girl of from 8 to 12 years, shown in one shop that specializes in unusual looking frocks for young girls and children. For instance, this frock of French voile is embroidered in green and pink wool, with smocking on the yoke and sleeves. It is quite long in the waist, with

revers that come over the shoulders, down to the dainty ribbon girdle, a bit of smocking holds the waist in at the front—two ribbon rosettes at each side finish the girdle. This is \$16.50.

A simpler dress for, say, play and school wear, comes in check or plaid gingham, the style of the whole being in the way the material is cut—part on the bias, part straight. A wide belt of velvet ribbon runs under the two great box pleats that hang from each shoulder—and ends in a tailored bow, placed, for originality, on the side. Collar and cuffs are of white pique, edged with embroidery. This is \$9.75—in 3½- to 7-year sizes.

Dotted Swiss, daintiest of all summery materials, is made into another charming airy-fairy frock, for a girl 8 to 14 years. Quantities of the finest Valenciennes lace, in strips that end in bowknot designs, are used, and just a few tucks over the shoulders. It is low waisted, and the neck line the familiar "Dutch" so simple and becoming to all very young girls. This is \$18.50.

Simplicity, indeed, is the keynote of every frock designed for girls of the "Flapper" age and under—quite in contradistinction to the things they wear when they pass into the débutante stage.

SOME SPRINGTIME SUITS

One original shop is showing some advanced models in suits that are truly very lovely. One, a dark blue voile gabardine, at \$45, shows a short jacket with the side belts to hold in the flare of the coat skirt. A high collar of green silk is in fine contrast, a row of dark blue ball buttons fastens the jacket down the front. The skirt is very short, and very, very full.

Another suit in blue gabardine—a favorite color and a favorite cloth for spring—shows the cuff skirt—a wide cuff of material, held back by occasional buttons. It is quite full, and a

considerable number of inches above the ankles, the waist is high, with a loose belt attached, while two suspenders of the material go over the shoulder. The coat boasts a pleated peplum, and an over-collar of blue and white striped linen—another very new feature—which hangs in a deep point down the back. This is \$55.

The interesting feature of a third suit is the points that the coat falls into at each side. Coats that sloped back or front we have had—but never one with deep side points. It is pulled into the back the least bit by a leather belt which pretends to fasten by a silver buckle—a pretense justified by the beauty of the buckle itself. The skirt, as in all the spring suits, is short and flaring. This, too, is of blue gabardine, and priced at \$49.50.

THE NEW RECORDS

New York has enthused so over the Caruso-Farrar combination in "Carmen" that the new records of this opera will probably be in great demand. Farrar has sung the "Habanera"—"Love Is Like a Woodbird," "Seguidilla," "Near the Walls of Seville," the "Chanson Bohème"—the pretty gypsy song, and "Las Bas dans la Montagne"—"Away to Yonder Mountain," her voice coming out with wonderful sweetness of tone and clarity when the records are played. These are \$3 each, with the exception of the first—which is \$2.

The "Watch Your Step" music is coming, too,—the Castles' musical comedy has settled down, it seems, for a long run here in New York, and the dance music is catchy, but this record (\$1.25) will not be out until March. Meantime, there is the "Chinatown, my Chinatown," on a 75c. record—asked for more than other popular airs, the various record-selling places tell me—and a charming song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," that must have been composed for Southerners.

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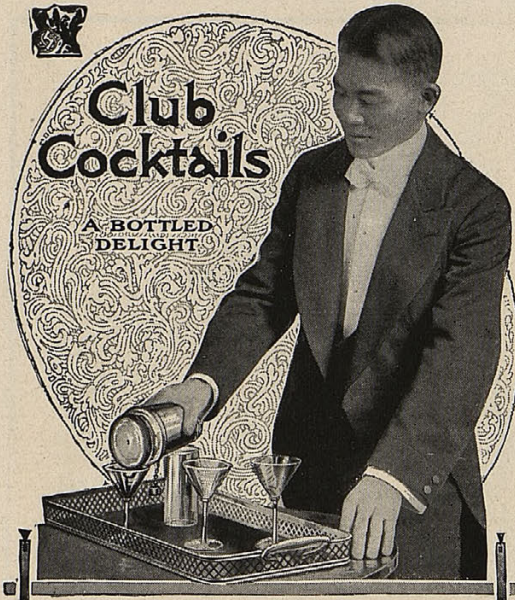
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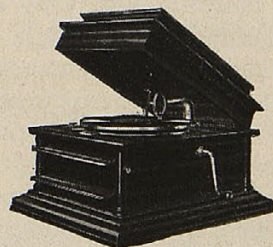
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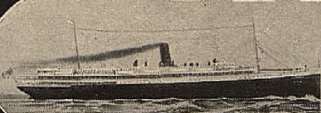
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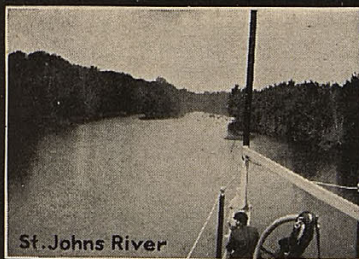
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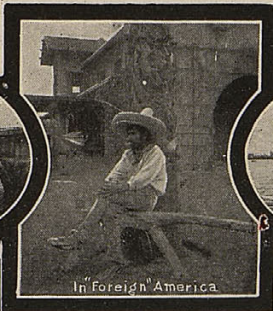


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